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TWO ON A TOWER.

XXVIII.

THE conversation which arose between the Bishop and Lady Constantine was of that lively and reproductive kind which cannot be begun and ended during any reasonable halt of two people traveling in opposite directions. He turned, and walked with her along the laurel-screened lane that bordered the church-yard, till their voices died away in the distance. Swithin then aroused himself from his thoughtful regard of them, and went out of the church-yard by another gate. Seeing himself now to be left alone on the scene, Louis Glanville descended from his post of observation in the arbor, and came through the private doorway to that spot among the graves whereon the Bishop and St. Cleve had conversed. On the tombstone still lay the coral bracelet which Dr. Helmsdale had flung down there in his indignation; for the agitated, introspective mood into which Swithin had been thrown had banished from his mind all thought of securing the trinket, and putting it in his pocket.

Louis picked up the little red scandal-breeding thing, and while walking on with it in his hand he observed Tabitha Lark approaching the church, in company with the young blower whom she had gone in search of, to assist her in

her organ-practicing within. Louis immediately put together, with that rare diplomatic keenness of which he was proud, the little scene he had witnessed between Tabitha and Swithin during the confirmation and the Bishop's stern statement as to where he had found the bracelet. He had no longer any doubt that it belonged to her. "Poor girl!" he said to himself, and sang in an undertone, —

"Tra deri, dera,
L'histoire n'est pas nouvelle!"

When she drew nearer, Louis called her by name. She sent the boy into the church, and came forward, blushing at having been called by so fine a gentleman. Louis held out the bracelet.

"Here is something I have found, or somebody else has found," he said to her. "I won't state where. Put it away, and say no more about it. I will not mention it either. Now go on into the church, where you were going, and may God have mercy on your soul, my dear."

"Thank you, sir," said Tabitha, with some perplexity, yet inclined to be pleased, and only recognizing in the situation the fact that Lady Constantine's humorous brother was making her a present.

"You are much obliged to me?"

"Oh, yes!"

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"Well, Miss Lark, I've discovered a secret, you see."

"What may that be, Mr. Glanville?"

"That you are in love."

"I don't admit it, sir. Who told you so?"

"Nobody. Only I put two and two together. Now take my advice. Beware of lovers! They are a bad lot, and bring young women to tears."

"Some do, I dare say. But some don't."

"And you think that in your particular case the latter alternative will hold good? We generally think we shall be lucky ourselves, though all the world before us, in the same situation, have been otherwise."

"Oh, yes, or we should die outright of despair."

"Well, I don't think you will be lucky in your case."

"Please, how do you know so much, since my case has not yet arrived?" asked Tabitha, tossing her head a little disdainfully, but less than she might have done if he had not obtained a charter for his discourse by giving her the bracelet.

"Fie, Tabitha!"

"I tell you it has not arrived!" she said, with some anger. "I have not got a lover, and everybody knows I have n't, and it's an insinuating thing for you to say so!"

Louis laughed, thinking how natural it was that a girl should so emphatically deny circumstances that would not bear curious inquiry. "Why, of course I meant myself," he said soothingly. "So, then, you will not accept me?"

"I did n't know you meant yourself," she replied. "But I won't accept you. And I think you ought not to jest on such subjects."

"Well, perhaps not. However, don't let the Bishop see your bracelet, and all will be well. But mind, lovers are deceivers."

Tabitha laughed, and they parted,

the girl entering the church. She had been feeling almost certain that, having accidentally found the bracelet somewhere, he had presented it in a whim to her as the first girl he met. Yet now she began to have momentary doubts whether he had not been laboring under a mistake, and had imagined her to be the owner. The bracelet was not valuable; it was, in fact, a mere toy,—the pair of which this was one being a little present made to Lady Constantine by Swithin on the day of their marriage; and she had not worn them with sufficient frequency out of doors for Tabitha to recognize either as positively her ladyship's. But when, out of sight of the blower, the girl momentarily tried it on, in a corner by the organ, it seemed to her that the ornament was possibly Lady Constantine's. Now that the pink beads shone before her eyes on her own arm, she remembered having seen a bracelet with just such an effect gracing the wrist of Lady Constantine, upon one occasion. A temporary self-surrender to the sophism that if Mr. Louis Glanville chose to give away anything belonging to his sister she, Tabitha, had a right to take it without question was soon checked by a resolve to carry the tempting strings of coral to her ladyship that evening, and inquire the truth about them. This decided on, she slipped the bracelet into her pocket, and played her voluntaries with a light heart.

Bishop Helmsdale did not tear himself away from Welland till about two o'clock that afternoon, which was three hours later than he had intended to leave. It was with a feeling of relief that Swithin, looking from the top of the tower, saw the carriage drive out from the vicarage into the turnpike road, and whirl the right reverend gentleman again towards Warborne. The coast being now clear of him, Swithin meditated how to see Viviette, and ex-

plain what had happened, and with this in view waited where he was till evening came on.

Meanwhile, Lady Constantine and her brother dined by themselves at Wel-land House. They had not met since the morning, and as soon as they were left alone Louis said, "You have done very well so far; but you might have been a little warmer."

"Done well?" she asked, with surprise.

"Yes, with the Bishop. The difficult question is how to follow up our advantage. How are you to keep yourself in sight of him?"

"Heavens, Louis! You don't seriously mean that the Bishop of Melchester has any feelings for me other than friendly?"

"Viviette, this is affectation. You know he has as well as I do."

She sighed. "Yes," she said. "I own I had a suspicion of the same thing. What a misfortune!"

"A misfortune? Surely the world is turned upside down! You will drive me to despair about our future, if you see things so awry. Exert yourself to do something, so as to make of this accident a stepping-stone to higher things. The gentleman will give us the slip, if we don't pursue the friendship at once."

"I cannot have you talk like this!" she cried impatiently. "I have no more thought of the Bishop than I have of the Pope. I would much rather not have had him here to lunch at all. You said it would be necessary to do it, and an opportunity, and I thought it my duty to show some hospitality when he was coming so near, Mr. Torkingham's house being so small. But of course I understood that the opportunity would be one for you in getting to know him, your prospects being so indefinite at present; not one for me."

"If you don't follow up this chance of being spiritual queen of Melchester, you will never have another of being

anything. Mind this, Viviette: you are not so young as you were. You are getting on to be a middle-aged woman, and your black hair is precisely of the sort which time quickly turns gray. You must make up your mind to grizzled bachelors or widowers. Young marriageable men won't look at you; or if they do just now, in a year or two they'll despise you as an antiquated party."

Lady Constantine perceptibly paled. "Young men what?" she asked. "Say that again."

"I said it was no use to think of young men: they won't look at you soon; or if they do, it will be to look away again very quickly."

"You imply that if I were to marry a man younger than myself he would speedily acquire a contempt for me. How much younger must a man be than his wife — to get that feeling for her?" She was resting her elbow on the chair as she faintly spoke the words, and covered her eyes with her hand.

"An exceedingly small number of years," said Louis, drily. "Now the Bishop is at least fifteen years older than you, and on that account, no less than on others, is an excellent match. You would be head of the church in this diocese: what more can you require, after these years of miserable obscurity? In addition, you would escape that thorn in the flesh of bishops' wives, of being only Mrs. while their husbands are peers."

She was not listening; his previous observation still detained her thoughts. "Louis," she said, "in the case of a woman marrying a man much younger than herself, does he get to dislike her, even if there has been a social advantage to him in the union?"

"Yes, — not a whit less. Ask any person of experience. But what of that? Let's talk of our own affairs. You say you have no thought of the Bishop. And yet if he had stayed here

another day or two he would have proposed to you straight off."

"Seriously, Louis, I could not accept him."

"Why not?"

"I don't love him."

"Oh, oh, I like those words!" cried Louis, throwing himself back in his chair, and looking at the ceiling in satirical enjoyment. "A woman who at two-and-twenty married for convenience, at thirty talks of not marrying without love; the rule of inverse ratio, that is, in which more requires less, and less requires more. As your only brother, older than yourself, and more experienced, I insist that you encourage the Bishop."

"Don't quarrel with me, Louis," she said piteously. "We don't know that he thinks anything of me, — we only guess."

"I know it, — and you shall hear now I know. I am of a curious and conjectural nature, as you are aware. Last night, when everybody had gone to bed, I stepped out for a five minutes' smoke on the lawn, and walked down to where you get near the vicarage windows. While I was there in the dark, one of them opened, and Bishop Helmsdale leant out. The illuminated oblong of your window shone him full in the face between the trees, and presently your shadow crossed it. He waved his hand, and murmured some tender words, though what they were, exactly, I could not hear."

"What a vague, imaginary story, — as if he could know my shadow! Besides, a man of the Bishop's dignity would n't have done such a thing. When I knew him as a younger man he was not at all romantic, and he's not likely to have grown so now."

"That's just what he is likely to have done. No lover is so extreme a specimen of the species as an old lover. Come, Viviette, no more of this fencing. I have entered into the project

heart and soul, — so much that I have postponed my departure till the matter is well under way."

"Louis — my dear Louis — you will bring me into some disagreeable position!" said she, clasping her hands. "I do entreat you not to interfere, or do anything rash about me. The step is impossible. I have something to tell you some day. I must live on, and endure" —

"Everything except this penury," replied Louis, unmoved. "Come, I have begun the campaign by inviting Bishop Helmsdale, and I'll take the responsibility of carrying it on. All I ask of you is not to make a ninny of yourself. Come, give me your promise!"

"No, I cannot, — I don't know how to. I only know one thing, — that I am in no hurry" —

"No hurry be hanged! Agree, like a good sister, to charm the Bishop."

"I must consider!" she replied, with perturbed evasiveness.

It being a fine evening, Louis went out of the house to enjoy his cigar in the shrubbery. On reaching his favorite seat he found he had left his cigar-case behind him; he immediately returned for it. When he approached the window by which he had emerged, he saw Swithin St. Cleeve standing there in the dusk, talking to Viviette inside.

St. Cleeve's back was towards Louis, but, whether at a signal from her or by accident, he immediately turned and recognized Glanville; whereupon, raising his hat to Lady Constantine, the young man passed along the terrace walk and by the church-yard door.

Louis rejoined his sister. "I did n't know you allowed your lawn to be a public thoroughfare for the parish," he said suspiciously.

"I am not exclusive, especially since I have been so poor," replied she.

"Then, do you let everybody pass this way, or only that illustrious youth, because he is so good-looking?"

"I have no strict rule in the case. Mr. St. Cleeve is an acquaintance of mine, and he can certainly come here if he chooses." Her color rose somewhat, and she spoke warmly.

Louis was too cautious a bird to reveal to her what had suddenly dawned upon his mind, — that his sister, in common with the (to his thinking) unhappy Tabitha Lark, had been foolish enough to get interested in this phenomenon of the parish, this scientific Adonis. But he resolved to cure at once her tender feeling, if it existed, by letting out a secret which would inflame her dignity against the weakness.

"A good-looking young man," he said, with his eyes where Swithin had vanished. "But not so good as he looks. In fact, a regular young sinner."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, only a little feature I discovered in St. Cleeve's history. But I suppose he has a right to sow his wild oats as well as other young men."

"Tell me what you allude to, — do, Louis."

"It is hardly fit that I should. However, the case is amusing enough. I was sitting in the arbor to-day, and was an unwilling listener to the oddest interview I ever heard of. Our friend the Bishop discovered, when we visited the observatory last night, that our astronomer was not alone in his seclusion. A lady shared his romantic cabin with him; and finding this, the Bishop naturally enough felt that the ordinance of confirmation had been profaned. So his lordship sent for Master Swithin this morning, and, meeting him in the churchyard, read him such an excommunicating lecture as I warrant he won't forget in his life-time. Ha-ha-ha! 'T was very good, — very."

He watched her face narrowly, while he spoke with such seeming carelessness. Instead of the agitation of jealousy that he had expected to be aroused by this hint of another woman in the case, there

was a curious expression, more like embarrassment than anything else, which might have been fairly attributed to the subject. Can it be that I am mistaken? he asked himself.

The possibility that he might be mistaken restored Louis to good humor, and, the lights having been brought, he sat with his sister for some time, talking with purpose of Swithin's low rank on one side, and the possibly sordid struggles that were in store for him. St. Cleeve being in the unhappy position of deriving his existence from two channels of society, it resulted that he seemed to belong to either this or that, according to the attitude of the beholder. Louis threw the light entirely on Swithin's agricultural side, bringing out old Mrs. Martin and her connections and her ways of life with luminous distinctness, till Lady Constantine became greatly depressed. She, in her hopefulness, had almost forgotten, latterly, that the bucolic element, so incisively represented by Messrs. Hezzy Biles, Haymoss Fry, Sammy Blore, and the rest, entered into his condition at all; to her he had been the son of his academic father alone.

But she would not reveal the depression to which she had been subjected by this resuscitation of the homely half of poor Swithin; presently putting an end to the subject, however, by walking hither and thither about the room.

"What have you lost?" said Louis, observing her movements.

"Nothing of consequence, — a bracelet."

"Coral?" he inquired calmly.

"Yes. How did you know it was coral? You have never seen it, have you?"

He was about to make answer; but the amazed enlightenment which her announcement had produced in him, through knowing where the Bishop had found such an article, led him to reconsider himself. Then, like an astute man, by no means sure of the dimensions of

the intrigue he might be unearthing, he said carelessly, "I found such a one in the church-yard to-day. But I thought it appeared to be of no great rarity, and I gave it to one of the village girls who was passing by."

"Did she take it? Who was she?" said the unsuspecting Viviette.

"Really, I don't remember. I suppose it is of no consequence?"

"Oh, no; its value is nothing, comparatively. It was only one of a pair such as young girls wear." Lady Constantine could not add that, in spite of this, she herself valued it as being Swithin's present, and the best he could afford.

Panic-struck by his ruminations, although revealing nothing by his manner, Louis soon after went up to his room, professedly to write letters, emitting a low whistle when he was out of hearing. He of course remembered perfectly well to whom he had given the corals, and resolved to seek out Tabitha the next morning to ascertain whether she could possibly have owned such a trinket as well as his sister, — which at present he very greatly doubted, though fervently hoping that she might.

XXIX.

The effect upon Swithin of the interview with the Bishop had been a very marked one. He felt that he had good ground for resenting that dignitary's tone in haughtily assuming that all must be sinful which at the first blush appeared to be so to his eyes, and in narrowly refusing a young man the benefit of a single doubt. Swithin's assurance that he would be able to explain all some day was taken in contemptuous incredulity.

"He may be as virtuous as his prototype Timothy; but he's an opinionated old foggy, all the same," said St. Cleeve petulantly.

Yet, on the other hand, Swithin's nature was so fresh and ingenuous, notwithstanding that recent affairs had somewhat denaturalized him, that for a man in the Bishop's position to think him immoral was almost as overwhelming as if he had actually been so, and at moments he could scarcely bear existence under so gross a suspicion. What was his union with Lady Constantine worth to him when, by reason of it, he was thought a reprobate by almost the only living man who had professed to take an interest in him? Certainly, by contrast with his air-built image of himself as a worthy astronomer, received by all the world, and the envied husband of Viviette, the present imputation was humiliating. The glorious light of this tender and refined passion seemed to have become debased to burlesque hues by pure accident, and his æsthetic no less than his ethic taste was offended by such an anticlimax. He who had soared amid the remotest grandeurs of nature had been taken to task on a rudimentary question of morals, which had never been a question with him at all. This was what the exigencies of an awkward attachment had brought him to; but he blamed the circumstances, and not for one moment Lady Constantine.

Having now set his heart against a longer concealment, he was disposed to think that an excellent way of beginning a revelation of their marriage would be by writing a confidential letter to the Bishop, detailing the whole case. But it was impossible to do this on his own responsibility. He still recognized the understanding entered into with Viviette before the marriage to be as binding as ever, — namely, that the initiative in disclosing their union should come from her. Yet he hardly doubted that she would take that initiative when he told her of his extraordinary reprimand in the churchyard.

This was what he had come to do when Louis saw him standing at the

window. But before he had said half a dozen words to Viviette she motioned to him to go on, which he mechanically did, ere he could sufficiently collect his thoughts on its advisability or otherwise. He did not, however, go far. While Louis and his sister were discussing him in the drawing-room he lingered, musing, in the church-yard, hoping that she might be able to escape, and join him in the consultation he so earnestly desired.

This she was at last enabled to do. As soon as Louis had left the room, and shut himself in up-stairs, she ran out by the window in the direction Swithin had taken. When her footsteps began crunching on the gravel he came forward from the church-yard door.

They embraced each other in haste, and then, in a few short, panting words she explained to him that her brother had heard and witnessed the interview on that spot between himself and the Bishop, and had told her the substance of the Bishop's accusation, not knowing she was the woman in the cabin. "And what I cannot understand is this," she added: "how did the Bishop discover that the person behind the bed-curtains was a woman, and not a man?"

"Why," explained Swithin, "in addition to seeing the curtains move he unluckily found on the bed one of the bracelets I gave you, which you accidentally left there. He brought it to me in the church-yard."

"Oh, Swithin, what do you say? Found the coral bracelet? What did you do with it?"

Swithin clapped his hand to his pocket. "Dear me! I recollect — I left it where it lay on Reuben Heath's tombstone."

"Oh, my dear, dear Swithin!" she cried miserably. "You have compromised me by your forgetfulness! I have claimed the bracelet as mine. My brother did not tell me that the Bishop brought it from the cabin. What can I, can I do, that neither the Bishop nor

my brother may conclude *I* was the woman there!"

"But if we announce our marriage" —

"Even as your wife, the position was too undignified — too I don't know what — for me ever to admit that I was there. Right or wrong, I must declare the bracelet was not mine. Such an escapade — why, it would make me ridiculous in the county; and anything rather than that."

"I was in hope that you would agree to let our marriage be known," said Swithin, with some disappointment. "I thought that these circumstances would make the reason for doing so doubly strong."

"Yes. But there are, alas, reasons against it still stronger! Let me have my way."

"Certainly, dearest. I promised that before you agreed to be mine. My reputation, — what is it! Perhaps I shall be dead and forgotten before the next transit of Venus!"

She soothed him tenderly, but could not tell him why she felt the reasons against any announcement as yet to be stronger than those in favor of it. How could she, when her feeling had been cautiously fed and developed by her brother Louis's unvarnished exhibition of Swithin's material position in the eyes of the world? — that of a young man, the scion of a family of farmers recently her tenants, living at the home-stead with his grandmother, Mrs. Martin. That this objection, at present so strong in her, was only temporary she quite believed, and was as convinced of his coming success as ever; praying and hoping for it on his account not less than on her own. She hoped all the more earnestly from an occasional twinge of conscience on the question whether his marriage with her had been so greatly for his good as they conventionally assumed it to be. She could not be blind to the fact that she had

agreed to the step as much for her own pleasure as from a disinterested wish to release his mind from a distraction which was fatal to his studies; that had Swithin never seen her it would probably have been far better for him and his prospects, since she had brought him no solid help as yet, either in wealth or friends.

To soften her refusal, she said in declaring it, "One concession, Swithin, I certainly will make. I will see you oftener. I will come to the cabin and tower frequently; and will contrive, too, that you come to the house occasionally. During the last winter we passed whole weeks without meeting: don't let us allow that to happen again."

"Very well, dearest," said Swithin good humoredly. "I don't care so terribly much for the old man's opinion of me, after all. For the present, then, let things be as they are."

Nevertheless, the youth felt her refusal more than he owned; but an unequal temperament like Swithin's, so soon depressed on his own account, was also soon to recover on hers, and it was with almost a child's forgetfulness of the past that he took her view of the case.

When he was gone she hastily reëntered the house. Her brother had not reappeared from up-stairs; but she was informed that Tabitha Lark was waiting to see her, if her ladyship would pardon the said Tabitha for coming so late. Lady Constantine made no objection, and saw the young girl at once.

When Lady Constantine entered the waiting-room, behold, in Tabitha's outstretched hand lay the coral ornament which had been causing Viviette so much anxiety.

"I guessed, on second thoughts, that it was yours, my lady," said Tabitha, with rather a frightened face. "And so I have brought it back."

"But how did you come by it, Tabitha?"

"Mr. Glanville gave it to me; he

must have thought it was mine. I took it, fancying at the moment that he handed it to me because I happened to come by first after he had found it."

Lady Constantine saw how the situation might be improved so as to effect her deliverance from this troublesome little web of evidence.

"Oh, you can keep it," she said brightly. "It was very good of you to bring it back. But keep it for your very own. Take Mr. Glanville at his word, and don't explain. And, Tabitha, divide the strands into two bracelets; there are enough of them to make a pair."

The next morning, in pursuance of his resolution, Louis wandered round the grounds till he saw the girl for whom he was waiting enter the church. He accosted her over the wall. But, puzzling to view, a coral bracelet blushed on each of her young arms, for she had promptly carried out the suggestion of Lady Constantine.

"You are wearing it, I see, Tabitha, with the other," he murmured. "Then you mean to keep it?"

"Yes, I mean to keep it."

"You are sure it is not Lady Constantine's? I find she had one like it."

"Quite sure. But you had better take it to her, sir, and ask her," said the saucy girl.

"Oh, no; that's not necessary," replied Louis, considerably shaken in his convictions.

When Louis met his sister, a short time after, he did not catch her, as he had intended to do, by saying suddenly, "I have found your bracelet. I know who has got it."

"You cannot have found it," she replied quietly, "for I have discovered that it was never lost," and stretching out both her hands she revealed one on each, Viviette having performed the same operation with her remaining bracelet that she had advised Tabitha to do with the other.

Louis was mystified, but by no means

convinced. In spite of this attempt to hoodwink him, his mind returned to the subject every hour of the day. There was no doubt that either Tabitha or Viviette had been with Swithin in the cabin. He recapitulated every case that had occurred during his visit to Welland in which his sister's manner had been of a color to justify the suspicion that it was she. There was that strange incident in the corridor, when she had screamed at what she described to be a shadowy resemblance to her late husband: how very improbable that this fancy should have been the only cause of her agitation! Then he had noticed, during Swithin's confirmation, a blush upon her cheek when he passed her, on his way to the Bishop, and the fervor in her glance during the few moments of the imposition. Then he suddenly recalled the night at the railway station, when the accident with the whip took place, and how, when he reached Welland House, an hour later, he had found no Viviette there. Running thus from incident to incident, he increased his suspicions without being able to cull from the circumstances anything amounting to evidence; but evidence he now determined to acquire without saying a word to any one.

His plan was of a cruel kind: to set a trap into which the pair would blindly walk, if any secret understanding existed between them of the nature he suspected.

XXX.

He began by calling at the tower one afternoon, as if by accident. After a friendly chat with Swithin, whom he found there (having watched him enter), Louis invited the young man to dine the same evening at the house, that he might have an opportunity of showing him some interesting old scientific works in folio, that, according to Louis's account, he had stumbled on in

overhauling the library. Louis set no great bait for St. Cleeve in this statement, for old science is not old art, which, having perfected itself, has died and left its secret hidden in its remains. But Swithin was a responsive fellow, and readily agreed to come; being, moreover, always glad of a chance of meeting Viviette *en famille*. Besides, he hoped to tell her of a scheme which had lately suggested itself to him as likely to benefit them both: that he should go away for a while, and endeavor to raise sufficient funds to visit the great observatories of Europe, possibly with a view to obtaining a post in one of them. Hitherto the only bar to the plan had been the exceeding narrowness of his income, which, though sufficient for his present life, was absolutely inadequate to the requirements of a traveling astronomer.

Meanwhile, Louis Glanville had returned to the house, and told his sister in the most innocent manner that he had been in the company of St. Cleeve that afternoon, getting a few useful wrinkles on astronomy; that they had grown so friendly over the fascinating subject as to leave him no alternative but to invite St. Cleeve to dine at Welland the same evening, with a view to certain researches in the library afterwards. "I could quite make allowances for any youthful errors into which the young man may have been betrayed," he continued sententiously, "since, for a scientist, he is really admirable. No doubt the Bishop's caution will not be lost upon him; and as for his birth and connections, — those he can't help."

Lady Constantine showed such alacrity in adopting the idea of having Swithin to dinner, and she ignored his "youthful errors" so completely, as almost to betray herself. In fulfillment of her promise to see him oftener, she had been intending to run across to Swithin on that identical evening. Now the trouble would be saved in a very delightful way, by the exercise of a lit-

the hospitality, which Viviette herself would not have dared to suggest.

Dinner-time came, and with it Swithin, exhibiting rather a blushing and nervous manner, that was, unfortunately, more likely to betray their cause than was Viviette's own more practiced bearing. Throughout the meal Louis sat in his chair like a spider in the corner of his web, observing them narrowly, and at moments flinging out an artful thread, here and there, with the same view to their entanglement. But they passed through the ordeal marvelously well. Perhaps the actual tie between them, through being so much closer and of so much more practical a nature than even their critic supposed it, was in itself a protection against their exhibiting that ultra-reciprocity of manner which, had they been merely lovers, might have betrayed them.

But Louis's scheme was as yet only half developed. After dinner the trio duly adjourned to the library, as had been planned, and the volumes were brought forth by Louis with the zest of a bibliophilist. Swithin had seen most of them before, and thought but little of them; but the pleasure of staying in the house made him welcome any reason for doing so, and he willingly looked at whatever was put before him, from Bertius's Ptolemy to Rees's Cyclopædia. The evening thus passed away, and it began to grow late. Swithin, who, among other things had planned to go to Greenwich next day, to view the Royal Observatory, would start up and prepare to leave for home, every now and then, when Glanville would unearth some other volume, and so detain him yet another half hour.

"By George!" he said, looking at the clock, when Swithin was at last really about to depart. "I did n't know it was so late. Why not stay here to-night, St. Cleeve? It is very dark, and the way to your place is an awkward cross-cut over the fields."

"It would not inconvenience us at all, Mr. St. Cleeve, if you would care to stay," said Lady Constantine.

"I am afraid — The fact is, I wanted to take an observation at twenty minutes past two" — began Swithin.

"Oh, now, never mind your observation," said Louis. "That's only an excuse. Do that to-morrow night. Now you will stay. It is settled. Viviette, say he must stay, and we'll have another hour of these charming intellectual researches."

Viviette was entrapped with delightful ease into a furtherance of Louis's scheme. "Do stay, Mr. St. Cleeve!" she said sweetly.

"Well, in truth I can do without the observation," replied the young man, as he gave way. "It is not of the greatest consequence."

Thus it was arranged; but the researches among the tomes were not prolonged to the extent that Louis had suggested. In three quarters of an hour from that time they had all retired to their respective rooms; Lady Constantine's being on one side of the west corridor, Swithin's opposite, and Louis's at the further end.

Louis, however, was never more broadly awake in his life than now, when he was believed to be composing himself for sleep. Had a person followed him when he withdrew, that watcher would have discovered, on peeping through the keyhole of his door, that he was engaged in one of the oddest of occupations for such a man, — that of sweeping down from the ceiling, by means of a walking-cane, a long cobweb which lingered on high in the corner. Keeping it stretched upon the cane, he gently opened the door, and set the candle in such a position on the mat that the light shone down the corridor. Thus guided by its rays, he passed out slipperless, till he reached the door of St. Cleeve's room, where he applied the dangling spider's thread in such a manner that it stretched across,

like a tight rope, from jamb to jamb, barring, in its fragile way, entrance and egress. This operation completed, he retired again, and, extinguishing his light, went through his bedroom window out upon the flat roof of the portico, to which it gave access.

Here Louis made himself comfortable in his chair and smoking-cap, enjoying the fragrance of a cigar for something like half an hour. His position commanded a view of the two windows of Lady Constantine's room, and from these a dim light shone continuously. Having the window partly open at his back, and the door of his room also scarcely closed, his ear retained a fair command of any sounds within the corridor that might be caused by meeting and whispering lovers. In due time certain sounds from that quarter actually became audible; whereupon, returning to his room, he reëntered the corridor, and listened intently. All was silent again, and darkness reigned from end to end. Glanville, however, groped his way along the passage till he again reached Swithin's door, where he examined, by the light of a wax-match he had brought, the condition of the spider's thread. It was gone; somebody had carried it off bodily, as Samson carried off the pin and the web. In other words, a person had passed through the door.

Still holding the faint wax-light in his hand, Louis turned to the door of Lady Constantine's chamber, where he observed first that, though it was pushed together so as to appear fastened to cursory view, the door was not really closed by about a quarter of an inch. This being all he wished to see, he dropped his light, and extinguished it with his foot. Listening, he heard a voice within,—Viviette's voice, in a subdued murmur, though speaking earnestly. Without any hesitation, Louis then returned to Swithin's door, opened it, and walked in. The starlight from without was sufficient, now that his eyes had be-

come accustomed to the darkness, to reveal that the room was unoccupied, and that nothing therein had been disturbed.

The worthy gentleman's plot was now complete. With a heavy tread he came forth, walked loudly across the corridor, knocked at Lady Constantine's door, and called "Viviette!"

She heard him instantly, replying "Yes" in startled tones. Immediately afterwards she opened her door, and confronted him in her dressing-gown, with a light in her hand. "What is the matter, Louis?" she said.

"I am greatly alarmed. Our visitor is missing."

"Missing? What, Mr. St. Cleeve?"

"Yes. I was sitting up to finish a cigar, when I thought I heard a noise in this direction. On coming to his room, I find he is not there."

"Good Heaven! I wonder what has happened!" she exclaimed, in apparently intense alarm.

"I wonder," said Glanville grimly.

"Suppose he is a somnambulist! If so, he may have gone out and broken his neck. I have never heard that he is one, but they say that sleeping in strange places disturbs the mind of people who are given to that sort of thing, and provokes them to it."

"Unfortunately for your theory, his bed has not been touched."

"Oh, what then can it be?"

Her brother looked her full in the face. "Viviette!" he said sternly.

She seemed puzzled. "Well?" she replied, in simple tones.

"I heard voices in your room," he continued.

"Voices?"

"A voice, — yours."

"Yes, you may have done so. It was mine."

"A listener is required for a speaker."

"True, Louis."

"Well, to whom were you speaking?"

"God."

"Viviette! I am ashamed of you."

"I was saying my prayers."

"Prayers!—to God! To St. Swithin, rather!"

"What do you mean, Louis?" she asked, flushing up warm, and drawing back from him. "It was a form of prayer I use, particularly when I am in trouble. It was recommended to me by the Bishop, and Mr. Torkingham commends it very highly."

"On your honor, if you have any," he said bitterly, "whom have you there in your room?"

"No human being."

"Flatly, I don't believe you."

She gave a dignified little bow, and, waving her hand into the apartment, said, "Very well; then search and see."

Louis entered, and glanced round the room, behind the curtains, under the bed, out of the window, — a view from which showed that escape thence would have been impossible, — everywhere, in short, capable or incapable of affording a retreat to humanity; but discovered nobody. All he observed was that a light stood on the low table by her bedside; that on the bed lay an open Prayer Book, the counterpane being unpressed, except into a little pit beside the Prayer Book, apparently where her head had rested in kneeling.

"But where is St. Cleeve?" he said, turning in bewilderment from these evidences of innocent devotion.

"Where can he be?" she chimed in, with real distress. "I should so much like to know. Look about for him. I am quite uneasy!"

"I will, on one condition: that you own that you love him."

"Why should you force me to that?" she murmured. "It would be no such wonder if I did."

"Come, you do."

"Well, I do."

"Now I'll look for him. Tabitha Lark does n't stay in the house, does she?"

"No."

Louis took a light, and turned away, astonished that his sister had not indignantly resented his intrusion and the nature of his questioning, if she was so innocent as she seemed!

At this moment a slight noise was heard on the staircase, and they could see a figure rising step by step, and coming forward against the long lights of the staircase window. It was Swithin, in his ordinary dress, and carrying his boots in his hand. When he beheld them standing there so motionless, he looked rather disconcerted, but came on towards his room.

Lady Constantine was too much agitated to speak, but Louis said, "I am glad to see you again. Hearing a noise, a few minutes ago, I came out to learn what it could be. I found you absent, and we have been very much alarmed."

"I am very sorry," said Swithin, with contrition. "I owe you a hundred apologies: but the truth is that on entering my bedroom I found the sky remarkably clear, and though I told you that the observation I was to make was of no great consequence, on thinking it over alone I felt it ought not to be allowed to pass; so I was tempted to run across to the observatory, and make it, as I had hoped, without disturbing anybody. If I had known that I should alarm you I would not have done it for the world."

Swithin spoke very earnestly to Louis, and did not observe the tender reproach in Viviette's eyes, when he showed by his tale his decided notion that the prime use of starlight nights was in the furtherance of practical astronomy.

Everything being now satisfactorily explained, the three retired to their several chambers, and Louis heard no more noises that night, or rather morning; his attempts to solve the mystery of Viviette's life here and her relations with St. Cleeve having thus far re-

sulted chiefly in perplexity. True, an admission had been wrung from her; and even without such an admission, it was clear that she had a tender feeling for Swithin. How to extinguish that romantic folly it now became his object to consider.

XXXI.

Swithin's midnight excursion to the tower in the cause of science led him to oversleep himself, and when the brother and sister met at breakfast in the morning he did not appear.

"Don't disturb him, — don't disturb him," said Louis laconically. "Hullo, Viviette, what are you reading there that makes you flame up so?"

She was glancing over a letter that she had just opened, and at his words looked up with misgiving. The incident of the previous night left her in great doubt as to what her bearing towards him ought to be. She had made no show of resenting his conduct at the time, from a momentary supposition that he must know all her secret; and afterwards, finding that he did not know it, it seemed too late to affect indignation at his suspicions. So she preserved a quiet neutrality. Even had she resolved on an artificial part, she might have forgotten to play it at this instant, the letter being of a kind to banish previous considerations.

"It is a letter from Bishop Helmsdale," she faltered.

"Well done! I hope for your sake it is an offer."

"That's just what it is."

"No, — surely?" said Louis, beginning a laugh of surprise.

"Yes," she returned indifferently. "You can read it, if you like."

"I don't wish to pry into a communication of that sort."

"Oh, you can read it," she said, tossing the letter across to him.

Louis thereupon read as under: —

THE PALACE, MELCHESTER, }
June 28, 18—.

MY DEAR LADY CONSTANTINE, —
During the two or three weeks that have elapsed since I experienced the great pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with you, the varied agitation of my feelings has clearly proved that my only course is to address you by letter, and at once. Whether the subject of my communication be acceptable to you or not, I can at least assure you that to suppress it would be far less natural, and upon the whole less advisable, than to speak out frankly, even if afterwards I hold my peace forever.

The great change in my experience during the past year or two — the change, that is, which has resulted from my advancement to a bishopric — has frequently suggested to me, of late, that a discontinuance in my domestic life of the solitude of past years was a question which ought to be seriously contemplated. But whether I should ever have contemplated it without the great good fortune of my meeting with you is doubtful. However, the thing has been considered at last, and without more ado I candidly ask if you would be willing to give up your life at Welland, and relieve my household loneliness here by becoming my wife.

I am far from desiring to force a hurried decision on your part, and will wait your good pleasure patiently, should you feel any uncertainty at the moment as to the step. I am quite disqualified, by habits and experience, for the delightful procedure of urging my suit in the ardent terms which would be so appropriate towards such a lady, and so expressive of my inmost feeling. In truth, a prosy cleric of five-and-forty wants encouragement to make him eloquent. Of this, however, I can assure you: that if admiration, esteem, and devotion can compensate in any way for the lack of those qualities which might

be found to burn with more outward brightness in a younger man, those it is in my power to bestow for the term of my earthly life. Your steady adherence to church principles and your interest in ecclesiastical polity (as was shown by your bright questioning on those subjects during our morning walk round your grounds) have indicated strongly to me the grace and appropriateness with which you would fill the position of a bishop's wife, and how greatly you would add to his reputation, should you be disposed to honor him with your hand. Formerly there have been times when I was of opinion — and you will rightly appreciate my candor in owning it — that a wife was an impediment to a bishop's due activities; but constant observation has convinced me that, far from this being the truth, a meet consort infuses life into episcopal influence and teaching.

Should you reply in the affirmative I will at once come to see you, and with your permission will, among other things, show you a few plain, practical rules which I have interested myself in drawing up for our future guidance. Should you refuse to change your condition on my account, your decision will, as I need hardly say, be a great blow to me. In any event, I could not do less than I have done, after giving the subject my full consideration. Even if there be a slight deficiency of warmth on your part, my earnest hope is that a mind comprehensive as yours will perceive the immense power for good that you might exercise in the position in which a union with me would place you, and allow that perception to weigh in determining your answer.

I remain, my dear Lady Constantine, with the highest respect and affection,

Yours always,

C. MELCHESTER.

"Well, you will not have the foolhardiness to decline, now that the ques-

tion has actually been popped, I should hope," said Louis, when he had done reading.

"Certainly I shall," she replied.

"You will really be such a fool, Viviette?"

"You speak without much compliment. I have not the least idea of accepting him."

"Surely you will not let your infatuation for that young fellow carry you so far, after my acquainting you with the shady side of his character? You call yourself a religious woman, say your prayers out loud, follow up the revived methods in church practice, and what not; and yet you can think with partiality of a person who, far from having any religion in him, breaks the most elementary commandments in the decalogue."

"I cannot agree with you," she said, turning her face askance, for she knew not how much of her brother's language was real, and how much assumed, the extent of his discoveries with regard to her secret ties being a mystery. At moments she was disposed to declare the whole truth, and have done with it. But she hesitated, and left the words unsaid; and Louis continued his breakfast in silence.

When he had finished, and she had eaten little or nothing, he asked once more, "How do you intend to answer that letter? Here you are, the poorest woman in the county, abandoned by people who used to be glad to know you, and leading a life as dismal and dreary as a nun's, when an opportunity is offered you of leaping at once into a leading position in this part of England. Bishops are given to hospitality; you would be welcomed everywhere. In short, your answer must be yes."

"And yet it will be no," she said in a low voice. She had at last learnt, from the tone of her brother's latter remarks, that at any rate he had no knowledge of her actual marriage, whatever

the indirect tie of which he might suspect her guilty.

Louis could restrain himself no longer at her answer. "Then conduct your affairs your own way. I know you to be leading a life that won't bear investigation, and I'm damned if I'll stay here any longer."

Saying which, Glanville jerked back his chair, and strode out of the room. In less than a quarter of an hour, and before she had moved a step from the table, she heard him leaving the house.

XXXII.

What to do she could not tell. The step to which Swithin had entreated her, objectionable and premature as it had seemed, in a social aspect, would at all events have saved her from this dilemma. Had she allowed him to tell the Bishop his simple story in its fullness, who could say but that that dignitary might have generously bridled his own impulses, entered into the case with sympathy, and forwarded with zest their designs for the future, owing to his interest of old in Swithin's father, and in the naturally attractive features of the young man's career?

A puff of wind from the open window, wafting the Bishop's letter to the floor, aroused her from her reverie. With a sigh she stooped and picked it up, glanced at it again, then arose, and with the deliberateness of predetermined purpose wrote her reply:—

WELLAND HOUSE, *June 29, 18—.*

MY DEAR BISHOP OF MELCHESTER,
—I confess to you that your letter, so gracious and flattering as it is, has taken your friend somewhat unawares. The least I can do in return for its contents is to reply as quickly as possible. There is no one in the world who esteems your high qualities more than myself, or who has greater faith in your ability to adorn

the episcopal seat that you have been called on to fill. But to your question I can give only one reply, and that is an unqualified negative. To state this unavoidable decision distresses me without affectation; and I trust you will believe that, though I decline the distinction of becoming your wife, I shall never cease to interest myself in all that pertains to you and your office; and shall feel the keenest regret if this refusal should interfere to prevent a lifelong friendship between us.

I am, my dear Bishop of Melchester,
Ever sincerely yours,

VIVIETTE —.

"Viviette what?" she exclaimed to herself hopelessly, as she flung down the pen. A sudden revulsion from the subterfuge of signing herself "Viviette Constantine," in a letter of this serious sort, and the impracticability of using another signature for the present, wrought in her mind a feeling of dissatisfaction with the whole epistle, and pushing it aside she allowed it to remain unfinished. In a few minutes she heard Swithin approaching, when she put the letter out of the way, and turned to receive him.

Swithin entered quietly, and looked round the room. Seeing, with unexpected pleasure, that she was there alone, he came over and kissed her. Her discomposure at some foregone event was soon obvious. "Has my staying caused you any trouble?" he asked, in a whisper. "Where is your brother, this morning?"

She smiled through her perplexity as she took his hand. "The oddest things happen to me, dear Swithin," she said. "Do you wish particularly to know what has happened now?"

"Yes, if you don't mind telling me."

"I do mind telling you. Among other things, I am resolving to give way to your representations, — in part, at least. It will be best to tell the Bishop

everything, and my brother, if not other people."

"I am truly glad to hear it, Viviette," said he cheerfully. "I have felt for a long time that honesty is the best policy."

"I at any rate feel it now. But it is a policy that requires a great deal of courage!"

"It certainly requires some courage, — I should not say a great deal; and indeed, as far as I am concerned, it demands less courage to speak out than to hold my tongue."

"But, you silly boy, you don't know what has happened. The Bishop has made me an offer of marriage."

"Good gracious, what an impertinent old man! What have you done about it, dearest?"

"Well, I have hardly accepted him," she replied, laughing. "It is this event which has suggested to me that I make my refusal a reason for confiding our situation to him."

"What would you have done if you had not been already appropriated?"

"That's an inscrutable mystery. He is a worthy man; but he has very pronounced views about his own position, and some other undesirable qualities. Still, who knows? You must bless your stars that you have secured me. Now let us consider how to draw up our confession to him. I wish I had listened to you at the first, and allowed you to take him into our confidence before his declaration arrived. He may possibly resent the concealment now. However, this cannot be helped."

"I tell you what, Viviette," said Swithin, after a thoughtful pause. "If the Bishop is such a sort of man as this, a man who goes falling in love, and wanting to marry you, and so on, I am not disposed to confess anything to him at all. I fancied him altogether different from that."

"But he's none the worse for it, dear?"

"I think he is, — to lecture me and love you, all in one breath."

"Still, that's only a passing phase, and you first proposed making a confidant of him."

"I did. . . . Very well. Then we are to tell nobody but the Bishop?"

"And my brother Louis. I must tell him; it is unavoidable. He suspects me in a way I could never have credited of him."

Swithin, as was before stated, had arranged to start for Greenwich that morning, permission having been accorded him by the Astronomer-Royal to view the Observatory; and their final decision was that, as he could not afford time to sit down with her, and write to the Bishop in collaboration, each should, during the day, compose a well-considered letter, disclosing their position from his and her own point of view; Lady Constantine leading up to her confession by her refusal of the Bishop's hand. It was necessary that she should know what Swithin contemplated saying, that her statements might precisely harmonize. He ultimately agreed to send her his letter by the next morning's post, when, having read it, she would in due course dispatch it with her own.

As soon as he had breakfasted Swithin went his way, promising to return from Greenwich by the end of the week. Viviette passed the remainder of that long summer day, during which her young husband was receding towards the capital, in an almost motionless state. At some instants she felt exultant at the idea of announcing her marriage, and defying general opinion. At another her heart misgave her, and she was tormented by a fear lest Swithin should some day accuse her of having hampered his deliberately shaped plan of life by her intrusive romanticism. That was often the trick of men who had sealed by marriage in their inexperienced youth a love for those whom their maturer judgment would have re-

jected as too obviously disproportionate in years.

However, it was now too late for these lugubrious thoughts; and, bracing herself, she began to frame the new reply to Bishop Helmsdale,—the plain, unvarnished tale that was to supplant the undivulging answer first written. She was engaged on this difficult production till daylight faded in the west, and the broad-faced moon edged upward, like a disk of old gold, over the elms towards the village. By that time Swithin had reached Greenwich; her brother had gone she knew not where; and she and loneliness dwelt solely, as before, within the walls of Welland House.

At this hour of sunset and moonrise, the new parlor-maid entered, to inform her that Mr. Cecil's head clerk, from Warborne, particularly wished to see her.

Mr. Cecil was her solicitor, and she knew of nothing whatever that required his intervention just at present. But he would not have sent at this time of day without excellent reasons, and she directed that the young man might be shown in where she was. On his entry, the first thing she noticed was that in his hand he carried a newspaper.

"In case you should not have seen this evening's paper, Lady Constantine, Mr. Cecil has directed me to bring it to you at once, on account of what appears there in relation to your ladyship. He has only just seen it himself."

"What is it? How does it concern me?"

"I will point it out."

"Read it yourself to me. Though I am afraid there's not enough light."

"I can see very well here," said the lawyer's clerk, stepping to the window; and folding back the paper he read:—

NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

"CAPE TOWN, *May 17, via Plymouth.*—A correspondent of the Cape Chronicle states that he has interviewed an Englishman just arrived from the

interior, and learns from him that a considerable misapprehension exists in England concerning the death of the traveler and hunter, Sir Blount Constantine'"—

"Oh, he's living! My husband is alive!" she cried, sinking down in nearly a fainting condition.

"No, my lady. Sir Blount is dead enough, I am sorry to say."

"Dead, did you say?"

"Certainly, Lady Constantine; there is no doubt of it."

She sat up, and her intense relief almost made itself perceptible like a fresh atmosphere in the room. "Yes. Then what did you come for?" she asked calmly.

"That Sir Blount has died is unquestionable," replied the lawyer's clerk gently. "But there has been some mistake about the date of his death."

"He died of malarious fever on the banks of the Zonga, November 4, 18—."

"No; he only lay ill there a long time it seems. It was a companion who died at that date. But I'll read the account to your ladyship, with your permission:—

"The decease of this somewhat eccentric wanderer did not occur at the time hitherto supposed, but only in last December. The following is the account of the Englishman alluded to, given as nearly as possible in his own words: During the illness of Sir Blount and his friend by the Zonga, three of the servants went away, taking with them a portion of his clothing and effects; and it must be they who spread the report of his death at this time. After his companion's death he mended, and when he was strong enough he and I traveled on to a healthier district. I urged him not to delay his return to England; but he was much against going back there again, and became so rough in his manner towards me that we parted company at the first opportunity I could

find. I joined a party of white traders returning to the west coast. I stayed here among the Portuguese for many months. I then found that an English traveling party were going to explore a district adjoining that which I had formerly traversed with Sir Blount. They said they would be glad of my services, and I joined them. When we had crossed the territory to the south of Ulunda, and drew near to Marzambo, I heard tidings of a man living there whom I suspected to be Sir Blount, although he was not known by that name. Being so near, I was induced to seek him out, and found that he was indeed the same. He had dropped his old name altogether, and had married a native princess" —

"Married a native princess?" said Lady Constantine.

"That's what it says, my lady, — 'married a native princess according to the rites of the tribe, and was living very happily with her. He told me he should never return to England again. He also told me that, having seen this princess just after I had left him, he had been attracted by her, and had thereupon decided to reside with her in that country, as being a land which afforded him greater happiness than he could hope to attain elsewhere. He asked me to stay with him, instead of going on with my party, and not reveal his real title to any of them. After some hesitation I did stay, and was not uncomfortable at first. But I soon found that Sir Blount drank much harder now than

when I had known him, and that he was at times very greatly depressed in mind at his position. One morning in February last, I heard a shot from his dwelling. His wife rushed frantically past me, as I hastened to the spot, and when I had entered I found that he had put an end to himself with his revolver. His princess was broken-hearted all that day. When we had buried him, I discovered in his house a little box directed to his solicitors at Warborne, in England, and a note for myself, saying that I had better get the first chance of returning that offered, and requesting me to take the box with me. It is supposed to contain papers and articles for friends in England who have deemed him dead for some time.'"

The clerk stopped his reading, and there was a silence. "Last February," she at length said, in a whisper. "Has the box arrived yet?"

"Not yet, my lady. We have no further proof of anything. As soon as the package comes to hand you shall know of it immediately."

Such was the clerk's mission, and, leaving the paper with her, he withdrew. The intelligence amounted to thus much: that, Sir Blount having been alive till at least ten weeks after her marriage with Swithin St. Cleeve, Swithin St. Cleeve was not her husband in the eye of the law; so that the marriage with the latter would have to be repeated, if she wished to become legally that young man's wife.

Thomas Hardy.

AMONG THE SABINE HILLS.

"*Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas.*"

THERE is not a day, and scarcely an hour, of the gentle Roman winter in which the substance of Virgil's eloquent verse does not recur to the memory of

an exile from austere New England. Every phase of light and shade, every change of wind and weather, is such that its like would be hailed at home as a harbinger of spring. The *tramontana*

blows and blusters as if animated by a perverse intent to baffle the dazzling sunshine, but we never take it seriously. It is only a wind of March to us, boisterous because so full of wakeful vitality, with no fierce earnest lurking under its wanton play. Anon the sky darkens, and the *scirocco* sighs, and then we think of the April showers that bring forth May flowers, and are well content to feel the warm breath, and wait in the temporary shadow. Here, indeed, the May flowers are perennial. The brown grass of the sad Elysian fields outside the city is perpetually starred with daisies; the pansies never fail from the garden beds, nor the monthly roses from the mossy wall. And here, precisely, lies the distinctive charm of the Roman landscape: in its profound urbanity in the midst of desolation; in the way it seems to have of putting aside its own overpowering memories, that it may offer the stranger a smiling welcome; in its *faux air* of vernal brightness and promise, suffusing the worn patrician lineaments, which tell so plainly, nevertheless, the tale of a life lived out and a destiny long accomplished, — of an artificial composure, never perhaps to be disturbed again before the final catastrophe.

The real spring, when it comes, is but a higher light, lifted by softest gradations from this gracious background. There is no sudden burst of life and blossom; none of the astonishment and ecstasy of spring in more northern latitudes. The sentiment of mingled rapture and pain which is crowded into a few memorable days with us is here diffused and extended into the tender mood of many weeks; and we neither know nor care just when the almond-trees upon the Aventine became like puffs of thin white smoke, or the billows of jessamine boughs that crest the boundary of the Colonna gardens awoke from their short rest, and began feathering into light green spray.

It was on the 14th of March, about midway of this lingering dream of spring, that a few of us set forth from Rome for a pilgrimage among the Sabine Hills. We had various kinds of vows to pay in that storied region, — some pagan and some Christian; and of the make-up of our party, it may suffice to say that we were of that number which is described in the sententious language of Spain as company *par excellence*. A company of one, says the proverb, is no company at all, — “*Compañía di uno, compañía di ninguno*,” — a company of two is divine, and a company of four is diabolic; but “*Compañía di tres, compañía es*,” and we occupied that safe mean between the joys of the souls above us and the pains of those below most fit for modest mortals.

The Campagna, in the early morning hour at which we crossed it for Tivoli, would have been exciting at any season; how much more in this, its most perfect moment, when its level reaches were streaked with golden green, while the guardian hills yet held their violet hues, with the lark-songs ringing through the living blue, and the many-hued stars of the anemone shining at our feet! As we drew near the base of the Sabines, and prepared to begin our devious ascent through the immemorial olive-wood to Tivoli upon the mountain side, we were struck by the first of those exquisite contrasts of color which the presence of the olive in a landscape furnishes in such endless variety. Sometimes it is with the clear green of sun-touched grass under the hoary boughs, sometimes with the rich brown of the upturned soil; here it was with the changeful blush of the fruit-orchards at the foot of the mountain, — a beauteous cloud of every possible shade of pure pink, from the hardly tinged blossoms of the almond to the deep crimson of the apricot. Such were, no doubt, the

“*Uda mobilibus pomaria rivis*”¹

¹ Book I., Ode 7.

of Horace's time, which he so sweetly celebrates along with the "ringing home of the nymph Albunea," the "plunging Anio," and the "Tiburnian shades." At any other time we should certainly be tempted to tarry awhile at Tivoli, among the strange grottoes and the bright cascades, in the old sibylline temple above the torrent, or the sombre yet sophisticated shades of the far-looking Villa d'Este. But now, since our pilgrimage is, first of all, a Horatian one, we care chiefly to remind ourselves, as we thread the narrow, picturesque streets of ancient Tibur, and come out upon the fine post-road leading upward among the hills, that this is the place where the genial and social poet spent much of the leisure of his latest years. He had prayed that he might do so, —

"Tibur, Argeo positum colono
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ!"¹ —

and his wish was fulfilled, but sadly, and with a difference, as human wishes are apt to be. Read over the letter to Celsus, the eighth in the first book of the *Epistles*. It is lightly and suavely worded, — he was too polite a correspondent to indulge in long-winded lamentations over personal griefs; but what a confession it contains of failing powers and irremediable satiety! "If Celsus Albinovanus inquires for me, O my Muse," he says, in substance, "you may tell him that, although I threaten all manner of fine things, I am not living either pleasantly or profitably. And this is by no means because the vines have been hurt by the hail, and the olives by the heat, nor because there is sickness among the cattle somewhere a long way off. It is because I am ill myself, yet rather of a mental than of any bodily ailment. Neither have I the slightest desire to hear what would be good for me. I shall offend my faithful physicians, I shall outrage the friends who are trying to make me shake off this deadly lassitude, because I am

¹ Book II., Ode 6.

bound to do the harmful things, and avoid those which might possibly benefit me. I am as fickle as the wind. When I am at Rome I long for Tibur, and the moment I am at Tibur I shall be sighing for Rome."

How natural and how painful! But we will not mourn prematurely over the poet's decline, seeing that our immediate destination is the Sabine farm, his favorite retreat in the heyday of youth and at the height of his literary celebrity and social success. Both as the gift of the generous Mæcenas, and for its own beauty of situation, Horace loved his little country-seat with an ardor which has made all the world love him. Every allusion which he makes to it is full of fond enthusiasm, and yet marked by his own unfailing good taste. He was not in the least a snob, and he had never desired a sumptuous place. It would have oppressed him with care, and a sense of too great obligation even to that free-handed donor.

"Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus."² For the little Sabine estate he could be gratefully thankful. He was entirely, and even exultingly, contented with its modest arrangements, and, so long as health and spirits were unshaken, quite sufficient to himself among them; yet he triumphantly invited to its modest hospitalities the grandest company of his time, and we may be sure that his invitations were not slighted.

It would be strange, indeed, if the antiquaries had overlooked so likely a subject for contention as the site of that modest villa, which could hardly, in the nature of things, have been built in a sufficiently massive and costly style for even its foundations to have withstood the wear and tear of many centuries. Divers localities have, in fact, been thought to answer most of the conditions which Horace affectionately names, and the claims of each have been warmly supported. The artless criticism of

² Satire VI., Book II.

the fifteenth century, as represented by Flavio Biondo in his *Italia Illustrata*, pitched upon Vaccone, twenty miles distant from Tivoli toward the Abruzzi, owing, doubtless, to the likeness of this name to that of Vacuna, near whose temple, a ruin already in his day, Horace had dated his letter to Aristius Fuscus: "*Hæc tibi dictabam post fanum putre Vacunæ.*"¹ But Vacuna was the name of the Sabine goddess corresponding to the Roman Victoria, — Juno Victrix, — and at Rocca Giovine, or the Arx Junonis, a tiny hamlet clinging to a sharp hill peak, three miles from Vicovaro, there is an inscription which tells how Vespasian, who was born in the Sabine country, and brought up, no doubt, on traditions of the cult of Vacuna, *restored the temple of Victory upon this spot*. Vicovaro was the ancient Varia, whither the fine stout peasants, who constituted, as Horace tells us, his Sabine tenantry, used to carry the produce of the farm.

"*Quinque bonos solitum Variam dimittere patres.*"²

Accordingly, it was at Vicovaro, seven miles from Tivoli, that we left our carriage, and began the steep ascent to Rocca Giovine. There is only a bridle-path at present, which is being transformed into a carriage-road after so leisurely a fashion of engineering that we are as likely to see the end of it in this generation as of any contemporary geological change. Arrived at the Rock of Juno, we stop to quench our thirst at the fountain, which gushes into a rude stone basin in the centre of the uninviting little piazza; and broad-armed women stop, with their *conchas* half poised, to regard our invasion, while black-eyed babies multiply mysteriously at our feet, crying, in shrill chorus, the one intelligible word their infant lips can frame, "*Sordo!*" Nothing could be more foreign to an Anglo-Saxon — or, to use the stronger Teu-

tonic word, *outlandish* — than the aspect of this piazza and its inhabitants; nothing more homely and familiar than the country lane which leads out of it. It is for all the world like a cart-path across some well-wooded hill farm in New England. The way, on either side, we found bordered by a riotous tangle of sweet-brier and blackberry vines, just coming into leaf. The young grass underneath was full of spring blossoms, mostly of a vivid blue. There were violets, of course, and anemones, and yards of the periwinkle or ground myrtle. There were hepaticas, also, larger and deeper in color than the adventurous little blossoms we know so well; and we noted, what is very curious, that the fine, downy fur on stem and calyx, so needful to the home hepatica as a protection against frost and snow, is here safely discarded, and the plant is nearly smooth. Here, too, relieving the prevailing azure, were occasional tufts of "primrose pale," and the first cyclamen of the season was discovered shooting above its mottled leaves. After a mile of rather rugged walking by this pleasant but always ascending path, we came upon the first spot which preserves, in its name, a reminiscence of the poet. "*E qui,*" says the rather taciturn guide we had engaged at Vicovaro, "*il colle del Poetello,*" — or *Povatello*, as he seems to say in his soft, slipshod utterance. It is only a grassy hillock, commanding a pleasing outlook, backward, upon Rocca Giovine, with its mediæval tower and sombre chapel; upward, at the higher hills, the "*arduos Sabinos,*" wooded in part, and partly open and terraced for orchard and vine, of which the highest should be Horace's *Lucretilis*; down, into the valley of the *Licenza*, which is the lisping Italian name for the *Digentia* of the poet: —

"*Me quoties refecit gelidus Digentia rivus
Quem Mandela bibit*"³ —

¹ Epistle X., Book I.

² Epistle XIV., Book I.

³ Epistle XVIII., Book I.

Mandela is now Bardella in Cantalupo, another high-perched mountain village, hidden from the poet's hillock, but only a few miles away. A second landmark, important for the identification of the villa site, is the lonely little chapel, embowered in ancient olive-trees, on the right of the path as you proceed, and only a few rods distant from the foot of the hill. The guide will tell you that this is the *Madonna delle Case*, and Muratori will tell you, or rather Anastasius, in the life of Pope Sylvester, that among the possessions deeded by the Emperor Constantine to the Church of St. Peter at Rome was a piece of property in the Sabine country, lying *under Mount Lucretius*, and known by the name of *ad duas casas*. Pausing in the silvery shadow of the olives to win breath after our climb, we can hear the joyous murmur of the unwearyed fountain, which gushes out of a rock by the wayside, immediately beyond the chapel. And how should this be other than Horace's

"Tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons" ¹

and his

"Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus?" ²

since even at the present day the Digentia or Licenza is known simply as *Il Rivo* up to the point at which it receives this fountain's tributary stream. Is it also the

"Fons Baudusiæ splendidiore bibro" ³

of that sparkling ode which even the most perfunctory student of Horace is pretty certain to remember? Probably not, unless the poet re-christened his home rivulet after another of that name in his native country of Venusium, which he loved, we may believe as well as Virgil loved Mantua. One fancies that the ode in question may have been thrown off in some happy moment of revisiting, under specially gay and triumphal circumstances, the simple scenes of childhood, and that a

genuine touch of the natural religion which binds us to our early years may have been concealed under its exultant salute and playful promise of a sacrifice on the morrow.

A hundred years ago, when the investigations of the Abbé Chapuy were supposed to have fixed the site of the Sabine villa two miles farther down the valley toward the modern town of Licenza, another source and affluent of the river was identified with Horace's fountain. At that time also, — 1780, — a series of twelve plates illustrating the region was executed at Naples. They give us the Sabine landscape, combed, curled, and conventionalized, after the fashion of the engraving of that day; but the prominent features are there, of course, and the map or plan of the hill-country, by which the plates are accompanied, is a sufficiently good guide to its localities to-day, except that the point marked Villa Horatii must be moved back toward Rocca Giovine to the artificial oblong plateau at which we are now arrived. It is a terrace of precisely the proper shape and size for the foundation of a small villa, perfectly regular, and raised some five or six feet above the roadway. It is under culture at present, surrounded by a low wattled hedge; and a single stout laborer, one of Virgil's own *fortes coloni*, was dropping seed of some sort into its freshly turned furrows. This, then, was the place. The view is broader than from the poet's hillock, and more interesting. The town of Licenza is in plain view on the left; blue peaks of very distant mountains are seen upon the right. The stream of the Digentia is shrunken, at present, by the drouth of the almost cloudless winter just past, but it winds charmingly, and if its bed were full the valley would be perfect. Lucretilla and the lesser hills draw their skirts protectingly around the little terrace,

¹ Satire VI., Book II.

² Epistle XVI., Book I.

³ Ode XIII., Book III.

and seem, with their budding boskage and fair, open slopes, a perfect storehouse of sunshine. Involuntarily, in our praises of the spot, we use the word *amenity*, — “such a wonderful amenity of aspect,” — and not until we come to review the text of the odes in our inn, at night, do we perceive that we have made use of Horace’s very expression : —

“*Velox amœnum sæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lycae Faunus, et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis, pluriosque ventos.*”¹

Whether the word has lain overlooked in our memories ever since the remote period when we went to school, or whether we may indeed flatter ourselves with having selected the expression which is intrinsically fittest to depict the thing (and so, of course, the poet’s) may not be absolutely certain; but we linger long over the various odes of invitation, and the pictures which they suggest: a summer dew-fall, for example, in this cosy hill solitude, rose light upon the mountain tops, long shadows in the valley. The goats, for whose protection Faunus is supposed to have forsaken the Arcadian mount, come trooping in single file down the declivity of Lucretilis. Slaves bearing a litter are mounting, with the ease of long practice, the pathway by which we have come. They deposit their burden in the court-yard of the vanished villa, and we need no introduction to the emerging figure. It is of a true Italian type, rather short, but active, and not yet too rotund. We recognize the fine complexion, of which the owner appears to have been rather vain; the thickly-curling black hair, which will be white in the later days at Tibur; the low, antique forehead and bright, dark, short-sighted eyes; the varying charm of expression and boyish habit of bright speech and laughter, whose inevitable decline with advancing years the poet

¹ Ode XVII., Book I.

whimsically pleads as unfitting him for city society : —

“*Quod si me noles usquam discedere, reddes
Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos
Reddes dulce loqui, reddes ridere decorum.*”²

The rustic household hurry in to welcome their easy-going master, and he has a friendly word for each and all. He has flung out his frank greeting to the *bonos patres* already, upon the way. And now orders are to be issued for such a banquet as the hills may afford, for company from Rome is presently to follow the lord of the little manor into his retreat. Mæcenas is coming, of whom the *familia* stands not a little in awe, and Virgil, perhaps, who is rather a favorite among them, because, in spite of his reserve and shyness, they somehow divine his dreamy sympathy with their own obscure lot. The household understands the joke perfectly when the command is given for a *moderate* supply of *vile Sabinum*; and so do we, after we have dined at Subiaco, and tasted the pale red *vin du pays*, beside which hard cider is a smooth and mellow beverage. There was plenty of Formian and Falernian to follow, in the olden time, we may be sure; but what followed the Formian and Falernian, when hearts were lightened and tongues loosed? “*O noctes, cenæque deum!*” What would we not give to know?

Suddenly, as the pall of a mounting tempest is drawn over a glowing summer landscape, there falls upon our conjured vision of the Horatian feast a shadow from the fast-coming doom of Rome. The world of which the men who here unbent from ceremony formed so illustrious a part was literally a dying world, although they knew it not. The sun of its last day had arisen when the Augustan age began. Between the informal junketings here among the hills, or the more lavish orgies away in Roman or suburban villas, — the wines

² Ecistile VII., Book I.

and garlands, the Lydias and Chloes, — the customs and courtesies and scandals and vanities and vices, the themes and theories and standards and anticipations of 720 u. c., — and that monastic age of which we are to see a famous monument upon the morrow, a gulf is fixed as deep and mysterious as that which divides one planet from another. The change from the world in which we now live to the new heavens and new earth of the apocalyptic dream, wherein shall dwell righteousness, will not be more radical, when it comes, than that which was actually accomplished in this quarter of the world between the life-time of Horace and that of St. Benedict, — only about five hundred years. We even ask ourselves and one another, as we bid good-by to the Sabine farm, and retrace our thoughtful steps along the blossoming mountain path to Vicovaro, whether this tremendous revolution and that of the evangelist's vision may not, after all, have been one and the same; in which case the visible reign of the saints on earth (as of St. Benedict up yonder at the *Sacro Speco*) would have ended with the first Christian millennium, and we should literally be living in "the last of the latter days." How can a world be born again when it is old? we say; yet all around us are the startling proofs that the Roman world did die and was born again; and if one regeneration be possible, why not two? Be that as it may, we are crowning, in our route, the watershed between paganism and Christianity.

Nothing, meantime, could be more serene and beautiful outwardly than the scenery of our afternoon drive to Subiaco. The sun descended through a sky still absolutely cloudless, and all of that warm, gold-penetrated blue, which is the birthright of Italy. The air freshened a little, but only a little, as we passed into the lengthening shadows of the loftier hills. At every turn in the road

new summits were disclosed, surmounted in most cases, as by finials, with some ancient piece of human handiwork, — a church, a convent, a machicolated tower, a town, whose tall huddled houses appeared all of one dun piece with the native rock, while the fashion of the foundations of its boundary walls carried us back to ante-Roman days.

"Tot congesta manu prærupitis oppida saxis
Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros,"

is remembered and quoted out of the second *Georgic*. The description applies as well now as it can have done nineteen hundred years ago, and it is evident that his beloved Italy looked quite as old to Virgil as she does to us. As a matter of fact, however, he can never have seen either San Cosimato upon our left, or Saracinesco upon our right, — the last a very eyrie of a town, which has alighted twenty-five hundred feet above the Anio, and whose name still tells the story of its foundation by a colony of Saracens, a remnant of the army defeated in the ninth century by Berengarius, after they had laid waste the entire valley. It is said that many of the inhabitants of this apparently inaccessible hamlet bear Arabic names to this day, and that the added touch of orientalism in their looks makes them favorite models with the artists in Rome.

And so we skirt, in the clear twilight, the *Costa sole*, — for this is the name of the fine mountain range of which the peak of Saracinesco is an outpost; and when, at length, we cross the beautiful one-arched bridge, with its flanking tower, which forms the entrance to Subiaco, the stars are already *pointing* in the blue depths above the high-perched cathedral of Pius VI. and the palace, which, as abbot of the monastery in this place, he greatly enlarged and beautified.

In spite of the *vile Sabinum* already mentioned, we have only good words to say of the hospitalities of the Pernice inn, although perhaps the member of

our party who affected donkeys would wish to insert a word of warning concerning the strange and penitential character of the saddles furnished there. We slept sweetly in clean linen, and early in the morning, in the always unshadowed weather, we set forth for the Benedictine mount, only regretting that we must anticipate by a week the saint's real fête, which occurs on the 21st of March.

In all the world there are few more romantic prospects than that commanded by the noble modern bridge which springs across the Anio at a height of two hundred and fifty feet, just where the carefully graded path to the monastery diverges from the main road. Aquamarine where it runs quietly, but breaking, at every few paces, into laughter of dazzling foam, the river flashes through the deep gorge below, between the mountain of the Sacred Grot and Monte Carpineto, so called from the young horn-beam trees, whose light spring leafage swathes all its vast slopes as with a veil of golden gauze. Only a generation ago, they say, this hill was bleak and bare. It was one of the last victories won by the Benedictine monks, in the loving warfare which they waged for thirteen centuries with the wildness of nature hereabout, — the clothing of this barren tower with green. Their simple method, in this instance, was resolutely to exclude the goats from pasturage upon the hillside, and nature took care of the rest. High up in the gorges behind Carpineto were the sources which fed the three artificial lakes of Nero's famous villa, from which the town derives its name, — Subiaco, *Sublaqueum*. The dikes were carried away by a flood in the fifteenth century, and nothing is left of all the fabulous magnificence of the imperial seat but a row of mossy arches a little way above the bridge, — the remains, it is thought, of a nymphæan which formerly overlooked one of the lakes. It was here, according to Tac-

tus, that the table of Nero was once struck by lightning and thrown down while he was at supper; where, perhaps, for one lurid instant, even that besotted reveler saw and read clearly the handwriting upon the wall. So the last tatters of Roman imperialism flutter in the breeze beyond the chasm, while, on the hither side of the river, the beneficent work of the Benedictines is all intact as yet, although the brothers are banished from their peaceful home, and scattered far and wide. They have built along their special mountain-side a zigzag stair, two miles in length, of broad and easy degrees, with frequent seats for rest before quiet shrines, and widening occasionally into a sort of semicircular terrace, with an enchanting outlook, lifted like a tower upon some projecting spur, and firmly walled and buttressed. Beyond the first of the two monastic houses — which is dedicated to Santa Scholastica, the sister of St. Benedict, and which we leave to be visited on our return — we pass through a gateway, and into the dense and grateful shadow of a long avenue of ilex-trees, — "*nemus nigrum*," "*umbra sacra*." We are still fain to fall back upon Virgil for the words which best describe the refreshment and protection which they offer. Emerging, we find ourselves close upon the two long stories of the original monastery, lifted upon a row of tall arches, and flattened, as it were, against the mountain-side, with tower-flanked portal, terraced garden, and Gothic windows (the oldest, it is claimed, in Italy), whose pictured casements, thrown wide to the bright vernal day, will presently afford us the finest of all our long views up and down the valley. The principal part of this curious building, as we see it now, dates from 1066, — the year of the Norman Conquest. It covers the grotto, or grottoes, of the blessed saint's earliest retreat, and is fairly overhung by the projecting rock which the simply faithful still believe to have been mirac-

ulously held in place ever since he sought refuge here.

But what wonder that legend and rumor of miracle should hover and hum about the story of St. Benedict, like the bees around the rosemary and wall-flowers in the sunny convent garden? That story in its baldest form is more than marvelous. A young patrician of Spoleto, a mere boy, sent to Rome to study law near the end of the terrible fifth century; winning without effort the prizes of the schools, and disregarding them; sickened by the vices of the putrescent society about him, and ardently desiring a better country, flies to the secrecy of this cave in the wilderness, and actually passes here the stormy and egotistical years between fifteen and eighteen in solitude and meditation and strong crying to the unseen Father of the stricken world. An old family servant dogs the footsteps of the child, lingers about, begs for him, tries to ameliorate his hardships. An elder recluse sometimes lowers him food in a basket from the frowning edge above. His harsh novitiate accomplished, the youth comes forth, not twenty yet, not crazed, nor sickened either, but strengthened, enlightened, resolved, and armed with a lever which is to move the world. He comes forth to seize and transform the selfish monasticism of the indolent East into an institution fraught with health and wealth and blessing for the after-time; to bring the lives of thousands upon thousands of aimless men and helpless women under the wise restraints of that austere but not unkindly law, whose perfect operation has been said to fit it to be the study of kings; to add to the stern, subjective vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience the broader obligation of labor, the inestimable privilege and delight of study. All that could be collected of the old-world lore was carefully transcribed and treasured in the Benedictine houses. The seeds of every art in which we now luxuriate

— agriculture, architecture, music, painting, and sculpture — were fostered and propagated there; and we do actually owe to one Benedictine or another almost all that was earliest notable in the manifold creations of the modern mind. Surely the feet of the founder of their order were beautiful upon these barren mountains, and the voice of the torrent in the fruitful vale may well repeat the anthem, “Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini!”

The saint's especial cave, the *sagro speco* par excellence, is but one of a series, the like of which abound in all the mountains hereabout. One of them is said to have been the seat of an oracle of Faunus in primeval times. All are now transformed into chapels, each with its altar and rude mural paintings, historical or devotional, some of which are executed upon the native rock. They are interesting chiefly for their extremely archaic character. Those in the chapel of St. Laurence bear the signature *Conxolus pinxit* and the date 1219. They are therefore older than Cimabue, who died in 1300, and tradition says that their author, Consolo, was, by birth, a Greek. We do not care much for the reclining, not to say sprawling, figure of St. Benedict, by Bernini, seen dimly among the shadows of the sacred cave behind the altar in his chapel, nor for the marble basket conveniently set upon a ledge hard by; but we know well with what reverence these two palpable images will be regarded by the throngs who will come hither for the fête next week, and we revere their veneration. What does interest us extremely is the contemporary portrait of St. Francis of Assisi, who visited the monastery in 1223. Nothing could be stiffer, flatter, more childish, in the way of drawing; and yet the thin face is winning, and wears even to the eye of sense something of that gentle, wistful, *débonnaire*, and yet rapt expression, inseparable from the ideal of the well-beloved

saint. Another memento of St. Francis is to be found in the garden, where an inscription upon the wall, above a luxuriant rose-bed, records that here grew the thorns among which St. Benedict plunged in the agony of his conflict with sensual temptation; which very thorn-trees the pitying monk of Assisi, when he came, grafted with the roses that have never failed from the spot to this day.

We had been shown about the convent, and gallantly presented with bouquets of *giroflées* from the garden, by a highly good-humored, but somewhat obtuse and irreverent young monk, — one of the half dozen suffered by the Italian government to remain as custodians of the place; and he now proceeded to expound for us, in fluent Italian-French, the series of pictures illustrating the life of St. Benedict, which also adorn the subterranean church. So slightly was he penetrated by the spirit of the place that he even took a humorous view of the most touching scene in all monastic history, the parting of St. Benedict and Santa Scholastica. All the world knows the legend. The brother and the sister, who had imitated his self-devotion, had long been dwelling in their separate cloisters away at Monte Cassino, not very far apart, yet seldom indulging themselves in the joy of meeting. One night, at the close of one of his rare visits, when St. Benedict was about to bid his sister good-by, she, contrary to her patient custom, entreated him to remain; and when he would not, she bowed her head upon her folded hands, and for the first time in many years of prayer she asked of Heaven a favor for herself, — that her brother, namely, might be hindered from leaving her. Even while she prayed, a furious tempest broke over the convent, accompanied by thunder, hail, and flood, and rendered his return impossible. So they supped together, and then passed the night in sweet, mystical communings

and in prayer. With the dawn St. Benedict departed indeed; but two days later, when alone in his own cell, he saw as in a vision a white dove soaring upward into heaven, and knew that it was the soul of his sister, and that they would hold converse upon earth no more.

The two stiff, black-robed figures clasping hands over the meagre board, in the old mural painting, do not jar as harshly upon our imagination of this spotless and tender scene as the curious jocularity of the youthful monk: "*Adesso, lui dit-elle partez si vous pouvez!*" At Santa Scholastica's own beautiful house below, which we visited upon our return, we found another young monk, quite as courteous and cheery as the first, but much more reverential and refined. He led us through the portico, adorned on either side with beautiful columns of porphyry and *giallo antico* from the ruins of Nero's villa; through the new cloister, for the backwardness of whose flower-beds he rather anxiously apologized; through the exquisite elder cloister; and into the stately library, whose treasures he displayed with genuine enthusiasm and a touching delight in the company of appreciative guests. Though the place, like all such places, is wofully despoiled, those treasures are still great. The first printing-press ever set up in Italy was established here in 1465, by two Germans named Schweinheim and Pannartz, who had not been encouraged to start their chimerical enterprise in the city of Rome. Our gentle young monk — himself a German, too, to judge by his fair face and frank, spectacled blue eyes — displayed specimens of the first two books produced by the new process, and of the beautifully transcribed and illuminated manuscripts which they closely imitated. One was a volume of Lactantius, the other a copy of St. Augustine's City of God. He would willingly have introduced us to every individual book and manuscript in

the collection, but the day was advancing, and we wanted to be at Olenano before sundown, for its celebrated view; so we bade him a regretful good-by, carrying away in our memories a pleasant picture of the young librarian as we saw him last, solitary and smiling, handling the ancient tomes with loving care, as he passed and repassed through the echoing Gothic hall.

"But why is it," asks the voice of the nineteenth century, as we come slowly down from the mount, "notwithstanding that all we now have and hope for is so deeply involved with the life lived and the work done in these conventual shades, that the pagan existence which we were yesterday endeavoring to restore is, after all, so much the more real and natural and germane to us of the two? Unquestionably it is so. Horace became a living man to us when we stood where his threshold used to be. St. Benedict, in his unshaken house, remains an aureoled vision."

"Possibly," was the hesitating answer, "because the natural is inevitably more natural than the supernatural, and the slenderest ray of the latter slightly dazzling to the sight. First the physical, afterward the psychical."

And whereas yesterday we felt the human race to be so *blasé* that its experiences on this familiar planet must needs be well-nigh over, to-day we are chiefly impressed by the slightness of its advance in twenty centuries, and the elementary and preliminary character of its utmost attainments. Turning at the angle of the road, where the monastery finally disappears from view, to wave a farewell salute to the iron cross, outlined upon the sky above its highest tower, we realize profoundly how far we are as yet from comprehending "with all saints the height and breadth" of all that symbol signifies.

I fancy we are all glad, however, that no grand historic memories impertune, nor spectral spiritual problems con-

front us at Olenano. A buxom landlady made us vociferously welcome to that quaintest of country inns, bewitching Casa Baldi, set high among the terraced vineyards and olive plantations of the sunniest of mountain-sides, whose trellised and vine-shaded porch, as many a traveler knows, commands an incomparable prospect. Far away, beneath and before, for immeasurable miles, extended the plain which divides the Sabine from the Volscian hills. The white road over which we were to pass upon the morrow traced a devious line across it, and straight in front of us, in the vagueness of the extreme distance, Vellettri "sparkled like a grain of salt." The Volscians command the plain upon the left. They are distant enough to be richly empurpled, and their outlines, essentially beautiful, are softened yet farther by the soft spring atmosphere; but their very name is resonant of warlike memories of Roman and Etruscan days. Close at hand, upon the right, divided from us by a narrow valley full of flowering trees, the town of Olenano crowns another height like ours.

It is picturesque, of course, with its dark walls, crowded dwellings, open *loggie*, and tall mediæval castle, as richly draped with ivy, in this instance, as any English abbey. Higher still ascends the last promontory of the Sabine range which we shall have to round before reaching Palestrina. We do not even care to explore the little town. We remember that it takes its name Olenano (*Olibanum*) from the fact that its revenues were long applied to the purchase of incense for the churches, and we sagely doubt whether, if we penetrate its streets, this fragrant association may not be overpowered by others of a less agreeable nature. So we simply sit entranced by the almost incredible loveliness of the great vista and the declining day, till the sun dips behind the mountains on our right, and the sound of the Ave Maria bells mingles with the shouts

of the children at play in the streets of the town and the twitter of birds in the Casa Baldi orchards.

A portly cardinal, who tells us upon his picture-frame that he lodged here sixty years ago, and four comely, pouting ladies in buckram and pearls — all of the Borghese family, to whom the village and hostelry belong — looked down with not a little superciliousness upon our evening meal. The door panels, also, of the room where we dined were decorated with sketches from the hands of German artists, who much frequent the Casa Baldi in summer; and we observed with some amusement, and instantly referred to the romantic influence of the same Teutonic wanderers, the airs and graces, the pauses and poses, of the landlady's two pretty daughters, who waited on us at table. Very pretty indeed they were: tall and rosy, and with long fair hair, which, disdaining the neat braids of the ordinary Italian peasant maiden, they had piled, waved, looped, and left to stray in an æsthetic and wonderful manner; while their drooping heads, diffident smiles, and quick upward glances of excessive *ingénuité* exactly reproduced the sketches in the Casa Baldi album, which the mother proudly showed us on the following morning. We praised the portraits and their originals, whereupon our hostess assumed an air of critical disparagement: "Non c' é male, MA," — she waved her arms to indicate the transcendent comeliness of her girls, and added, by way of apology for the good-natured artist, with the patronizing accent of the most exasperating of connoisseurs, "é paesista, non figurista." The little white casa, which is distinguishable for miles and miles from different points upon the plain, seemed always repeating, as over and over again it flashed us farewell, the knowing wink and superior smile of its comfortable mistress.

Descending from Olenano, one drives

for an hour or two over low and level ground; looking upward at the mountains from their feet, instead of gazing straight into their faces, as in the earlier and later portions of the Sabine route. But we found the variety charming, and the white hawthorn hedges also, and the emerald meadows, and the farmers busy with plow and *rastrum*, — "*hominumque boumque labores*." Afterwards, when we began our final ascent for Palestrina, — our latest destination is on the further side of the Sabine promontory, facing Rome, — snow-peaks of the greater Apennines lifted themselves above the Volscian line at our back, and the way grew exceedingly difficult and wild. We lunched at Gennezano, with its grand mediæval gateway, its exquisite fragments of Gothic carving gleaming amid sordid modern structures, its kindly shrine of the Madonna of Good Counsel, sought of all the country side. And so, amid the slant shadows and cool breezes of one more perfect afternoon, we came to old Præneste.

A certain languor seized us here. Whether it came of the very fatigue and satiety of delightful impressions, or of the inevitably pensive perception that our rare play-time was nearly over, we found ourselves quite unable to do more than cursorily survey the great remains of many epochs, and idly glance, in thought, at a little of the all that makes Palestrina memorable. We read the headings of its history upon its wonderful walls, where Pelasgic foundations — composed, that is, of immense *polygons* of stone, fitted one to another without cement — support massive quadrilateral blocks of the later republic, surmounted by brick-work of the empire. We remember that there were kings ruling here at Præneste before Roma Quadrata was outlined with a plowshare, and we trace for a little way the foundations of that stupendous temple of Fortune, which covered, in the early imperial days of its greatest glory, almost all the

space now occupied by the lower town. We mount the mouldering staircase of the desolate Barbarini palace, built upon the foundations of the great hemicycle which fronted the shrine of the capricious divinity, and we gaze at the famous mosaic, once the floor of one of the tribunes in the temple. It was unearthed in 1640, restored where imperfect by Pietro da Cortona, and removed, with the utmost care, to the spacious and solitary hall, where it is now seen to remarkable advantage. Yet no one knows precisely what it was intended to represent. The vicissitudes of fortune; the voyage of Alexander to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon; the history of Sylla; the course of the Nile; the meeting of Helen and Menelaus in Egypt; the voyage of Hadrian to Elephantina; the conquest of Egypt by Augustus, — such are a few of the guesses at its *motif*. For ourselves, we care only to note the common element in all these conjectures, — the sphinxes and lotus flowers, which prove the subject to be something Egyptian, and the remarkable representations of animals, with Greek names affixed, which perambulate the stony space; and then we stroll away to the dusty window of the hall, and look out once more over the old Campagna, illimitable under the roseate mist that hides the distant dome. Dimly and dreamily we recall and recount the many contests which Præneste waged with Rome: its conquest by Cincinnatus; that Pyrrhus and Hannibal both made reconnaissances from the citadel; that the young Caius Marius put an end to his own life here after his defeat by Sylla; that Sylla, after he came back from the Mithridatic war, destroyed the town for its resistance to himself, and afterward rebuilt it; that Augustus lived here sometimes, and Tiberius and Nero and Hadrian; and that our Horace himself re-read the Iliad within these walls, while Lollius was holding forth at Rome: —

"Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi."¹

But of all the heroes, conquerors, ravagers, and rebuilders of Palestrina, by far the most vivid to our imagination was that "*glorioso Colonna*," who arrived a thousand years later than the imperial Romans, and for whose sake chiefly, on the following morning, we achieved the breathless climb to the citadel. Here the two cardinals of that fierce and famous Ghibelline race defied the Popes; here, in the mountain stronghold of the Colonnas, they were besieged, and finally vanquished, and driven forth into that harsh exile, where one, meeting Stephano, the nephew of the rebellious ecclesiastics, and asking him what fortress he now possessed, saw him strike his hand upon his gallant breast, as he returned the immortal answer, *Eccola!* We should hardly have been Ghibellines if we had lived in the fourteenth century, but we inconsistently adopt the heroism of Stephen, and exult in the thought that he lived to return to his dismantled fastness, and that the castle which now crowns the peak is the very one of his rebuilding. For the sake of standing in the grassy space inclosed by those frowning walls, we surmount so many difficulties and dangers, wrestle with so many sturdy beggars, tread so steep and difficult a path, that we feel, in our proper persons, something of the elation of a conquering army; and we note, as symbolical of Stephen's dazzling fame, that his shield in white marble shines untarnished out of the dark stone above the moss-grown gateway, with slender column and flanking initials, as distinct as though cut but yesterday, s[c], and the triumphant legend, perfectly legible, "*Magnificus dominus Stephanus de Colonna reëdificavit civitatem Præneste cum monte et arce, anno 1332.*"

From every point at which we pause for rest, upon our lingering descent,

¹ Epistle II., Book I.

amid beds of dwarf marigold, on broad stones painted with rose-hued lichen, we find our eyes drawn backward by that bright symbol of human pride and valor, until a turn of the path withdraws it finally from our view, and its spell is vanquished by another and yet mightier. For the mists of the morning have dispersed by this, and the great dome

swells clear in the pulsing heat upon the far-off southern horizon, and we hear the grave mandate of the mistress of the world proclaiming the end of our *vacances*, the limit of our week of dreams, — the compulsion which all feel who have ever turned the back on her to return, and submit once more to her stately and sombre custody.

Harriet W. Preston.

STORM ON LAKE ASQUAM.

A CLOUD, like that the old-time Hebrew saw
On Carmel prophesying rain, began
To lift itself o'er wooded Cardigan,
Growing and blackening. Suddenly, a flaw

Of chill wind menaced; then a wild blast beat
Down the long valley's murmuring pines, and woke
The noon-dream of the sleeping lake, and broke
Its smooth steel mirror at the mountains' feet.

Thunderous and vast, a fire-veined darkness swept
Over the rough pine-bearded Asquam range;
A wraith of tempest, wonderful and strange,
From peak to peak the cloudy giant stepped.

One moment, as if challenging the storm,
Chocorua's tall, defiant sentinel
Looked from his watch-tower; then the shadow fell,
And the wild rain-drift blotted out his form.

And over all the still unhidden sun,
Weaving its light through slant-blown veils of rain,
Smiled on the trouble, as hope smiles on pain;
And, when the tumult and the strife were done,

With one foot on the lake and one on land,
Framing within his crescent's tinted streak
A far-off picture of the Melvin peak,
Spent broken clouds the rainbow's angel spanned.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

ASQUAM HOUSE, *Seventh Month*, 1882.

AN ENGLISH INTERPRETER.

IN the summer of 1881 I was in Bedford, England, visiting the haunts of Bunyan. Upon the edge of a pretty green in the town is a statue in bronze, erected in Bunyan's honor. The attitude of the figure is indicated by the words which are engraved upon the stone pedestal: "It had eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of Truth was written upon his lips. . . . It stood as if it pleaded with men." I recognized the felicity with which these words were made to do service in formulating the sculptor's conception of Bunyan, and when I turned to *The Pilgrim's Progress* I found the sentence to describe the "picture of a very grave person," which hung upon the wall of the house of the Interpreter. In the half-shadowy substance of Bunyan's allegory, this very grave person appears to stand not for any one apostle, prophet, or preacher, but as a figure of the true apostle of righteousness, under whatever guise he may assume; and as easily happens in dreams, we let the picture and the Interpreter discoursing upon it blend into one person. Such a very grave person, the sculptor rightly apprehended, was Bunyan, and such a very grave person I conceive to be an English painter of to-day: known to a few in England; totally unknown, I may say, in America, except as travelers have now and then come upon his work and brought back reports.

A few days after I was in Bedford, I was persuaded by the painter Herbert Gilchrist, son of the authors of the *Life of William Blake*, to visit with him the studio of Frederic James Shields, whose name I knew only as connected with the excellent service rendered in perfecting the new edition of *Gilchrist's Blake*, where he furnished descriptive notes of the designs to *Young's Night Thoughts*,

and aided by his pencil in transcribing some of Blake's drawings. I was persuaded against my judgment; when does not a traveler magnify the importance of taking a particular train to his next stopping-place! Never was I good-natured to such good purpose. I lost the train I had intended to take, and gained an introduction to a world of thought and beauty. In Mr. Shields's studio I saw cartoons upon which he was engaged, in pursuance of a commission from the Duke of Westminster; and I changed my plans of travel that I might make a journey to Chester, to see the perfected work at Eaton Hall Chapel.

Eaton Hall, the seat of the Grosvenor family, is one of the great show places of England, and thus it will not be long before Mr. Shields's name will be known to travelers who visit the Hall and enter the private chapel, now approaching completion. Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R. A., the architect of the chapel, invited Mr. Shields to design the glass and mosaic decorations, and most of the glass was in position when I visited the place in September. The south side of the chapel has no lights and is to receive the mosaic decorations, which form a part of the entire scheme, of which the windows in the chancel and upon the north and west furnish the translucent portion; the chancel windows only were not in place when I was there.

The scheme of windows and mosaics is a graphic and illuminated presentation of the *Te Deum Laudamus*, and it is in the grouping and disposition under this majestic theme that the interpreting power of this painter is first discovered. That is to say, the thought which should analyze the hymn of the church in all ages and produce an artistic synthesis is independent of the pictorial skill of reproduction, so far as our power of ap-

prehension is concerned; it is not independent of the painter's originating power. The mind which conceived and executed this work is one. It would be a mere mechanical conception of the human soul which should justify one in saying, The painter's exegetical intellect made the disposition; his perception of form and color and his trained hand did the rest. But for us, contemplating the result, it is so far possible to separate these parts that I, by the use of words, can give some notion of the plan, with its rich interpretation of the Christian faith. The presentation of single figures through the translation of engraving would give a hint of the modeling of form; the color and translucency, color and glass and light alone could give.

There are six chancel windows; and running from north to south, the longer upper sections of the casement follow this order:—

PARADISE. *All the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting.*

NATIVITY. *When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man.*

CRUCIFIXION. *When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death.*

ASCENSION. *Thou sittest at the right hand of God.*

PENTECOST. *Make them to be numbered with Thy saints.*

JUDGMENT. *We believe that Thou shalt come to be our judge.*

The shorter lower sections are complementary. Beneath the Crucifixion, the Ascension, and Pentecost are Faith, Hope, and Love; beneath Paradise is Praise; beneath Nativity is Obedience; beneath Judgment is Vigilance. The great facts in the divine order are answered by the great spiritual factors in human life; the heaven above is reflected in the waters of the earth below.

Turning now to the west, we see, above a gallery which crosses the chapel, a great window, divided into four perpendicular compartments, the head of the window being pierced by three mul-

tifoils, which contain cherubim and seraphim which "continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy," — might and movement suggested in the former, rest and tenderness in the latter; with no bodily discrimination of sex, the beholder feels the one to be masculine, the other feminine. Beneath are the four lancet windows, and in these begins the series of the glorious company of the apostles, which is completed in the windows on the north side of the chapel. Yet these four are in a sense an epitome of the whole company: for the first is S. John the Baptist, the first apostle, since he was sent before His face; the fourth is S. John the Divine, desiring the second advent of the Lord, as the other John desired the first; and between the two are S. Peter, glorifying Christ as the Son of God, and S. James the martyr, ascribing salvation to the Lamb.

Upon the level with these windows are two which continue the series on the north wall, S. Andrew, as the first called, and S. Philip. Above S. Andrew are the words, "We have found the Messiah," and above S. Philip, "We have found him of whom Moses and the prophets did write." S. Andrew, with half-parted lips and animated face, points with one hand and beckons with the other; by his side is the mustard plant, with birds gathering upon it, all the great plant of Christianity having sprung from this first seed. S. Philip is shown as the gentlest of the apostles, and his words are taken to carry forward the thought of the Messiah by connecting it with its historic prophecy. In the quatrefoil above is the angel, with cup of sorrow and crown of thorns.

As soon as the gallery is passed, the continuing series of apostles, arranged still in pairs, has beneath it a second series of smaller lights, which contain the confession, "The holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee;" and in these smaller lights there is a distinct reference to the apostolic

manifestations above, while both above and below the juxtaposition of subjects in the same window is a natural and sig-

nificant one. To make this clearer, let me arrange the windows in a plain diagram :—

Angel of the Resurrection.		Angel with Bit and Mirror.		Reaper Angel.		Angel bearing Mission Ship.	
S. BARTHOLOMEW.	S. THOMAS.	S. MATTHEW.	S. JAMES THE LESS.	S. JUDE.	S. SIMON ZELOTES.	S. MATTHIAS.	S. PAUL.
Mary Magdalene.	Lazarus.	The Woman who was a sinner.	Dorcas.	Barnabas.	The Ethiopian Eunuch.	Priscilla and Aquila.	The Roman Jailer.

Any one conversant with the gospel narrative can, from these brief hints, catch at the significance of the disposition ; but I venture to fill in the outline a little, as I dwell perhaps with more affection than discretion upon the separate figures, for I would fain give some notion of the picturesque qualities as well as of the intellectual and spiritual harmony. Thus in the first window, S. Bartholomew is the type of the guileless believer, — for Mr. Shields assumes the identity of Bartholomew and Nathanael, — S. Thomas of one victorious over doubt ; Mary Magdalene gazes sorrowfully upon the grave-clothes ; Lazarus bursts forth from the tomb. By S. Bartholomew is a fig-leaf, suggestive of “ Under the fig-tree I saw thee,” and a lily by his side typifies his purity. His attitude is that of aspiration, in answer to Christ’s words, “ Ye shall see greater things than these.” S. Thomas, as if mindful of his past incredulity, and expressing also the victory over doubt, is in his old age preaching the certainty of the Lord’s resurrection. “ The wound in his side was here,” he seems to say, as he points to his own side. The figure of Lazarus below is magnificent. He is bursting forth at the sound of Christ’s voice, and praising him ; the open tomb is behind him ; his hands are still bound,

but lifted in adoration ; a shadow falls upon the upper part of his face from the tomb or from the bands, as if to indicate the presence still of death, — his is not yet the perfect resurrection, and a bud is opening at his side. I could not help placing the figure, in my mind, beside Blake’s familiar figure of the young man upon the tomb, into which the old man is entering. The two are somewhat alike ; but Blake’s figure is the joy of a new life, Shields’s the adoration of one delivered.

In the next window, S. Matthew is listening to an angel while he writes, not looking upon the scroll, where his hand is employed. His foot is upon the tax-gatherer’s money-box, which lies forgotten on the ground. S. Matthew was a publican, and below him is the woman who was a sinner, both praising him who was a friend of publicans and sinners. As S. Matthew’s praise is that of the faithful evangelist, careful only to hear the gospel which he is to record, so hers is the praise of the humble, repentant sinner, who does not so much as lift up her eyes to heaven ; but the alabaster box has been broken, and above her are the signs of the feast in Simon’s house. S. James stands next in the attitude of authority, as a pillar of the church and its president. A curule

chair is behind him: he is inculcating government of the tongue, one finger being upon his lips; and good works, as with the other hand he points to Dorcas below. Dorcas is clothing a naked child, who looks up with grateful affection to her, one hand laid upon her shoulder, while an aged woman, with clasped hands, stands by.

Beyond these come S. Jude and S. Simon Zelotes. S. Jude's epistle being almost wholly denunciatory of hypocrites, citing the prophecy of Enoch against ungodly men, whom the Lord shall judge, the apostle stands in an attitude and with an expression of scorn and indignation. A fruitless tree plucked up by the roots is there, and a toad, emblem of uncleanness. S. Simon is shown with the zeal of an evangelist, and a serpent idol lies destroyed at his feet, as evidence of his power over his hearers. Beneath S. Jude is S. Barnabas, as the opposite of the insincere follower condemned by S. Jude; for he sold his field, and laid the money at the apostles' feet. This act is represented, and he himself, with a strikingly ardent face, is shown as a Levite, fresh from the temple service. Beneath the zealous evangelist S. Jude is the eager convert, the Ethiopian, who called promptly for baptism.

The final window includes SS. Matthias and Paul. At the foot of the former is the urn used in the lot, and he is represented meek and bowing with awe at the high service to which he is called. Beneath him is a lovely scene in Priscilla and Aquila holding one another's hands, while a lamp above throws its light upon the scroll which they are reading. The checkered goat-skin fabric of tents lies at their feet. In this is the dedication of the family. S. Paul's figure is majestic. He is preaching Christ crucified, and his form suggests the cross. His expression is of passionate entreaty. Pan has fallen dead at his feet, as significant of the apostle's attitude toward paganism. The high, intellectual brow,

the thin face, the long beard, make up a splendid conception of the great apostle. The figure below him is that of the Roman jailer, who is in a half-kneeling attitude, — S. Paul's first Gentile convert, brought out of the dark prison-house of paganism.

There are, besides, certain symbols which run through the group. As the barren fig-tree of the Jewish church stands by the side of the precursor Baptist, so the fruitful branch of the Gentile church grows beside S. Paul, the branch being grafted in. The olive appears throughout the series, but the most striking and original symbol is in the divided flame above each head except that of S. John Baptist, as intimating that all after John were in the power of the Holy Spirit. I do not think this has ever before been used in art, but it is entirely fit and beautiful. It is wonderful how the painter has made this flame to have an individuality in each case. It is the same Spirit, but with a different manifestation in each. In the case of S. Paul, the flames lie almost horizontally, one on either side, as embracing Jew and Gentile; in S. John the flame is ruddy at the tips, pale at the roots, as of the dying life radiant with hope; in S. James the Greater it burns calmly and broadly; in S. Andrew it is a twisted flame, each tongue binding the other; in S. Philip the two tongues are clearly marked, as of the old and new; in S. Thomas the flame is erect, as of a spirit now undivided by doubt; in S. Jude it flames fiercely; in S. Matthias it is pale and pure.

There is in all this an independence of merely traditionary art: the apostles are no longer distinguished by conventional symbols; each is marked by that historic act or expression which serves to realize his personality to the beholder, and the symbols used are those which have a clear and natural historic basis. Take, for example, the four figures in the west window, which Mr. Shields has

chosen to epitomize the whole college of apostles. Beside S. John Baptist is the barren fig-tree of the Jewish church, with the axe laid at its root. On the other side is a lamb, but it is that creature lifted by the force of its symbolic expression into singular dignity of being, and its foot is crushing an adder. S. John stands by a pool; he bears a torch in his hand, as the friend of the bridegroom, and his figure is that of a strong man, with the face of a seer. It is a superb face, full of fire and splendid visions, — the face of a youth. There is no asceticism in it, but a fire which has burned out every earthly passion. S. Peter is girt about with his fisher's coat, and, holding in one hand the fish, in the other raises, in the attitude of praise, the coin which he has taken. His face is rugged and massive, but without the long beard which generally belongs to him. It is a fisherman's face so ennobled that toil is transformed into worship. S. James the Greater holds the cup of suffering empty, as drained to the last drop; he bears also a palm branch, and his face is rapt with the glow of triumph. S. John the Divine is an old man, with withered hands, holding an unclasped book. He stands upon the brink of a river, but he looks back, as one still hoping to see the Lord upon earth, since it is no personal release for himself that he desires. The eagle by his side holds in his claws a radius, inscribed "Apocalypsis Jesu Christi," and a scroll above contains "Amen, come, Lord Jesus." The face of the apostle is earnest, with sunken eyes and long beard; the whole figure possessed of a deep fervor. Seven lamps flame above him.

The difficulty with a written description of such a series is that it inevitably breaks up the effect, and even suggests a fanciful and quiddling treatment. But the eye, dwelling upon these imposing figures, denies any such notion, — cannot, indeed, entertain it at all; and the mind is impressed by the unity of the

design, by the sweep of imagery, and, above all, by the commanding thought in this iconology of the ascription of praise. Whatever act may be indicated in a scene, it is made distinctly to have a glorifying end; every figure, however engaged, is through its occupation praising God. The painter has clearly distinguished his work from a series of saints and martyrs for men to praise. It is the body of apostles, prophets, and martyrs, the holy church throughout all the world, singing, "We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

I have given in detail the windows which I saw, and must content myself with brief mention of two transept windows and the mosaics, which complete the scheme, but had not been executed last summer. For my knowledge of these I am indebted to some notes furnished me by Mr. Shields, and also to the cartoons which I saw in his studio. The transept windows, facing each other, are to be occupied by the noble army of martyrs, — one comprising the Old Testament, the other the New Testament, martyrs. Over the former window, with its two compartments, is to be an angel with a fiery sword drawn for vengeance, hearkening to the cry of righteous blood; and the martyrs chosen for the long lights are the first and last, as indicated by Christ in the words, "From the blood of righteous Abel to the blood of Zacharias, son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar." Abel lays his right hand on the head of the kid; his left is raised to his own head; and, with an expression of faith, he seems in the act of transferring his sins to the sin-offering. In the other, Zechariah lays his hands on the head of the scape-goat, confessing the sins of the people over it. He is clad in his white linen vestment, as he was wont to appear on the great day of atonement. The golden altar of incense is behind him, with its crowned top, emblem of

the kingly mediation of Christ. Beside him bubbles a fountain of blood, in reference to the Talmudic legend that where he was martyred such an unceasing fountain sprang up from the temple floor. The lower subject under Abel is a group of martyred prophets, pleading with Israel; the foremost, an aged man, has been scourged, and bears a scroll with the legend, "Is it a small thing to weary man, but will ye weary my God also?" The stocks are seen behind him, and the sword of martyrdom is at his feet, with a hen gathering chickens under a wing, — a quick reference to the Saviour's words, after his burst of indignation. The subject under Zechariah is the Three Children in the Furnace, with one like the Son of man with them.

In the head of the opposite window is an angel bearing a crown over a cross wreathed with poppies, intimating the violent death of martyrs to be as under an opiate: so Stephen fell asleep. The first and last martyrs here are S. Stephen and S. Antipas. There is a contrasted and correspondent sentiment with the other window. Here S. Stephen appears with hands clasped in prayer, a strange blending of physical suffering and spiritual fervor. His face is radiant as an angel's, as he prays for his murderers; one foot is raised on a heap of stones, beneath which lies a crushed lily. In the lower compartment, is a group showing SS. Ignatius and Polycarp and Bishop Patteson in the front row; Bishop Latimer, Savonarola, Le Clerc, Huss, and James Pamel, behind. S. Antipas, with a palm in his left hand, bears in his right a model of the brazen bull (from which a whirl of flame streams upward round his head), into which he is said to have been thrown alive by the devotees of Æsculapius; the altar dedicated to that deity is at his side, bearing the significant serpent attribute, that old enemy which is the last to be overcome. Beneath Antipas, are SS. Vivia, Perpetua, and Felicitas, with

little S. Agnes, in the front row; behind, Mary Dyer, Anne Askew, and Rosalima, the first martyr of Madagascar. It will thus be seen that the painter has drawn one figure from American annals, and has taken her from the ranks of the only body that did not persecute. Thus has he also repeated again and again the Lord's words — "from Abel to Zacharias" — in his several series, from Stephen to Antipas, from Ignatius to Patteson, from Perpetua to Rosalima.

The scheme of mosaics to occupy the south wall, opposite the windows which set forth the apostles and the holy church of the dispensation of the Spirit, intends, in like manner, the goodly fellowship of the prophets with the holy church of the old dispensation. The design here is not yet sufficiently advanced to permit description, but one thought running through it is that which lies in the Lord's words, indicative of the Gentile fellowship of the Jewish promises, when he said significantly, "Many widows were in Israel, . . . but unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow." Hence this widow will be placed in the compartment beneath Elijah, as beneath Jeremiah will be placed Ebed-melech, beneath Elisha, Naaman.

With such barren words must I describe this rendition of the *Te Deum*. I do not attempt to report the vitreous determination. I will frankly say that I liked the cartoons better than the windows, and that I think the painter worked under conditions which he did not wholly accept. He had a conception to embody in glass and stone, and he allowed himself to use these materials as if they were canvas. The translucency of glass is its determining quality; and while noble form may be retained when design is executed in it, color can be only symbolical, not natural, and subtle expression of line is impossible. The result, therefore, at

Eaton Hall chapel is not that a series of wonderful glass decoration has been executed, the design great and the color a triumph of art and mechanism, but that a great thought has been attempted through a medium imperfect and inadequate. The highest success has not been attained, because there is not a perfect equilibrium of forces; art, to have triumphed here, would have called for a repression of the full and subtle meaning which the artist has poured forth. But when this failure is granted, how magnificent is the dream, how vast the attainment! We may almost say that the new wine has burst the old bottles.

It is in the interpretative function of art that Mr. Shields has shown his great power; and the interpretation is not of a school of thought, nor of a historic tradition, nor of an individual fancy, but of a catholic and comprehensive conception of the spiritual life. The dominating thought is in the vivifying power of the spirit, and the religious sentiment is unhesitating and profound. It is frankly modern, and not a careful reproduction of antique phases of belief. We have had examples of religious art in this generation which are learned, thoughtful, minute in archæological accuracy, and yet dependent for their motif upon a fancy, a play upon words, a mere momentary impulse: these have no power to move men, nor to penetrate them with the reality of faith, for they are not themselves real; they are but simulacra. It is not the careful preservation of a memorial Christianity, but the energetic action of a living, palpitating belief, which is to supply art with purpose and effect; and the person behind the picture is just as necessary as the person behind the sermon. The conditions of religious art are unquestionably different from those under which painters worked in the mediæval church; but it is idle to suppose that religious art itself was a historic accident. It is very certain that what was real

then is real now, and the spirit which would seek to satisfy itself with a careful reproduction of the forms of that day is totally foreign from the spirit of that day, which used the forms that lay nearest them. The Venetian or Florentine painted Holy Families which were ingenuously composed of Venetian or Florentine persons; he did not aim at reproducing Judaic forms. The English or American painter of to-day has no such simple solution of the problem, for he has to meet a body of spectators and critics to whom Christianity has a positive historic character, and he is forbidden to indulge in anachronisms. But there is no element of time at all in the inner spiritual apprehension of Christianity; the painter's success in revealing that will not depend upon the fidelity of his work to Syrian models, but upon his power of transfiguring humanity; he is simply deterred from using locality and personality about him in a way to create opposition to the profounder thought.

The painter of religious subjects has the immense advantage that he addresses a sense already prepared by knowledge to apprehend his work, and, moreover, to be kindled by the appeal which it may make to his higher nature. There is a common ground on which painter and spectator meet, and it is not the common ground of an unrelated historic knowledge. The address through the religious sentiment has an enduring and a universal power, which it is idle to claim for an appeal through the classic or ethnic sentiment. The mind that can receive intelligible and enjoyable impressions through the unexplained medium of a statue of Psyche is one of a thousand, but the thousand will need no guide-book to interpret for them the Angel of the Resurrection. The mere presentation of such work as this of Mr. Shields is a triumphant vindication of the power of a vital Christian art, and the secret of its success is in the spirit of the painter. He goes to the records of

Christianity as frankly, as directly and forcibly, as the landscape painter goes to nature, and he interprets a word of God to the soul, which is far more articulate than rocks, trees, and flowers.

The work at Eaton Hall chapel, so far as it has been completed, stands as the most elaborate expression of Mr. Shields's art. It is not the solitary expression. The work of a similar character which preceded it, and led to the commission, was a series of designs for the decoration of the private chapel on the estate of Mr. W. H. Houldsworth, at Kilmarnock, Scotland. These designs, known as the *Triumph of Faith*, are a presentation of the pageant of faithful witnesses which fills the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Here also the painter, as interpreter, has conceived of the subject in its largest and completest phase. The central design is of the crucifixion, with the Divine figure supported on the one side by Melchisedec, on the other by S. John Baptist, while the faithful form the great procession of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Sarah, Abraham and Isaac, Moses, Rahab, Gideon, Samson, and David. The wealth of symbolism, the dignity and sweetness of the figures, the strength of the designs, render this series one of power and splendor.

It is fortunate for the untraveled student that a means is afforded of becoming acquainted with Mr. Shields's work in part, in the publications of the English Picture Publishing Company of Manchester and London. The autotype process employed preserves for us the *Triumph of Faith* series in a form of sufficient size to render a study of detail quite possible; the autotypes are from the original cartoons in black and white. By the same means one may

possess himself of the wonderfully beautiful *Nativity*, a decorative treatment of the subject, which has the technical charm of an "old master," with the fresh, unaffected spirit of modern belief. In the same company's publications is a delightful little series of red chalk domestic subjects, bearing such titles as *The Limpet Gatherers*, *Tick-Tack-Toe*, *My First Go*, *Good-Night*, *Music hath Charms*.¹

I suppose that my association of Mr. Shields with Bunyan's *Interpreter* may have been caught partially from the interesting work which happened to be his first important introduction to an English public. The publisher of the *Manchester Examiner* conceived the notion of issuing a series of well-known works, with illustrations, at a popularly low price, and gave Mr. Shields a commission to draw on the block a set of designs for *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The book was published, not as an illustrated edition, but as a series of designs with explanatory text, and drew from Mr. Ruskin the delighted commendation, "I have not seen anything at all approaching these designs in power or originality in any modern illustrated work that I remember." The earnestness with which the subjects are conceived is in marked contrast to the perfunctory treatment which such subjects customarily get. They disclose at the beginning of his career what the *Te Deum* continues to show in these latest years, a stern devotion to his art, and a conception of that art as interpretative of the highest human thought and feeling.

I asked a friend of Mr. Shields to give me one or two facts concerning the painter's early life and study. In reply I received the copy of an autobiographic

¹ The English Picture Publishing Company undertook the commendable work of affording the English public inexpensive copies of the best modern English art. It is, I believe, still operative, although its success has not been commensurate with the merit of its designs. Besides the exam-

ples of Mr. Shields's work mentioned above, it has issued autotypes after designs by Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, E. Burne Jones, Holman Hunt, Wallis, Cope, Herkomer, and others. A set of these publications is in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

sketch which Mr. Shields some time ago wrote at request, and I add it to my article as the best presentation of the man possible, aside from his works.

"My first conscious impressions are of the streets of London, whither I had been brought as a babe, when my parents removed from my northern birth-place, Hartlepool, on the Durham coast. The three R's were acquired at the charity school of the parish church of St. Clement's Danes, under a master who taught me also religion and morality, as strongly by his example as his precept, — Mr. Thomas Davies, whose name is to this day venerable to me. My mother came from Alnwick, in Northumbria, and used to sing me many a stirring Border ballad, and tell me many a wondrous legend of the olden days. My father belonged to Perth, and was a book-binder's finisher, in which art he excelled, and so found some vent for a strong artistic faculty, which had been bottled down in his boyhood by my grandfather's determination that he should not be, as he wished, an engraver, lest he should fall into the temptation of bank-note forgery; three engravers having suffered death lately at Edinburgh for that crime.

"So one of the remote circles, stirred by their fate, was to mar my father's hopes for his own course of life, and to make him resolute that they should find development in myself, his eldest boy, so far as his means sufficed; and at the age of six I received my first lesson, my father setting me, with a sheet of paper laid over a penny theatrical character print of J. P. Cooke as William, in *Black-Eyed Susan*, to trace its lines against the window-pane.

"This was a spark to tinder. Henceforth the pencil was my passion, and many a day have I simulated illness that I might stay from school, to creep up-stairs, and with trembling delight draw as long as daylight served. What

wonder that, untaught as I was, I yet left school, at the age of fourteen, with the reputation of a draughtsman.

"What was to be done with me now, my father's health failing, and my poor mother laboring with her needle to assist in supporting the family? About this time I received some kindly lessons from a lithographic artist, in the manner of Harding, on oak touch, ash touch, willow touch, etc.; but beyond some astonishment at these slick signs for objects almost unknown to my eyes, they had no effect upon my practice, and I went on in my own way for some six months daily at the British Museum sculpture galleries, which were not then the haunts of coquetry and flirtation that they have become since female students have flooded them.

"But now life must be seriously entered on, and after applications at various establishments, Messrs. Maclure and Macdonald, then in Leicester Square, consented, on inspection of my boyish drawings, to receive me as an apprentice to lithography, artistic and commercial, my wages to commence after three years. But the arrangement collapsed at the end of the first, for it was impossible to maintain me profitless at home, with the younger children growing up. My father, too, had been compelled by slackness of work to leave London for the post of foreman at McCordale's works at Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire. He was alone there, and desired me to be sent to him. He stimulated me to sketch from nature, continually inciting me with his advice, — 'Observe, observe,' — and guiding me into an acquaintance with the best books, of which he knew much more than their gilded covers. After a time he procured a situation for me (then about sixteen) in Manchester, at the wages of five shillings a week, to do anything required in mercantile lithography.

"My father sickened, and I was left wholly dependent on this sum for food,

clothes, and lodging; and when, afterwards, even this sum was cut off by my employers' failure, there came lower sinks of privation,—absolute want of bread even,—and as the culmination of my distress my loved father's death, and I was left alone in a strange city. But just before his death, he succeeded in obtaining a situation for me at Messrs. Bradshaw and Blacklock's. Here, in the extremest drudgery of commercial lithography, I endured daily torture of mind,—suffering also from a disease brought on by semi-starvation, which sapped my strength for four years. Months passed in this new circle of misery, and then I was dismissed for inability to execute with sufficient nicety repetitions of bobbin tickets; some eighty on one cold stone to be neatly painted with the brush for printing from. Conceive the dull round of agony; suffering as of the victim of the Inquisition under the slow drops of water falling on his chest. In vain I strove to satisfy the foreman, for my heart loathed the task; so again I was without means of bread-winning.

"I remember tramping to Liverpool, thirty-two miles by road, with a few pence in my pocket, and back without any, in fruitless search of work. What to do? I thought of my father's friends at the Newton works, poor, but warm-hearted; they might show me kindness. There, at the tariff of seven shillings a head, they found me physiognomies enough to keep my pencil busy for months. These were drawn on tinted paper, life-size, in black and white chalk, with a little red. Excellent practice, and joy delirious, after the grinding bondage of bobbin tickets, to be face to face with nature's work.

"But the mine of the little town grew exhausted, and at this juncture old Bradshaw, the Quaker partner in the Railway Guide printing firm, sent for me, and said,—

"‘Dost thou think thyself able to de-

sign for Baxter's Patent Oil Printing Process?’¹ Modestly, but confidently, I replied, ‘Yes.’

"‘What wages wilt thou require?’ Seven shillings a week I had received at bobbin tickets, and I dared to ask ten shillings a week for the elevated post of designer, and returned to my old shop in honor. The despised became a head, with a little room to himself, where no defilement of bobbin tickets ever entered; and I reveled in gleaners and milkmaids and rustic lovers, and a box of colors for the first time.

"But a few months so passed, when my good master died (the old man is sure with his Lord, for he was rich in loving charity), and I was an outcast once again; the chief advantage from my increased wages being that I had been enabled to pay for a quarter's attendance at the School of Design, my only art educational curriculum. But by this time I had attained some repute in the trade, and I easily entered on service, at something like comfortable wages, with a French firm, in the execution of every variety of ornamental label used in drapers' goods for the Manchester market.

"The firm failed, after a short-lived existence, and my next employment was with a German lithographer, who also, soon after, failed, and I began to think myself fatal as the plague to all who entertained me; but as I had now grown into the reputation of being the most tasteful designer in the Manchester ticket trade, I resolved to abandon shop situations and lodgings at once. It was at this period that my mother, sinking under the struggle of maintaining the three younger children, came to live with me in Manchester. Alas, it proved to die (after a few months of patient suffering) from consumption.

"I rented a small house in the out-

¹ Readers of this narrative will doubtless recall the little oil-print pictures which flourished in book and print stores twenty-five years ago.

skirts, and began to work for the general trade, by which course I increased my means, and so gradually compassed leisure to begin painting in water-colors, in hope eventually to break through this lithographic chrysalis which had encoffined my art aspirations so long. Throughout these years of bitter drudgery I kept up the habit, in my daily journeying to the shop where my employment lay, of familiarizing my eye with nature by observation of faces, figures, and groupings that caught my attention either for beauty or oddity, rapidly sketching them on the moment in the street, ere the impression faded,—an exercise which did much to train my eye to swift perception of essential points, and my hand to facility in portraying them. But the offer of two pounds ten shillings a week tempted me into the service of a firm at Halifax for a year, and the fresh Yorkshire moors greatly strengthened my enfeebled health; and when I returned to Manchester, it was with a few pounds — a novel experience — in my pocket.

“Every point gained only made me set my eyes more covetously on the bright summit which my eye had seen in childhood, and longed after through every shadowed valley where Fate had pushed me. Like the Japanese designers, who love to depict their snow-clad Fusi-yama crowning the background of almost every subject, so, through every engagement, no matter how incongruous, I sought the path to my distant goal. And now, when such an opportunity arose as the proposal from the late Mr. Henry Rawson, of the Manchester Examiner, of a set of illustrations to *The Pilgrim's Progress*, I threw my whole soul into the suggestion as the beginning of a new life.

“‘Cheaply they must be done,’ he said. I was indifferent to money, in my enthusiasm, and, fearful lest the first scheme of serious design which had fallen to my lot should escape me, un-

dertook to execute the larger drawings for two pounds each, the smaller for half that sum. This arrangement very soon consumed my savings from the Yorkshire service, and brought me to bread and water again: yet I was happy; my soul was filled. But a cruel disappointment befell me in the experience that it was most difficult to secure a wood-engraver capable of rendering deliberate drawing, and block after block was travestied out of all resemblance to my lines. At last more efficient help was secured; but the general disappointment attendant on wood blocks sickened me of further effort in that direction, and I fell into the service of a landscape painter, who used me chiefly to put figures into his own drawings, and at length took me with him to Devonshire, where my clogged wings fairly expanded under the genial inspiration of the marvelous and hitherto unimaginable loveliness of its northern coast, and all at once I felt myself start into power of painting with unexpected facility.

“*The Pilgrim's Progress* had won warm commendation from John Ruskin. . . . These designs were also the medium of my recommendation to the friendship of Dante G. Rossetti, a friendship most precious and steadfast to this day. His influence has, moreover, always been directed in the most generous spirit to stimulate and encourage me in the noblest paths of design.

“My name gradually became known as a painter of domestic pictures, chiefly of children, a course into which I was first drawn through my inability to pay for adult models, and in which I continued, because such subjects find ready sale. In this character I obtained election into the Old Society of Water-Color Painters, and . . . [I left] Manchester, a few years ago, to settle in London,—a resolve made chiefly for the sake of the opportunities and facilities of study presented by the metropolis, in which the city of cotton is notoriously deficient.”

The reader has already been made acquainted with the two important works which have since occupied the painter's attention. It is the misfortune of men that they cannot see great buildings without going to them, nor great art in buildings without the same labor. Yet to those who have been, and in some degree to those who have heard the tale, there often remains a higher pleasure in the contemplation of the artist's life, when that life is crowned by noble work.

Horace E. Scudder.

CICADA.

WHAT tones are these ?

What notes, outborne from stillness, now are slipping ?

Some small musician of the trees,

Some sprite, his bow in spicy resin dipping,

Drew it with sudden sleight

Across the strings, to-night.

The air was strange,

Half sweet, half harsh, the little elf was playing ;

His score had moderate range,

And still returned ; its measure short, delaying,

Slow into silence ran,

And then anew began.

Though strong, I thought

The strain a trifle husky. I remember,

In its mixed mesh was wrought

A wire of sadness, moaning of September ;

More blithe and full the tune

I heard and loved in June.

He is aware,

This rustic fiddler, that the year is waning.

A voice is in the air,

Skirting the forest edges and complaining ;

Frighting by warnings dire

The poplar leaves to fire.

Whence came his sign ?

Decay, unwaked, still in his lair is sleeping ;

Green, on the growing vine

The wild grapes hang, through the twined tendrils peeping ;

Springs the long, lush grass,

In the unchilled morass.

Still keen and bright

The brown wren sings at morning, and the swallow

Swings her wide wheel of flight;
 Crowding the narrow pathway through the hollow,
 Comes in mid-August's power
 The stately cardinal-flower.

And yet he feels
 (That quaver in his touch gives hint of grieving)
 The whisper fine that steals,
 The subtle presence, past my gross perceiving:
 Hence that andante thin,
 On his small violin!

Again inclined
 To haunt the wood when nights are longer, colder,
 Surely, I shall not find
 This mournful prophet rasping at my shoulder:
 Low he'll be laid,
 Here where he played!

Heaven bless him!
 Some good nymph lay his fiddle close beside him;
 In red leaves dress him,
 And underneath the mould and mosses hide him,
 Far from the fruits of these
 His woful auguries!

John McCarty Pleasants.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

VIII.

I FOUND travel in the South interesting, but not picturesque. This latter quality would not have been entirely absent, perhaps, if I could have studied Southern conditions and tendencies during the worst days of the reconstruction period, and could then have had the opportunity to observe the breaking up of the old order and the development of the new South. What I saw throughout the country impressed me strongly with the conviction that this change from the old to the new order of things was, in some important respects, accomplished at a considerably earlier date than is generally believed in the North.

Much that I saw and heard, most of it indeed, had no political significance, no direct bearing — or very little — upon any "burning questions," or upon any sectional or partisan interests.

I find in my "deep-laden note-books" — to borrow a phrase from a recent work of the most competent observer and reporter who has ever studied the South *in extenso* — many sketches and incidents, which illustrate no theories, which do not lend themselves readily to any important or impressive generalizations, but which simply reveal the life of the people as I saw it; mostly prosaic and somewhat commonplace, as human life is apt to be, I believe, except in works of fiction.

NEW DIGNITIES.

Many curious traits appear in the character of the negroes under the influence of the new conditions of life, or survive as products of the old order, not yet outgrown. They have sometimes made amusing changes in their names, by way of meeting the requirements of their new estate of freedom, or as a tribute to the dignity with which they now feel themselves invested. Thus Romeo Jones of the old time now signs his name Romey O. Jones; Pericles Smith writes himself down Perry Clees Smith; and a boy who was always known as Polly's Jim, having learned to read the New Testament, is now Mr. Apollos James. They still feel great pride in having belonged to rich and important families when they were slaves. One might almost as well give a Southern white man the lie as to accuse a negro of having been the slave of "low down," or "common," white people. "Never had nothin' to do with po' white folks" is the universal asseveration.

Two young negroes in one of the larger Southern cities were quarreling, not long ago, and when passion rose to its highest pitch one of them asserted that the man to whom the other had belonged in infancy was "only a half-strainah," — a half-strainer being a man not of full blood or social rank, an inferior person, a kind of social half-breed, merely hanging on to the skirts of the true aristocracy. This was a mortal insult, and it was answered by a stab, which was meant to be a death-blow. The wound was a serious one, and things looked very dark for the champion of his former master's dignity. But the gentleman heard of it, and came from a distant part of the State to assist the negro; and by employing able counsel, and exerting himself in many ways, succeeded in having the culprit "let off" with very moderate punishment.

It is almost impossible to meet with

a negro who will admit that he ever belonged to an unkind or cruel master. They nearly always speak of their former owners in most affectionate terms. The virtues of obedience and loyalty seem to be natural to the negroes, and it is easy to see that many of them sadly miss and need the control of somebody stronger than themselves. They may rise to the height of their freedom in the future, but at present it is often an oppression to them. Many of them, however, greatly enjoy doing as they please. They like to spend money, and "to have things like white folks." The houses of the prosperous negroes are kept very neat inside. The women are not afraid nor ashamed of work. Sometimes the kitchen is on the second floor, and the labor of carrying all the wood and water up-stairs is cheerfully undergone, in order to maintain the lower room in state as a parlor. Negroes in good circumstances often feel much satisfaction in paying extravagant prices for showy articles, and I suppose they are the most easily cheated people in the world. In many of their houses there is a profusion of pictures and other ornaments on the walls, and the taste of the negro shows already that he is "a man and a brother."

TOBACCO TOWNS.

The production and manufacture of tobacco are extending enormously in the regions adapted to this industry, and where they are taken up they tend to exclude most other manufacturing and business enterprises. Just before I visited the South I looked into a cotton-mill at Waterville, Maine. Soon afterward, in an important Southern city, which has a much finer water-power than the New England town, and where cotton is grown almost in the suburbs, I observed that the principal dry-goods dealers were selling cotton cloths manufactured in Waterville. The Southern city is almost entirely devoted to

the manufacture of tobacco, and in consequence little use is made of its important water-power, while vast quantities of cotton pass through it by rail on the way to the New England mills. Most of the hands employed in the "tobacco factories" are negroes, many of them women. So far as I observed and could learn about the matter, only such white persons engage in the work as common laborers in these factories as have "lost caste" entirely. I saw a few white women of this class at work among the negroes, in various places. Of course the foremen and overseers are white men.

The manufacturers assured me that the tobacco business is not so profitable as formerly, since the reduction of the tax on the manufactured product, as this measure has had the effect of enabling many persons with a small amount of capital to engage in the manufacture, thus placing an inferior article in the market, and bringing prices down by competition. They said also that the introduction and use of improved and costly machinery for the manufacture of tobacco has affected the interests of the laborers injuriously. The appliances necessary for the business are much more expensive than formerly, and the wages of the working people are necessarily much less than in the times of simpler methods and more hand work. All the manufacturers with whom I conversed said that they preferred the old methods, but that it was impossible to return to them; that whenever a new or improved machine was introduced every one must buy it, or he could not successfully compete with those who had it. I think that most of the hands in the factories might save money, but it does not seem probable that many of them do so. Most of them appear good-natured and cheerful, with little forethought, ambition, or care, or idea of "an object in life." Many expend their earnings nearly as fast as these are re-

ceived during the busy season, and when the factories are closed are soon in a state of destitution, and have to be assisted by the town. In most of the "tobacco towns" the people who are improving their condition most rapidly are the Italians, who sell groceries and confectionery. A large proportion of the earnings of the negro laborers goes into their hands. Most of their goods are cheap or of poor quality, but they are sold at an enormous profit. The young colored people eat candies and fruits almost incessantly, whenever they have money. They do not save anything, because they cannot pass a stand or shop where such articles are sold without buying something.

INCIDENTS AND SKETCHES.

Many of the negro schools are maintained under great disadvantages and inconveniences, such as would be regarded as most discouraging by white teachers in a Northern town. Here is an instance: I saw two colored men at work in one room with a school in which the average daily attendance for the winter was one hundred and twenty-six. They had to conduct recitations at the same time in opposite corners of the room. The house was open and very cold. The teachers were obliged to furnish fuel, and to provide desks, brooms, blackboards, and all other appliances at their own expense. The school was free to the pupils, the salaries of the teachers being paid for out of the public school fund. The house in which the school was maintained was owned by some Northern missionary or aid society, and was held by colored trustees, living in the town in which it was situated. They were too poor to repair or improve the building, and the (white) public school officers would not (perhaps could not under the law) appropriate anything for repairs of the house, unless the colored people would surrender their title to the property, which they declined to do.

I think it would be well for Northern missionary and freedman's aid societies to continue their interest in the colored teachers whom they have formerly aided or employed in the Southern States.

It is very interesting to listen to the singing in the colored schools. I several times heard many hundred children singing together the old plantation and revival melodies, and other songs of their race. Some of these are very peculiar and wonderful. One hears everywhere a few rich and powerful voices, and the negro churches in the larger towns have fine choirs. But the old negro music will soon disappear. All the educated negro ministers discourage or forbid the use of it among their people, and the strange, wild songs, whether religious or not, are coming to be regarded as relics and badges of the old conditions of slavery and heathenism, and the young men and women are ashamed to sing them. Some of these pieces should be carefully written out — both words and music — before they are irrecoverably lost. They would always have interest and value as characteristic expressions of the life of an era which has closed, the products of the native genius of a race of people under conditions which can never be repeated.

AT CHURCH.

I was at a "colored church" in the country, one Sunday, in a populous black district. The services were to begin at eleven o'clock. When I arrived, a minute or two before the hour, there were but five or six persons present, but soon afterward others began to come in. All bowed, and said good-morning to me as they entered. In half an hour the minister came, and gave his people a scolding for being late. He said they "had ought always to come promptly at eleven o'clock." He at once proceeded to organize a Sunday-school. He spoke with an air of much authority, which was probably

wise and necessary under the circumstances. A young man did most of the work, acting under the minister's directions. He put those who could "read in the Testament" in a class by themselves, and formed other classes with a simple catechism as a lesson-book, and others still with a primer. Several negro grandmothers were in the primer classes. Many officers were elected, — superintendent, clerk, treasurer, librarian, and others. The proceedings exhibited a queer mixture of awkwardness and dignity in about equal proportions. One thing was especially commendable: nobody declined to serve, or made any excuses or apologies. There was no indifference or lassitude, but a general air of resolution and purpose. The minister was competent to direct, and the people obeyed.

The Sunday-school closed at half past twelve o'clock, and the devotional services which were to precede the sermon were begun at once. The discourse was about an hour in length, and was a rambling talk, in which the old plantation dialect was used to introduce passages from the text-books prescribed by the church authorities for ministerial study. The people had been coming in all through the services, and by two o'clock, when the sermon ended, there were more than two hundred hearers. There were no white persons present except myself and a gentleman who accompanied me. One of the visitors was asked to "say something for our encouragement." He spoke for a few minutes, and when he ended a very old negro, a "local preacher," arose, and said he would "make a few more feeble remarks;" but the minister said, "We have had enough." The old man persisted, but the minister made him sit down, and dismissed the congregation.

I found in many places a commendable spirit of self-help among the negroes of the better class, but there were many who thought that any "gen'leman

from de Norf mout do sumfin' to help 'um." When I told them I was not the representative of any missionary or aid association, and could not give them anything, they would say, "But you'll tell 'um 'bout us, boss; an' if dey gives ye sumfin' for us hyah at de Owl Crick Ford, you'll send it to us, boss, shoah." "Oh, yes." Often, after I had visited the negro cabins in a country town, a procession of lame, blind, and aged negroes would call on me at my hotel. The clerk would turn them out-of-doors, scolding them good-naturedly for their intrusion upon a stranger; but they usually waited for me about the streets, with their stories of misfortune. "I's mighty po'ly, boss," they would say, "an' a little he'p 'ud do me a heap o' good."

A STEP UPWARD.

There are important changes among some of the negroes, especially in the towns, in the conditions and methods of family and social life. I was in many negro boarding-houses of the better class. Such houses were always divided by a partition, without doors or windows, or any means of interior communication. A stairway inside led to the upper floors of the women's part of the house, but the stairway to the men's apartments was on the outside. A decided public sentiment has been developed in a small class of colored people, in some places (mostly near the towns, I think), in favor of a stricter morality in the relations between the sexes. The new virtue at times assumes great vigor. I happened to visit a colored neighborhood, one day, just as a disturbance reached its climax. A lady near by explained the excitement. Aunt Lucy, a very worthy and very dignified colored woman, had learned that her husband, Uncle Abs'lom, had been engaged in a merry conversation with a young girl who lived just across the next field. The white people near by did not believe that anything wrong was intended. But

when Uncle Abs'lom came home to dinner, on the day when his wife heard of his sociability with their young neighbor, he encountered his wrathful consort at the front gate, at the head of their numerous family, all arrayed in her support, and armed with sticks and stones, which they used so effectively upon the astonished old man that he was glad to make his escape, as his denials and explanations were entirely disregarded. He replaced the harness on the old one-eyed white horse, and went back to his work without his dinner. The neighborhood was in a ferment during the afternoon, for this family was the most influential and exemplary in the community. Everybody seemed to feel relieved when, at dusk, the two old people were seen coming up the lane to their home together. Aunt Lucy was leading the horse, and Uncle Abs'lom was carrying the lines in his hand. I did not learn what was the basis of their reconciliation. Such incidents and affairs, so petty to us, help to make up the drama of life for these simple people, and are to them sometimes matters of grave and even tragic concern.

THE FORTUNES OF BLACK DEMOCRATS.

In the "black counties" I often asked the principal negroes, "Are any of your people democrats? Do they ever vote the democratic ticket?" "Yes, sometimes, boss; a few of 'um, boss." "Well, how do you like that?" "We don't like it, boss." "But you can't do anything about it?" "Can't do nothin' 'bout it? Humph!" "Well, what do you do?" "Hup 'um, boss." "Whip them! Who whips them? White men?" "Oh, no. We 'tends to our own affairs." "But I thought this was a free country now, and so every man had a right to vote as he pleased." "We think our people has no right to vote agin theirselves. If a man's sich a fool as to vote agin hisself, he ought to be teachd to have moah sense." "Then why not teach him,

argue with him, and explain things to him?" "Humph! Dey don' know nothin' 'bout argimunce, an' 'splainin' things. On'y way to teach a nigger's wif a whip." Then often followed what was to me, at first, a most extraordinary and surprising appeal to experience. Again and again, in such conversations, negroes said to me, "When I was a slave, boss, dat 's 'e way I l'arned to behave myself. Dey hupp'd me, 'n' it done me a heap o' good. 'Pears like I would n't think o' nothin' 'less I's hupp'd sometimes. Den a man 'll 'member." I confess I did not quite know what to say to this, and as I had not gone to the South to instruct anybody, but to hear what all kinds of people would say, I made no reply.

In one of the larger towns I saw an energetic colored man, who, soon after the war, — "de second yea' o' de surrender," to use his own phrase, — had taken up the business of city expressman. He soon had a good team, and carried trunks and parcels for all the best families. To the astonishment of everybody, he at once became a democrat. The negroes were furious. They determined to "run him out," and one after another engaged in the same business, in opposition. But he was a shrewd fellow. He knew the old-style people at a glance, and would always take off his hat to them, and call them "Mas'r" and "Mistis." When the cars came in, and ladies got out, there he stood, in exactly the old plantation attitude. "Hyah I is, Mistis," he would say, "jes' a-wait-in' for yo' trunks." His rivals had to yield the field, but they despised him as a renegade and a traitor, because he "voted agin his own people." One day, as the mayor of the town was escorting a distinguished Northern general about the place, they happened to meet the negro expressman, and the mayor said, "This fellow 's a democrat, they say. Here, Jim, explain to the general your political views." Jim understood, and,

turning to the mayor, he replied, "You knows my political views very well, mas'r. Has niggers got any trunks?"

"WHO WILL DO OUR WORK?"

In most places in the South everybody seemed to understand the negro, to know how to manage him as a laborer, and appeared to be hopeful regarding his prospects and their own. But in some regions the people were in a complaining mood respecting the condition of labor. They said the negro would not work; "that is, you can't depend on him. He stays away for all kinds of excuses and reasons, and for no reason at all. And if you remonstrate he says, 'Well, pay me what you owe me. Don' care 'bout workin' any moah, now.'" The business men said they wanted white labor from the North, — wanted it badly. "Fifty good Northern girls could at once find employment in the houses of gentlemen in this city." Some of the gentlemen who talked to me of these subjects appeared to regard the negro population as a kind of incubus upon the life of the State, and a very serious hindrance to its development and prosperity. But this view, or feeling, seemed to me somewhat absurd. I thought the white people of the region might easily find the remedy for such difficulties in their own hands. It must be a queer country if there are not many white girls there — and boys too — who need to work for their living. But in such places the white people did not seem more disposed than the negroes to engage in labor of any kind.

HIGH TRAGEDY.

I happened to reach one of the country towns in the interior of Kentucky on a day when the place was fairly ablaze with excitement. The editors of the two local democratic newspapers were rival candidates for the nomination for the state legislature. They had

begun the canvass with some kind of bargain about the use of money and of whisky to influence voters, and, as a leading citizen told me, "up to a few days before, both had had excellent prospects of success. But as they warmed up to the work there were some very serious developments." One candidate published a card, in which he charged the other with having broken the agreement not to use whisky "as a motive power" in the campaign. His antagonist replied at great length, giving his own personal and family history and that of his opponent, and afterward proceeding thus: "I desire to say, clearly and explicitly, that his course toward me has been the result of delirium tremens, or of the most fiendish and vicious feeling of jealousy and envy. He is a liar and a cowardly puppy. He is not in my way, and is hereafter welcome to do whatever the promptings of a soul which professes to believe there is no God may suggest," etc.

If I had not seen the extraordinary behavior of the entire population of the town which followed upon this publication, the grotesque and melodramatic absurdity of it would have appeared incredible. Everybody who had any business or occupation dropped it at once. The men and boys swarmed into the streets, and the women looked out of the doors and windows. The leading citizens hurried hither and thither, and held conferences, and received "overtures from delegations representing" first one of the belligerents, and then the other, — all with an awful seriousness, a solemn formality of proceeding, as if the fate of empires hung upon every movement. Meantime, the infuriated antagonists, though thirsting for blood, kept away from each other's presence. At the end of a day of stupendous and exhausting effort on the part of all the principal citizens to avert bloodshed, Mr. Brown's friends swore out a peace warrant and arrested Mr. Jones, and

Mr. Jones's friends swore out a peace warrant and arrested Mr. Brown. One editor gave bail, and was released under bonds to keep the peace. The other editor refused to give bail, and was put in jail, where he went on editing his paper and appealing to the people for their votes. Everybody said that his "incarceration," as he called it, would give him a decided advantage over his opponent.

This was as much like the old South as anything that I saw during my entire journey. There are still many people who enjoy such fooleries, and call them by dignified and solemn names. I could not observe a sign of the perception on the part of any person concerned that the whole affair was ridiculous, but it seemed to Northern eyes mere boyish nonsense. Its silliness would have made it impossible in a Northern community. The young men did not wish to fight, — had no idea of fighting. Both were very glad to be arrested and put under bonds to keep the peace. They enjoyed immensely the excitement which they produced; their attitudinizing gave them the exquisite sensation of being heroes, and very cheaply, too. They posed because they had an audience, and they had an audience because the community in which they lived was idle and frivolous. If the people of that town were industrious, they would have no time for theatrical stupidities of this kind. More than anything else, it seems to me, such people need to have to work ten hours per day for six days of each week. I doubt there being anything evil or absurd in the South that could endure that regimen.

ENTERTAINMENTS ON THE ROAD.

Going down the Cincinnati Southern Railway from Lexington, Kentucky, to Chattanooga, I was in the rear car of the train, and sat near the rear door of the car. Just as we were leaving a station in a considerable village, I heard a

pistol shot, which seemed quite near. I went to the door, and found on the platform a well-dressed, good-looking man, wildly excited in appearance, who was firing his revolver in the direction of the station; but whether he aimed at any person or not I could not determine, as there were many people in sight, all excited, some running after our train, some running away from it. With each discharge of the revolvers — he emptied two — the man gave a wild whoop or yell. At the first crack of the pistol all the passengers in the car sprang to their feet. The women all hurried into the next car forward. The men all put their hands into their hip-pockets, and then went into the next car after the women. As I had nothing in my hip-pocket, I thought I would stay and see if anything occurred. Presently the man looked in at the door for a while, but as he was then quiet and undemonstrative I grew tired of watching him, and resumed my reading. He rode on the platform past several stations, and then got off. All this time, and a good while afterward, I had the car to myself. The women did not return at all, but by and by some men came back after cloaks and shawls which they had left. They said, "Such a man ought to be arrested at once, but it might be very dangerous to attempt it."

A little further down the road we were stopped by the wreck of a freight train on the track before us. A huge rock had fallen in the night from the steep side of a deep cut. At one o'clock in the morning, a freight train, running at full speed, had struck it before any one was aware of the danger. Two or three freight cars were reduced to kindling-wood, and a brakeman, seated on the front of the forward car, was instantly killed. For once the negro proved himself of indisputable utility. A dozen or twenty stalwart black fellows carried all the baggage and express goods of our train over the hill and around the

wreck (through a blinding snow-storm) to the train awaiting us on the other side. Soon after we started, the conductor and train hands put a man off the train. He had been drinking, and as he was pushed from the car he struck at the conductor with a knife, and cut him in the foot. That night, after leaving the train, I rode for an hour in a wagon with a Tennessean, who told me more than fifty times that he had a saw-mill at Helenwood, that he was no sardine, and that he had the money in his breeches to buy the whole team. Then he quarreled with the driver. When he leaned over on me and went to sleep the entertainment began to grow monotonous, and I got out and walked on and left him. I had seen so many drunken men in Kentucky and Tennessee that it began to seem that intoxication was the normal state for the inhabitants of that part of our country.

In these regions of the South the consumption of tobacco exceeded anything that I had before observed connected with the prevalence of this habit. In the best hotels gentlemen sat around the hot stoves, spitting on them incessantly; and in the cars, and almost everywhere, the explosive sounds of expectoration reminded me of what we called a rattling fire of musketry in the army. The pattering and splashing of tobacco juice on every side made one wish to dodge, but there was no place of safety. The sextons of the churches have much harder work than their brethren in the North, where only the "roughs," the lowest and coarsest men, will chew tobacco and spit the juice on the floor, even in a hall which is used for public worship. But gentlemen do this in the churches, in many places in the Southwest, with no attempt at disguise or apology. I attended the Sunday-school at one of the principal churches in Corinth, Mississippi, on a cold winter morning. The school was a large one, and many of the children

evidently belonged to the "common people," or poorer class, while several ladies and gentlemen of "the best families" were among the teachers. So far as I have had opportunity to observe them, Southern children appear to have less intellectual quickness, or precocity, than those of the North; they are less mature than Northern children of the same age, and more unsophisticated. They seem to have greater suinniness of temper, and in the towns I saw far less of that sharp, hard, old, and vicious look which is so common on the faces of "street boys" in Northern towns. In Corinth, as at other places in the South, the children showed more of animal life and spirits than one sees in Sunday-schools in most Northern towns; but there is in the South, almost universally, more reverence for the church as "the house of God," and for Sunday as a holy day, than I have ever seen manifested in cultivated Northern communities, and the behavior of the children was nearly always better than is common in Northern Sunday-schools.

In this Corinth Sunday-school there was one gentleman who wore gloves, and was dressed much better than any one else. He sat near the stove, almost surrounded by the young ladies of the choir and the teachers. He chewed tobacco vigorously during all the introductory exercises, and spat on the floor again and again. I own that it made me so nervously apprehensive lest the young women's gowns should be injured, or some little girl should fall into the puddle on the floor, that I could not fully keep my mind on the services. By and by I was courteously invited to join a Bible class of ladies and gentlemen, and this man proved to be the teacher. He talked fluently, and was several times appealed to by the superintendent of the school as a person of superior attainments; but his mustache and beard were in sad need of washing, as was the floor all about him.

MISSISSIPPI CIVILIZATION.

I often saw indications of a somewhat primitive degree of development, like that of frontier communities, in the subjects and character of the conversations and discussions which I heard in the cars and at the hotels. From the Atlantic to the Mississippi, all along my route, much of the talk was of mesmerism, animal magnetism, spiritualism, and of things marvelous, supernatural, and impossible generally; and all these topics were treated as if they were novel and fresh. Whoever had anything wonderful to tell of such matters, or who talked confidently of such themes, handling them seriously, as if they were real and important, was sure of unlimited attention. The talk was almost exactly the same as I heard thirty years ago in the log-cabins of the settlers in the forests of the Mississinewa and the Wabash in Indiana. There was the same dogmatic assertion, the same uncritical acceptance of the most absurd stories, and the same intolerance of all dissent.

After supper, one evening, in the hotel at Corinth, Mississippi, about a dozen men were seated around the stove in the bar-room, while an old man with a bad face repeated the familiar rubbish about the superiority of spiritualism as compared with Christianity. He ridiculed the Christian religion as the product of barbarous times, and the greatest foe to "expansion and progress." Everybody listened with much interest, and now and then some of the hearers asked questions designed to elicit additional information. This was always forthcoming, and as I could see no reason why the same process should not go on *ad infinitum*, I was about to go to my room, when something happened to lead the expounder of the "philosophy of harmony," as he called it, into personal reminiscences connected with the early, or *ante-bellum*, history of the town of Corinth. Said he, "I was in that kill-

ing affair here," — mentioning a date, and giving the names of the other men who were concerned in the fight. "I handed — a pistol during the operation. I was indicted, but the matter was compromised." The talk now became more general, and passed into a sort of entertaining and pleasant review of the various "killing affairs" in the history of the town.

One feature of the conversation was very noticeable, and, to me, interesting. The character of the man who "did the killing" was in each case discussed with much interest, and almost entirely in the way of praise and eulogy. Some one had the temerity to affirm, in regard to a particular murderer, that he was "inclined to be overbearin'," that he "was somethin' of a bully;" whereupon the expounder of the philosophy of harmony assured us, with heat and emphasis, that it was "only when he was drunk, — *never* but when he was drunk! He was a perfect gentleman, an' there never was nothin' rough about him when he was sober." Here another old resident of the town volunteered the information that this perfect gentleman "was never sober for a number o' years, if he could git whisky;" and added that after the murder referred to he never stopped till he drank himself to death. "Yes," the spiritualist observed sympathetically, "I s'pose his conscience troubled him."

When I first went to my room in the hotel at Corinth, I found there was no key in the door. I asked for one, but the landlord assured me that keys were entirely unnecessary in that part of the country, and that they were not much used in first-class houses or among respectable people. He expatiated with much feeling upon the simple innocence and goodness of the people of Mississippi, and of the inhabitants of Corinth and its neighborhood in particular, till I inquired what security he had (his house being full) that some bad man from Boston would not some time gain admit-

tance, and wrong his guileless and unguarded guests. He assured me that no such serpent ever entered this Mississippi Eden. I had asked for a room with fire and with facilities for writing. These were provided, and I sat down to my work, near the fire-place, with my back to the door. The landlord had spread the story of my unreasonable and surprising demand for a key throughout the house, as I was aware, and every few minutes a man would push the door open and gaze around the room. "Come in!" I shouted, merely looking up from my writing. "What will you have?" Each one muttered something about wanting "to see a gen'l'man," but reckoned he'd gone away, and went out. Presently one left the door open, and I let it so remain. Probably every person in the house came and looked in. I wrote till I was tired, and then shut the door and went to bed, and slept soundly till morning. During the day, whenever I was absent from my room, it was plain, when I returned, that somebody had been in it during my absence.

THE BATTLE-FIELD AT PITTSBURG LANDING.

I looked over the battle-field of Pittsburg Landing, or Shiloh, and explored much of the surrounding country. It was an interesting experience, but anything written about the place now must be dull, compared with the description of it, and of the great battle which made it famous, which was read everywhere with such intensity of interest in those days of early spring in 1862. The distance from Corinth, Mississippi, to Pittsburg Landing may be eighteen, twenty, or twenty-two miles, according to the judgment of the Corinthian livery-stable keepers as to what they can make a traveler believe and pay. I wished to make the journey on foot, as I had found that the best method of studying a march or a battle-field; but there was too much water, and I had to take a

wagon. I was fortunate in securing an old Illinoisan as driver. He had lived in that region for many years, and had seen much of life there from the point of view of a hard-working, managing, shrewd farmer and trader.

We took dinner the first day with a Tennessee farmer, who lives near the spot where the battle began. It happened that a number of women from the neighborhood — that is, anywhere within ten miles — were visiting the woman of the house on that day. Two or three farmers also called. All were invited to the long table, and we sat down together. We had a busy talk, with rapid questioning and reply on both sides. The women were rather shy and reserved at first, but both men and women soon talked freely and cordially. Two or three of the men had been in the battle on the rebel side, and one of the farmers at the table had been a Union soldier, having settled in the vicinity after the war. They asked at once if I was in this battle, on the Union side. I said no, but that some of my relatives and friends were there, and that I was in the Union army farther East. They all seemed to wish to entertain me, and to make my visit to the place as interesting to me as possible; and it was plain, as on many other occasions during my journey, that I was treated with all the more cordiality because I had been a Northern soldier. They told me many stories of the fight and of the camp, and what the common soldiers said and thought of everything.

They were of the opinion that their officers — the Southern generals — managed better than ours at the beginning of the fight; and that some of our men were surprised at breakfast, and some in bed. (A Confederate officer in Mississippi, who was in the advance on that first morning of the battle, told me that he distinctly heard the calling of the roll in the companies which formed the Union line just in front of him, and

that this was but a moment before the Southern soldiers made their charge.) But the Northern men could fight, they said, even when surprised. All these people still seemed profoundly impressed by the awfulness of the struggle, and the terrific and deadly character of the fighting here. At many places which they mentioned, they said one could walk all over the ground on dead men, after the wounded had been removed.

MEMORIES OF THE STRUGGLE.

I asked the women how it seemed during the battle. One family lived between the lines. They took shelter under the bluff along the river, and stayed there till the battle was over. Then their house was full of wounded men, and they could not return to it for some time. The others lived farther in the rear, some miles away from the heaviest fighting. They said the sound of the small arms was a continuous roar, like that of an approaching hurricane, kept up through the whole day, and that the cannon made a "poom, poom-poom," like thunder rolling and clapping all the time. One woman said very seriously, "If it was n't wicked to say such things, you could n't tell it any better than to say it sounded like as if hell was open, over there toward the river." They thought their officers made a mistake in not pressing the battle that first evening. But the Southern commanders thought that General Grant and General Sherman had a line of heavy batteries all along the river. A Union officer was captured some time in the afternoon, and was carried before General Beauregard, who asked him about these batteries; but he merely said, "General, you may be assured that General Grant and General Sherman are able commanders; they know their business, and whatever is necessary has been attended to."

The company at the table thought that perhaps the death of General Al-

bert Sidney Johnston made a great deal of difference. General Beauregard was not a great general, though he did the best he could, and he had never seen the battle-ground before the fight. The engagement ought to have been decided and finished before General Buell's men had time to get over and help. I thought they had a pretty intelligent idea of matters connected with the battle. They all went on to say that it was all for the best; it was to be so; it was fated to be so; it was Providence; but it was very hard for the people at the time. The foragers of the two armies swept the country clean. What one side left the other soon took. The women said, "It got so we would just as soon see one side as the other. They took everything we had. They had to." All the men said, "It was a great blessing that the war put an end to slavery. It's a great deal better for the country for the people to have to work for their own livin'."

The element of humor or fun came in, as was usual in the talk of Southern people about the war and the relations between the North and the South. One old woman, a grandmother, to whom all deferred, asked me, "Don't you think you ought to pay us for our things that was destroyed, and what the soldiers took? You whipped us, and we was left with nothin' at all." "No," said I. "If you had whipped us, the Confederate government would have paid you for all your losses, I suppose. But when we go to war, the defeated side does not get paid." She smiled, and answered, "Well, it's all over now, and no doubt it's better as it is."

Proceeding after dinner, we reached Pittsburg Landing at four o'clock, and were welcomed by Captain Doolittle, who had charge of the National Cemetery. Taking a pair of mules, he and I rode about the country till after night-fall, calling on some of the people who lived on the battle-field, and visiting

various places of interest. The whole region is covered by a rather open oak forest. The trees, for miles, are torn and splintered by cannon shot. Some still have cannon balls in them, though many have been cut out by relic-hunters. Rifle balls are still picked up everywhere. Walking over the field, and finding a bullet now and then, I picked up the head of an Indian arrow or dart, — a relic, I suppose, of a still earlier battle. The road up the bluff from the river, "made that night by Buell's men," to quote a phrase commonly used by the people of the region, is still a good one, except that it is now overgrown with trees and saplings. I walked up its entire length, finding many old canteens, pieces of belts, shoes, and ammunition boxes. Some of the leather was still tough and flexible. As I went on, seeing more and more of what remains as sign and memorial of the terrible conflict which was fought out on the ground over which I was walking, the reality came back more and more distinctly, and as the night drew on, all the sounds about me seemed to resemble and suggest those of a battle, or the preparation for it. I seemed to hear again the tramp, tramp, of the soldiers, the noises of embarking and disembarking, the trundling of the guns, the handling of ammunition, the sound of picks and shovels, the movements of the boats, the orders given now and then in suppressed tones; and, through all the night, the stubborn pounding of the gun-boats, and the whistling of shot and shell, skurrying and screaming through the trees toward the enemy. And ah me! out there in the dark forest the thousands of wounded men, with their pain, and weariness, and thirst! I found that the sounds of a battle still lingered in my ears, exactly as in the old army days after a fight.

The cemetery is a very attractive and lovely spot. Nearly four thousand Union dead lie there. About two thirds

of the graves are marked "unknown." Every day the flag of our one country floats high, in sight of all, above them. When I awoke in the morning, and looked out over the thousands of graves, and saw the flag touched by the first

rays of the sun, Theodore O'Hara's fine lines came into my mind : —

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

AND MRS. SOMERSHAM.

"Many are the thyrsus bearers, but few are the mystics."

"Who is staying here?"

"Walter."

"Anybody else?"

"McElroy."

"Who else?"

"The Vintons, with Marian."

"All the Vintons?"

"All six of them."

"Is that all?"

"Two Jarvises, three female Careys, and" —

"And" —

"And Mrs. Somersham."

"Somersham?"

"Somersham."

The questioner went seeking about in his mind for a hook to hang the last-named lady upon, but did n't find it.

"What Mrs. Somersham?"

"I — don't — know!" Having examined himself carefully between the words, in an effort to assist in the cataloguing of Mrs. Somersham, Bailly suddenly dropped from a rather high, questioning key plump into a decisive denial; and his last word, "know," was uttered like a final negation of there being anything to know about the lady. On the whole, it sounded derogatory. Perhaps that is why Bailly added, cordially, "She's all right, herself."

"You know her well?"

"Hm! Yes! No! Finally, no! She's one of the persons whom you know and don't know."

This sort of remark is not calculated to dismiss a person peremptorily from one's mind; so, after a minute's pause, when Armitage asked, "Is she baffling?" Bailly answered, without surprise, "No; she is n't responsive. You don't touch her, — that's all."

"Who wants to?"

"I don't know of any one who does n't rather wish it, or who might wish it. Those far-away women, who are young and handsome, rather pique you, don't you know?"

"Mr. Somersham?"

"An Englishman, and, they say, a beast. His one redeeming trait is that he likes to keep out of her way. I dare say she appreciates it."

A "far-away," beautiful woman, responsive to no one, may pique some men. Armitage was n't piqued. At the end of a summer's civil intercourse, that superficial contact of manners with manners which makes up our knowledge of most people, if he had noticed the impression made upon him by Mrs. Somersham, he might have echoed Bailly's description, and found it fairly accurate, for Bailly, but have had something to add on his own account: as that she was n't this, was n't that; positive as to his impression, meanwhile, that it was agreeable, mainly because it was impression, and not knowledge. He had learned not to snatch, and was a bit of an epicure in women; dead bored, too, with the *sequelæ* of a rather

fatiguing habit of overstating to himself spiritual significances in both men and women. He did not care whence Mrs. Somersham came, or whither she was going. She made no demand upon him, and he thought nothing of her, then. Afterward, perhaps, he felt that an opportunity had been lost.

The small household used to spend much time under the ash-trees, talking, reading, laughing, sewing, gossiping, killing time in the approved fashions. Armitage dodged what he could of it. He was accustomed to more highly spiced dishes. Mrs. Somersham usually went there by herself, when the other ladies were taking their naps. Somehow, the men did not stroll in that direction at that time. They knew very well that she was there, — took pains to see that she *was* there; but they waited for invitations which did not come.

One day Armitage suddenly realized the implied prohibition with a bit of amused interest. He stood watching her openly, for a while. She looked very lovely, very serene, and — yes, there was something rather “far away,” probably the abstraction that comes of reverie. At the first glance there was something distinctly repelling in the aspect. “Don’t trespass,” was in the air. Armitage remembered that it was his last day, and that he had not, through the whole summer, had a *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Somersham. So he trespassed, marching composedly across the lawn, and standing in front of her.

“Mrs. Somersham,” said he, very politely, as if he had come on business, “do you own the grounds about this hotel?”

“I do not.”

“Have you any arrangement with the landlord, giving you the sole right to this green spot at certain hours of the day?”

“No such arrangement.”

“Have you — excuse the liberty — but have you made up your mind that no

one of the male sex shall invade these sacred purlieus at the said hours?”

“Pray sit, Mr. Armitage. I am delighted to see you.”

“Then you have such an intention. In that case, I wish to say that there are men in the world who never see a fence without longing to jump over it; and that eternal vigilance is the price of other things beside liberty.” He drew a chair to an easy distance, and seated himself, talking nonsense to smoothen a possible interruption of her placidity. “You see, there is a certain impression about the atmosphere of this place that it is n’t the thing to come over here when you are sitting alone. You must be responsible for it. Now I won’t tell you what I think of such usurpation, because — No matter for the reason.”

“I protest” —

“It won’t do any good. I find other impressions in regard to you, still more remarkable. Bailly says you have only to glance a man’s way, to know whether his motive in taking off his hat is pure or dubious.”

“Mr. Bailly is your friend. I should n’t dare characterize his remark.”

“Everybody says the same thing, but Bailly says it rather louder than anybody else. He also declares that nobody but very pretty-behaved and highly endowed people should venture within range of your piercing vision, for fear of being found out. Is this true, Mrs. Somersham?”

She smiled, and shook her head.

“Bailly pays you immense deference, verbally; but let me tell you that he talks treason, too. He says you could n’t make anything out of — imagine his impudence! — he says you could n’t make anything out of me. Perhaps that sounds ambiguous to you. Then he tells me, in the next breath, to keep out of your way, for fear you will discover how wickedly weak and how weakly wicked I am. Do you really

believe in mind reading, Mrs. Somersham?"

"Not a bit."

"Then what shall I say next? I came to talk about mind reading, and the subject is exhausted. Is n't it curious how you give people impressions, and then say you do not?"

A little panorama of deprecation, query, and comment, plainer than if expressed by words, passed over her face, and was emphasized by the lightest shrug of her shoulders and a rapid movement of the hands.

"Come, now, Mrs. Somersham, this is n't fair. Pantomime is n't evidence. Here you are, telling me as plain as daylight that Bailly is a simpleton; yet I can never have the satisfaction of telling him you think so. He would maintain that such and such a gesture and expression meant that I was a simpleton, — an idea I could n't entertain, out of politeness to you."

"What do you wish me to say at this point? Excuse me if I do not quite see what we are talking about. You have dealt yourself all the cards. I am delighted to talk with you, if you will go slowly, and not dazzle me."

"Do you really not make a practice of reading people's minds?"

"I do not even know what it means."

"Nor I. Here we are, stopped again. However, I suppose it means that you have special skill in reading character. May be that is the same thing. I hope you believe in that."

"Oh, yes! But I do not advertise it."

"Ah, now we shall proceed! Your inflection was a whole confession of faith. Tell me what you think of — Bailly."

"Very agreeable, indeed," said the lady, demurely.

"That means that I need n't try to amuse myself at the expense of my neighbors. But of course you know that I only began with Bailly in order to in-

troduce myself more effectively. Bailly need n't think I am going to waste a golden opportunity in hearing his praises sung. Tell me — yes, tell me what you think of me. If that is n't sufficiently audacious, I think I might reach the point of asking you to talk about yourself."

Mrs. Somersham saved herself from appearing surprised by adroitly looking beyond Armitage, as if she saw something.

"As bad as that sounds to you, it has depths which you do not fathom."

"Pray, explain."

"You see you can't decline to say what you think of me, because it will imply that you think ill of me."

"That is unkind."

"To imply that you could think ill of me? I don't see how you could," he cried, in a tone that made her laugh, "especially in so short a time, and when I have been upon my good behavior! It takes a long while" —

Mrs. Somersham raised her head, and looked straight and calmly at him for a moment, as if verifying something that was in her mind before. A portrait-painter looks at his subject in this manner. It was a grain disconcerting.

"Then you have already done me that honor."

"I can't help having impressions, of course."

"Of course not," said Armitage, quickly, finding his point half carried, and only at that juncture realizing that he had a point. After a moment of silence, he went on, "It must be a very piquant occupation. Pray, what do you do with a man when you have added him up?"

"You almost disturb me," said Mrs. Somersham, with the kindest manner in the world.

"Nothing was farther from my intention. I felt a little foolish at seeing that you really might have taken note of me, when" —

"When you had n't taken note of me," she interposed, with a little grimace. "Perhaps that was my revenge."

"I wish Bailly were here."

"Imagine him here. It is an admirable habit."

"I am sure I need moral support," said Armitage, finding his idle mood answered at every point by something not quite so hollow as itself. "There really is an impression in your mind in regard to me. Well, there is only one comfortable way out of this blunder of mine. If we amuse ourselves by knocking at people's doors, we must not be surprised at finding somebody at home, once in a while."

"To carry out your figure, the inmate might discover that you were not in search of him, and might not answer the knock."

"Oh, I see! I'm another! Now I shall be jeered if I go, and execrated if I stay. And this is a Christian land!"

"Once more, Mr. Armitage, what do you wish me to say? You are, in a sense, my guest. I should like to make you comfortable."

"Say that you will excuse me for an ill-considered intrusion, and that you will return good for evil, by showing me some of those 'impressions.'"

"I'm very much obliged to you for coming. As to the impressions, they are all exceedingly favorable, and therefore you need n't hear them in detail."

"That is, Bailly and I are both 'very agreeable,'" said Armitage, perversely neglecting his opportunity of escape. "Begin, if you please."

"Are you serious?"

"Solemnly serious. However, it is no more than fair for us to remember that women cannot understand men any more than men understand women. This is a way of saying 'without prejudice.' I take refuge in that."

"Nevertheless, you will always be best understood by women, whether you

like it or not. I think you would be sorry not to be appreciated by them."

"This makes Bailly grin."

"You know that women are your natural counterparts. Well, I begin. The first thing that strikes me is that you are conspicuously a manly man. Next to that, I get an impression of—excuse me—of self-assertion."

"I am called the most aggressive man living."

"I do not mean that your temper is self-asserting, but that your character is so. You meet people not precisely with defiance, but with an instinctive estimate of their power in comparison with your own. You utter your opinions with the intention of maintaining them for their own sake. You would n't mind setting the world right, for its own sake."

Armitage made a wry face. "I hope it is n't so bad as that," said he.

"It can't very well be otherwise with you. So much force was put into you in the beginning that you are yourself overmastered by it."

"That means that I am not accidentally, but inherently, disagreeable. Bailly enjoys this immensely."

"A man can't very well help feeling his own strength," said Mrs. Somersham, in a matter-of-fact tone. "I do not say that your elements are, in any sense, unworthy. I only say that they are so full of force as to press themselves upon your attention. Our own pulses sometimes make us deaf and blind. So must the forces of very strong natures make themselves felt inwardly as well as outwardly."

"Bailly thinks you mean that I am my own hero."

"I shall not tell Mr. Bailly my impressions of himself."

"Do you often frighten people in this way?"

"Very rarely."

"Then it is distinction, and I can bear it. Mrs. Somersham, do you think I

am my own hero?" asked Armitage, in a wheedling tone.

"You will always be your own hero. Probably you always have been that, in one sense."

"I will not bear that!"

"I said that you could n't help it. If a man sees in himself double the capacity for heroism which he finds in others, measures himself constantly against other people, and finds them less in stature, he has a strong cue toward finding his own ideal in himself, unless he is intellectually hypocritical."

"Good heavens, how hateful!" cried Armitage. "Do you find any modesty or merit at all in human beings? Because if you do, I shall feel that I had better be caged."

"I ought to have said in the beginning that you are made on a large scale. I supposed you knew it, and knew that I knew it."

A pause followed, full of meaning, Armitage thought.

"How do you know I have been worshipping myself all my life?"

Mrs. Somersham laid her hand against the stalwart trunk of the tree that shaded them, and said, "This must have been growing here some time."

Armitage really felt wounded.

"Next, I perceive that you have the power of antagonism very strongly developed."

"You probably mean ill-nature."

"It might become that; or, rather, it might appear to be that, in particular cases."

"Undeniably, a monster. How long is your list? I hope you are enjoying this. Let me thank you for doing me the honor to find me entertaining, if you do find me so. Do not limit yourself," he said, with a crushing haughtiness of manner, all the more blighting that it was filtered through a perfect composure and politeness.

Mrs. Somersham looked up from her work at him — or, rather, at his an-

ger — with a half smile, the sweetness of which a man might like to appropriate to himself, if he could but be humble enough to accept the gentle chiding lying in it; such a smile as fits a caressing word or touch for a dissenting friend, but is tempered to gracious insistence for a stranger. There was no brilliancy or coquetry in it, but a whole gospel of peace. It made Armitage feel, somehow, as if the air were softer than he had thought, and he half relaxed the muscles of his fingers, and let them lie upon the arm of the chair instead of grasping it.

"Dear me!" he cried. "You look as if you had jurisdiction both as to law and fact, with an attested catalogue of my sins. Nothing short of a fac-simile of the recording angel's book warrants your charge and your composure."

She continued looking at him, with a delicately shifting expression, and said, with an intonation that made the words seem to drop one by one, and melt on the air. "I am the book."

"I certainly get an impression of accusing angels and recording angels," said Armitage, taking refuge from himself and her in a sufficiently cheap compliment, as one makes an insignificant move at chess because it is his turn, and his real play waits for his adversary's move. But his companion said nothing, and he continued: "I begin to feel as if I were being dissected. How do you know anything of me? Do you know anything of me? Am I to call for the rocks to cover me? You say you are 'the book.' What does that mean? Is it fair to interpret a man's deeds when?" —

"You forget," she began promptly, "that we are not old acquaintances, and that we know nothing of each other's history. The composition of your mind, and not the course of your life, is what I speak of. Perhaps I had better not go on. You are not pleased."

"I am rather hurt; but still I want

to hear what you will say. I need n't believe it."

"Have patience. The rest is all pleasant. But let me say one word in the interest of my own power of reading character, which you a little doubt. You are sure to have had, if not an eventful, yet a full life, because you are, first of all, a man of action. A great deal that would come within your experience, and seem to be characteristic, would be purely factitious. I separate all that from yourself. One of these days you will do the same thing, and come to see that a great deal which you lived can be slipped from you like a garment, and forgotten like one."

"You prophesy, too."

"So much." She waited a moment, half hesitating where to begin. Armitage partly turned, and instinctively put himself into an attitude of listening, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. Mrs. Somersham smiled at the suggestiveness of the action, and said: "You are an unusual man. That strikes one at once. You are exceptional in that you are strong and fine together. I do not say that you are gentle or kind, though you may be both. Your own friends will tell you that. But your nature has been both energetic and plastic. You have stamped yourself upon yourself, sealed yourself with your own signet, in a very remarkable manner. Fortune has favored you, — one does not need to be told that, — and yet I suppose you would not have been greatly hindered by circumstances. Speaking of you as an 'interesting specimen,' I should rejoice in the conditions which have made it easy for you to be wholly yourself, though I might have to say that you were made less useful to the world thereby. I mean that you have been able to live your own life. It seems to me that the forces at work must have been uncommonly strong, fine, and noble."

She seemed to have at command the power of conveying with her words the spirit in which they were to be received. Praise is harder to bear than blame; but something in this took away the perfunctory modesty and self-disparagement of sophisticated life, and left Armitage the pure, surprised delight of feeling himself admirable. He heard his praises chanted with a pleasure possible only to a man of ideals, who sets a high value upon himself in a proud way, is morbidly sensitive to praise and blame, used to being somewhat undervalued in his finer qualities, and not unaccustomed to hostilities.

"I have said that you are strong. You are also extraordinarily sensitive; and as you have a fair share of pride, you probably harden yourself to censure, or disapproval. I am afraid you will do yourself harm, in time, and I am afraid, too, that you will not become calmly and placidly happy with years. You ask too much of life. There is n't happiness enough to go round, you know, and the quality is not all of the best."

A very flicker of a smile, hovering for an instant about her eyes and lips, told of an inward echo of her words, and touched Armitage profoundly. He remembered the "beast of a husband."

"But then, I can't imagine any of your griefs being ignoble; and in noble sorrows or disappointments, especially if they have dramatic characteristics, you will always find a certain bitter relish."

"I forgive you."

"You care less for God than for gods. The protesting spirit in you rises against whatever makes pretensions. Nevertheless, you are passionately reverential. You like to prostrate yourself in adoration before your own ideals. In that way you come to know the significance of adoration, and to desire — let us say, homage. But this is not vanity. Remember, I state explicitly that you cling to ideals in all these transactions. The

incense burned upon your altar you would magnanimously resign to other deities. However, I must say that I believe you to have an appetite for incense."

"I renounce it."

"Do not. I should like it in you. It is your way of wanting to be liked. And then, you are willing to restore fourfold. I think, too, that you thirst for admiration only from those whom you have first found to be admirable."

"How you turn everything to good!"

"You know that I am a soothsayer."

"I wonder in what terms you would state this to — say, to Bailly."

"Much more favorably, though less inferentially. In this particular, for instance, that you would be the last man to desire praise not due you."

"Alas, alas! I am afraid you have made a mistake."

"No, indeed. Look well into your mind, some time, and you will see that in the first thrill of pleasure from hearing yourself praised the predominant emotion is gratitude to something outside of yourself, to which you immediately ascribe the excellence attributed to you. I dare assert that you are never so humble, never so reverential, as when you have been highly commended. Your gratification comes from feeling that you may be a part of what you admire, and not that you admire what you are."

"Mrs. Somersham, I am a shabbier man than you think, — I am afflicted at thinking what a shabby man I am, — but nothing of all this ever occurred to my mind before. You do this. I could n't go about to account for myself in this strain. I hardly know how to listen to it."

"What accuses you?"

Armitage felt rather silly. "I beg you to excuse me," he said, after a minute. "That was what Matthew Arnold calls a 'note of provincialism.' I thought I was better mannered."

At this moment a sudden small whirl-

wind descended upon the tree overshadowing them, and rustled the leaves loudly, as if searching for something hidden among them. They looked up, and listened to the rushing, and then about in the dead calm around them, with a sense as if something had been added to the presence. One spiral finger reached down, and, lifting Mrs. Somersham's work from the bench where she had laid it, deposited it at Armitage's feet. He restored it to its place, while she was still watching the swaying branches.

Presently she continued, as if half listening, "I should say that you would be constantly finding disappointment in people. It must be so. You have certain contradictory phases of character which make it impossible that you should often be satisfied in any one person. I should expect you to be meeting constantly with one or another person having some strong capacity of feeling, which you would seize upon eagerly, and with which you would try to quench your thirst. But for it to have attracted you, this capability must be strong, and is pretty certain to be single; and as the tendency of any strong feeling, not reinforced by other feelings, or by character, is nearly always toward deterioration, you will meet with constant disappointment."

"Perhaps at this point I ought to say, 'Fee, faw, fum!' But I will restrain myself and only ask meekly if the monster is not fed and pacified for the time being."

"Only intoxicated, and with the usual after-effect of satiety and disgust. Remember, however, as a tribute to the vanity of your victims, that they, also, are intoxicated, with similar sad effect. However, this is only one phase of your character. You can always escape from it into another phase — for a while."

"A man of moods?"

"No, not a man of moods, because that seems accidental and rather petty, but a man of tides. You are a good

deal like the ocean, with wide sway, depth, and force, and with apparent freedom of action; only apparent, because a nature so full, so many-sided, so nearly rounded, presents more faces to the laws that lurk everywhere about us. The sphere floats free in air, but chooses not its own path. The more symmetrical the nature and the wider the intelligence, the less is the actual freedom."

"All this is very elevating, but somewhat chilling. I assure you that I have an honest desire and an honest purpose to be of use to my fellow-men. I do not at all care about living on a pedestal."

"I hope you will never have to fight the world in order to benefit it. You are sure to get the worst of it. You can strike very hard,—perhaps you are not aware how very hard you are striking, sometimes; but mean men (and the majority of men are mean) can hurt you ten times where you can hurt them once, because they will stoop to low ways. You are precisely the sort of man whom mean men like to bait."

"The world is always helped, in spite of itself."

"Be assured that you can never be a reformer, because you are in no sense representative; nor a benefactor, unless you will accept with it the mortification of being a martyr."

"Then, can you not discover in the composition of my mind something that will enable me to find my happiness in the elevation of my motives?" asked Armitage, smiling rather satirically, but with a bit of interest in the answer.

"No!" said Mrs. Somersham, quite promptly and positively. Armitage felt distinctly resentful. She looked up as if he had spoken. "No!" she repeated, with a lingering inflection, carrying the negation beyond the point of bare assertion, and seeming to feel something like regret. "You will never find happiness in good intentions. It might make you unhappy or dissatisfied to feel that your

motives were not good; but you probably do not and could not rest long in the contemplation of your own merits, any more than you could find yourself happy because you are a gentleman. That is an inalienable part of you, and so is the integrity of your motives."

Armitage began to feel that he had better get upon rather higher ground. He put aside the trifling temper in which he had listened before, and mentally straightened himself.

"I am profoundly grateful to you for discovering so much. I should like to let myself take a modest satisfaction in the praise you imply."

"If you mean to take the bitter honestly, you can afford to taste the sweet fearlessly."

"There was something more on that point?"

"Yes. I was going to add that, while you may harden yourself to the opposition of men, you really cannot do without their appreciation and affection, and be happy. Your feelings are keen upon this point. I am not sure if they are a little intensified by abstract considerations. I believe not. I should think—I should prefer to think—that in this respect you are intensely human."

"Yes!" said Armitage, eagerly; "I am insatiable on that point. It leads me into extraordinary complications"—

"Yes; you are full of apparent contradictions."

Armitage did not know whether this was tact or not. It indicated the increased content of his mind that he did not resent the possibility of its being tact.

In a moment, Mrs. Somersham continued, "You see, the strong side of your nature is fitted to deal with the strongest and roughest of humankind; while the fine side is addressed only to the very finest and most fastidious. So, while you can give a great deal, you will get very little back. I should say that, as a rule, men will not be fond

of you. Don't be surprised to find that out, some day. Remember that many of them will have a silent grievance against you, the more bitter that they cannot speak of it even to themselves. You cheapen them, and in ways they cannot forgive. You have superiority of mind, education, birth, fortune, person; but, worst of all, you will take views of action too honorable to make you comfortable to the majority of men. And I cannot deny that there is a spice of despotism in you, enough to season some of your qualities, and make them not precisely conciliatory. You must take the full responsibility of this, and I venture to hope you will watch it as time goes by. It is capable of doing you harm."

"I beg you to tell me how."

"May I? Well, then, the tendency of a character like yours is to harden. I am afraid you are not, even now, conspicuously merciful. But this could be amended. Still, I think you will always have to content yourself with a small constituency. That gives you a little pang this minute."

"It does give me a pang. But you are right. I had begun to perceive that I do not know the way to men's hearts. However, forewarned is forearmed."

"Don't hope it. You cannot be anything but yourself, and you will only grow more intensely like yourself."

"That means that I am good for nothing?"

"*Si fait!*"

"To point a moral?"

Mrs. Somersham made no reply.

Armitage had expanded to the warmth of her commendation, and the silence struck rather chill upon him. All this praise, and no tenderness, for his feeling! He felt suddenly cut off from something seductive. The sense of cold, dispassionate criticism came upon him, took his pride in a great grasp, and wrung it numb for a moment. Perhaps it caught fibres of feeling which were entangled

with the pride, infinitesimal, but not beyond the power of aching. Certainly the effect was not so much the smart of wounded vanity as the dull sickness of a deeper hurt. He said, in a really pained voice,—

"You are cruel. You deny me both happiness and usefulness. I shall always feel that you have taken something away from me."

Mrs. Somersham seemed to be listening to some interior voice,—the trick of a person given to self-communion. She was saying to herself what she could hardly say to Armitage, that his crowning grace was the intimate blending of feeling, reason, imagination, all so closely interwoven that a touch upon one string was immediately answered by the full chord of his whole being. Presently she began in a new place:—

"The strength of your intellect—forgive me if I say your pride of intellect—ought to make you a materialist. But too much apprehension has been added, too much keen and fine perception, to stop at that. You are probably at a great remove from that blind barrier. I doubt if one life, or a prospect of anything short of everlasting life, would suit your demands at all. In fact, with rules and formulas, with prescribed times and seasons, with fetters of any pattern, and with boundaries no matter how wise, you have nothing to do. The laws of your own being will probably always be your code, and you will give rather scant and not very hearty allegiance to anything outside. A thing may be said of you (and of some other men,—I have believed it to be true of men like and unlike you) which it would not do to proclaim from the house-tops: that the laws of your own being are enough for you; that the moral law was made for you, and not you for the moral law; that there will always be that in you which cannot be corrupted; and that you might even touch pitch without being defiled."

"I am afraid the Sunday-school interest would be somewhat scandalized," said Armitage, not knowing whether to be most amused or most surprised at her boldness.

"There is the letter of the law and the spirit of the law, you know."

"Yes!" said he, quite interrupting, in the mortal fear that she was going to "preach." "There is a way in which a man might break the moral law at every point, and yet be a cleaner man than his neighbor who has never transgressed the letter, or what he can comprehend of the spirit, of the law. For the dull man kills the spirit of the law as effectually as the vicious man kills the letter; and he who, by height of apprehension, magnifies the spirit of the law honors it more in the breach than the dull man in the observance."

If Mrs. Somersham felt this to be suspiciously glib, she did not betray her impression.

"Yes," said she. "There is a moral 'benefit of clergy,' I suppose." Then she made another change: "I am glad you do not love music."

"How do you know that?"

"You told me. In that circumstance, and in the fact that you have rather cold blue eyes, I take satisfaction. You love harmony, you love eloquence; and that is enough for a man. To be greatly moved by music is feminine; and to certain minds the arts themselves are an intrusion."

"May I know why you find any significance in these two apparently trifling circumstances?"

"Some of your traits lie on the side next the boundary line between men and women. They leave off at a safe distance, however. But delicacy and sensitiveness might, through some 'apparently trifling' trait, like a passion for music, shade into softness, and" —

"And take me out of the range of your sympathies. Thank Heaven, there is a pretty sharp edge to my nature!

You could n't have pleased me better than by noticing this. I almost feared you were 'shading' me too much."

"I think it far worse for a man to be womanish than for a woman to be mannish. Your delicacy and fineness are those of a man, and only a very strong man could be as fine as you are. But to beauty of form and color, and to grace of motion, you are passionately alive."

"Does that indicate any particular color of eyes?" asked Armitage, smiling.

"If I had been told of you, I should have guessed you to have dark eyes. I see how crude the inference would have been."

Introduced so abruptly to the idea that things could be said of him from which inferences could be made, Armitage suddenly felt rather unprotected. He shrank, visibly.

"You have no confidence in me. Is it because you have no confidence in yourself?" asked Mrs. Somersham, tranquilly.

He looked about him. How fair was the day, and how lovely the scene it shone upon! Was there anything fairer than the woman who sat so calm and strong and beautiful before him, a part of the strength and sweetness of the scene, — its embodiment, indeed; lovely as the day itself, and with another and inward calm that doubled its peace and blessing? Why should a man distrust the day, and why should he keep his spirit in arms against the mild inquisition of that gentle glance? His eye ran over the soft colors and outlines, the slow, gentle movement, the cessation of motion which was more eloquent than motion itself, the seriousness which could not harbor malice or guile. A spell fell upon him. He resigned himself to the day and to her.

"I trust you better than I trust myself. I know that you will be merciful. I feel that you are reading my soul, and

I am not afraid. But do not push me too far, or I shall be saying my prayers to you. I seem to understand why they pray to saints. Open, book, and accuse, or excuse me! My soul says 'Amen!' at every pause, — as a culprit should before his judge," he added, feeling that he had been rather fervid.

"I have been bold enough. You know it was written over the inner door, 'Be not too bold.' I open no inner doors. I neither dare, nor desire, nor need. I tell you what any stranger may tell; what is patent to any one with the right kind of eyes."

"Have you done?"

"Nearly. Only a very intimate friend could say much more."

"Am I, then, so easy to read?"

"Everything is possible within the limits I have indicated. I might find you inscrutable, upon better acquaintance; as it is, you are transparent. No, I did n't say shallow. In spite of the most admirable composure, your mood reveals itself to an observing person. For instance, as I talk to you, your mind is busy with a running commentary on what I say, with a keen observation and criticism of myself in various aspects; you are aware of the scenery about us; you arrange what materials there are for a dramatic situation swiftly, and with a due regard to your own position in the *tableau*, — we all do that; you analyze your own impressions, and guess at mine; you half form poetic phrases that could be made use of in other connections; you are reminded of other persons and scenes, and find time to remember, to regret, to half resolve. You study the literary capabilities of the situation; you look for the philosophical and psychological meaning of everything you see, hear, perceive; and you are half unconsciously seeking now (as always) for some significance in men, women, and things, in events and conditions, beyond the obvious, easy meaning they bear to others. And all the time you

are listening to what I say with interest and proper attention. That is not all. I can perceive the changing atmosphere which surrounds all this mental activity, — brightening or clouding, as you are alternately pleased or surprised at what I am saying. It is like the flicker of light and shade falling upon troops marching through a forest, with waving banners and shifting arms."

"You make me feel — bashful! If you come to any rags, don't mention 'em. I could n't bear it now; not after that military procession. What next?"

Mrs. Somersham hesitated. "I fear to trespass."

"Take courage. I will kiss the rod. I kiss the dust. Go on!"

"I was going to praise you a little," she said, a rapid flash of diffidence that came and went over her face before it could be plainly marked, "but you won't care about it."

"Heaven knows the weakness and folly of my heart, Mrs. Somersham! At this moment I care unspeakably for praise, if what you have said is not praise."

"I think of no other man who could have been safely taken from the hands of his Maker and put into the dangerous mill of prosperous conventional existence. I do not see a point from which culture or training has worn away the grain of your character, or left you less free in the exercise of your noblest qualities. You are full of matter and full of grace. You have not been made less a man that you are essentially a gentleman."

"I cannot even try to thank you."

A pretty long pause followed, marking distinctly the termination of the character reading. Then Mrs. Somersham began in a low tone, and talked quietly of impersonal matters, going on for a long time, without making any reply necessary. Armitage would gladly have had the silence prolonged, that he might keep in his nerves the fine vibration of

that delight, — the keenest he had experienced for many a day. It had moved him a good deal. Perhaps no one had ever looked with such keen and kind eyes into his nature. Certainly, he had rarely been so variously stirred, every separate quality appearing to have answered to the roll-call, and to be rousing into attention. The whole man was awake, in all his perceptions, all his senses. He listened with new ears, saw with new eyes; it was a new world. The air was more exquisite at every minute; the clouds almost stooped from the sky. The wind stirred leaf and twig and grass with the lightest finger-tips, at random touches, as one plays a chord upon a harp in the pauses of a reverie. The shadows appeared to brood and forecast. A spirit of sentiency seemed to inclose these two, as if the very air were becoming charged with consciousness and vibrated with thought.

Their talk was light, but always touching upon spiritual things. Armitage said little himself; it sufficed to listen to his companion. It was curious to note that, while taking courteous and even friendly cognizance of him, superficially, she was as if building wholly upon herself; her interest increasing, apparently, from the widening of her own thought, and not through any direct inspiration from what she heard. It struck Armitage that what they were saying had a greater significance in her mind than in his own, as if she were initiated into some mystery of which their conversation was accidentally illustrative. He began to experience that curious and unusual sensation of the actual contact of one mind with another, as if mind were palpable substance with sense of touch.

Through the simple mesh of their talk he began to weave the bright colors of fancy, and presently of a nascent emotion. It seemed to him like a web, that glowed and shone with new meanings, and he felt as if fibre after fibre of sym-

pathy were carried by some mysterious current from his awakening consciousness to catch upon her attention. She began to be a little intent, to pause slightly over what she was saying; and, at last, appearing to recognize some inward call, he imagined that he saw in her the slow evolution of a new power, like a spirit rising within her. She turned her regards more particularly upon himself. He felt as though his thoughts were known to her, and had a curious impression that she was reading his own words to him. Beyond his interest in the novelty of what she was saying, which seemed to appeal to a separate sense, was the satisfaction of assent to what was familiar to himself, but never before shared with any human being. Gradually was added a third impression, as if he were a dual being, one part communing with another, and the duality existed only through the interposition of Mrs. Somersham's mind, as light sees itself parted into colors by the intervention of the prism.

But he did not lose his literal perception of himself, or of the situation. In fact, it was out of the physical impressions of sight and sound, and of the intellectual and æsthetic perceptions arising from them, that something in him was elaborating the wonderful series of sensations opening about him, each of which appeared to wrap within itself mysteries of meaning, presently to be unfolded. As the effect continued, he had a fantastic feeling that his thoughts took the form of spirits, and hovered about him. There was no agitation and no strangeness, but a deepening calm, that spread to the last fibre of nerve and the last pulse of thought. His mind seemed to be rising above the perception of pain and evil. Yet, let it be repeated, he never lost his hold upon the actual. That occupied the foreground of his thoughts, and the other phases ministered to it. He had never felt such expansion, such life, such far-

reaching apprehension. Far, wide, deep, silent, strong, and full, the tide of conscious being stretched itself, until nothing seemed alien, or antagonistic, or out of reach. Hate, restlessness, eagerness, those rocks against which we chafe at a low tide of being, were submerged. It came to him that something like this the gods must have felt.

But while this flood was of himself, his own strength, his own capacity of feeling and knowing, he was fully aware that it lifted itself to meet the level of this other mind, with which it had connection too deep to be fathomed. Or was it, rather, that his spirit rose to the attraction of hers, shining down upon him from another sphere? In either case, he was himself for the first time in his life, through her.

While he had, in his ordinary self, outwardly, that is intellectually, taken note of her, found her fair, sweet, and wise, felt her to be true and kind, his sympathies had scarcely kept pace with his larger cognitions, because these had pressed inward upon his attention. He had been aware of himself with his new power; now he became aware of her. And if she had seemed fair and wise and kind before, in his intensely vivified perception, she appeared to have gathered to herself the very spirit of these qualities, and to be the source from which alone they could flow.

To the joyful consciousness of his own being was added the intoxicating perception of another, higher and better, which could lift him and shine upon him, and toward which it was impossible that he should not reach; for strength has its last perfect expression in beauty. As if light were rising over his soul, he turned toward the source of light, and felt the whole wide landscape of his mind gradually revealed and illuminated. Wherever his thoughts turned for a moment, there peace and strength gathered and abounded. The first delicious thrill of union with another spirit,

short-lived and never repeated, trembled through him, and —

But after a little space rose the inevitable interrogation, the expectation of an answering consciousness, which is not a demand, but which, being unanswered, becomes a demand. The bubble was becoming iridescent. It was beginning to feel the laws of expansion; its bulk was answering to other bulk. Being drawn, it must desire to draw in return. It would soon strain to unite with the stronger force outside; and as no kind power could suck back the breath which stretched its frail sides, it must go on to destruction.

The bliss of being is followed sharply by the pain of being. For Armitage, it was but a step from the charm of feeling his spirit leaning toward hers, to the desire to know if she shared, in any degree, his expansion of mind, or was aware of him in any elevated sense. Nothing met this question as it rose. For the first moment in this singular spiritual evolution, he felt a pause, almost a check. Then the question recurred with a little insistence. Alas! the currents of his mood had begun to set toward one channel, and the tide was turning.

When his expanding energies had risen above their banks, he had told himself that something like this the gods must have felt. But the gods are sufficient to themselves. It is man who finds that outside of himself with which he longs to be united; and it was as a man that Armitage, still with a sense of enormously widened faculties, began to be agitated by a stronger and stronger wish to reach past the space which separated his mind from Mrs. Somersham's, and find there something which would bind them together, if ever so slightly. Perhaps it was in one way an instinct of self-preservation, a struggle for life, — such a life as he might have desired for himself in another state of existence, which he seemed to have received from

her, and which, if no connection existed between them, must cease with this occasion. But it was, of course, impossible for him wholly to separate from the mysterious influence the woman who wielded it. If the influence could have existed without her, would he have desired it as ardently? As a god, yes! As a man, probably, no! His wish that she should in some way recognize his mood shows this. Nevertheless, his interest was as much beyond the ordinary passing spell of a beautiful and good woman over a chivalrous man as his present mood was beyond that half-apathetic, half-curious temper in which he had challenged her understanding of himself. It was the hunger of the higher nature, the cry of a soul for a soul.

Still, while the outward and visible token of the soul is the body, the sundering of bodies will always typify to us the sundering of souls; and to Armitage the separation of their two beings translated itself into a sudden sense of the appalling distance between them as individual units of society, bursting the bubble of his mental exaltation, and plunging him into an agitation as extreme as his late composure was unnatural. A piercing realization of their utter strangeness to each other, in spite of the mystery which had seemed almost to make them one, returned upon him, and he felt suddenly thrust away to immeasurable distance. Between them rolled that ocean of circumstance which can part a body from its soul, a soul from its God, and which a life-time can scarcely bridge. She was so far away! Yet she drew him so irresistibly that, for a moment, he felt a wild desire to plunge into the distance between them, and make it less. Vividly before his imagination rose the past, the present, the thousand "must nots" of a half-spent life, the million "dare nots" of education and society; but as a prisoner beats against his bars, his impulse (coming from God knows where)

began to rage against them. Why were such things, if they must be as if they were not? Why was a force put into a man, that would rise at an apparent accident, and overturn the solid structure of belief, experience, habit, education, character, — all that he is, and all that he accumulates, — if that force is not to be his guide and master at a supreme moment like this? A sickening hatred of everything in his life not connected with her took possession of him. He was desperate to fling off ties, associations, obligations, memory itself, and almost thought itself, that it might range away from the passion of the moment, losing in pain and fear the chance which might, could he but expand to all its influence — do what? Carry him — where?

Of course there is no sequence, no logic, no beginning, no end, in the chaos of such a mood. There is only the anguish which sees crowded into one moment of time all the dreams, the possessions, the passions, and possibilities of this life and all other lives; feels that moment slipping inexorably past, and struggles madly to hurl itself after. It is the mortal agony that lurks everywhere in the universe where what might be is not. Who knows what sick and despairing longing may seize the stars themselves to dash from their wearisome orbits, and plunge into the warmth and splendor of passing worlds?

Through this tumult Armitage suddenly became aware of the outward situation. Before, to right, and to left, ladies were gently and lingeringly approaching. Servants were bringing chairs; in the background other servants were laboriously conveying a long narrow table, that could have but one function, — to bear a tea-urn and cakes. He was intruding upon an afternoon tea. He was an interloper among invited guests, in the most awkward position possible, and heaping confusion upon the hostess, Mrs. Somersham.

To be wakened out of a blissful dream to a sudden consciousness of being a nuisance is not reassuring, but may be endured with the help of philosophy; but that, in a moment of supreme agitation and suffering, a man should be summoned to muster his senses and pick up the fragments of a shattered *convenance* is surely the last turn of the screw.

Like a man whose step all at once makes no sound, and his motion no resistance, in the air, Armitage walked to within a few paces of Mrs. Somersham, with an odd feeling upon him that he might not know how to measure distance with his eye, and was in danger of walking over her. All his senses were throbbing with the strain they had undergone, and his voice had a dull sound in his ears.

"I am really very much obliged to you," he said mechanically. "You have made quite a hit,—a remarkable hit, I may say."

She made no reply beyond signifying slightly by her expression that the word was not precisely acceptable. He looked at her with a strong indisposition to speak, but with a strong disposition to continue looking at her. It seemed as if a tremendous, momentous question rose between them, that must be answered, but which no form of words known to him would express. Yet as he could not go on staring blankly at her forever, he amended his last remark. "It was, perhaps, something more than guess-work?"

"Oh, yes," she said, very quickly; "it is like any other reading."

"That means that I am like other 'specimens'!"

She returned his glance with a look as long and steady as his own, and there was, it may be, the faintest remnant of a consciousness that had been suddenly crushed out.

"You are almost unique; I have told you as much." She seemed to search

for something which might safely be said, and not to find it. He waited rather pointedly, and then she added, as if compelled, "I never met just such a person before. You are—you are a man to be remembered." For one instant the expression chimed with the words.

"Will you tell me," said Armitage, venturing more than he was aware,— "will you tell me what I am good for?"

"No, indeed!" was the instant reply. "I am not the woman to tell you that." Then she assumed a wholly changed air, the superficial cordiality of slight acquaintance, and said, "I have had a charming afternoon. I thank you, extremely."

Armitage bowed, and was about turning away; but at that instant Mrs. Somersham herself turned. That he could not bear. He wheeled about abruptly, forcing her to turn toward him.

"Farewell," he said. "Fare much better than well."

She bowed without any reply, and waited for him to go.

When he came down-stairs late next morning, Mrs. Somersham had gone away finally. The tea-party had been a parting symposium. After several empty hours had passed, during which Armitage had waited as one waits to turn the key in a deserted house, he walked across the lawn to the shade of the ash-trees, and sat upon the green bench, trying to understand himself and yesterday's experience. He could only recall words, tones, impressions, fragmentary and confused. He found in his mind only the unanswered question: Did she understand? Was she a conscious part of his mood? Was he a part of hers? In fine, had he reacted upon her at all?

Of course it goes without saying that he had; how much is Mrs. Somersham's secret. But that the mood could have lasted, or that it could return, is a chance so small as to be out of human computa-

tion. It was so subtle, so rare; it came of such complex and unusual conditions (which who shall analyze?); it dawned from so distant a sphere and shone upon so transient a state, that not in all the motley history of the infinite winding and weaving and tangling of human emotions could such a conjunction repeat itself. When yesterday's sunbeam returns to shine in yesterday's dewdrop, we may look again for that trembling unison of being, so fleeting, and yet so perfect while it lasts, that we only know its completeness when it has passed and left us to the surprise of our own unfinished, discordant souls. Armitage was in no mood to realize this, and he spent the afternoon, heavy with disappointment, blindly groping in his mind for the key to this new power which could raise him so near to heaven.

But was it new? And what was it? Was it some elemental power of his nature, underlying what had served for his life so far, just awakened at the contact of a life outside ordinary human experience? Did it really touch at any point upon occult existence, or have relation to influences too subtle for fleshly perceptions?

Could it be, on the other hand, only the sudden combustion of fragmentary imaginings and emotions, waste material of the mind and heart, instincts not satisfied, aspirations dwarfed, unused impulses, all kindled into a short-lived blaze by a spark from the torch of another life, and fanned by a chance breath of sympathy?

We say of such an experience that it is abnormal; that it tells nothing of the mind, soul, or powers of people in general, proves nothing of so-called sympathies or affinities, but shows only the highly excited sensibilities of a highly

strung man; that Armitage's nerves being of delicate organization, he was able to charge them from his imagination with impressions as vivid as would come to him from without; and that, in fact, he was only sending double messages both ways at once over the wires, with the natural effect of much humming and some bewilderment. At times the unphilosophical and unscientific mind seems to perceive that this explanation does not so much explain as restate the case, since it remains to be shown what is the meaning of highly-strung, *sensitive* organizations, and wherein the fineness of a delicate instrument consists, if it has nothing to report except what may as well be reported by cruder, duller capabilities.

Some of us will say that Armitage was upon the point of falling in love with Mrs. Somersham, and others that the affair was purely pathological, the man being under some undue strain, having overwrought, overeaten, or the like; that the same thing would have happened with Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Anybody; and that he was saved from an attack of vertigo, or worse, by having the cerebral excitement diffused into emotion, not unlike hysteria.

Armitage himself has propounded no theory. He carries about with him a feeling that there is something within which must be guarded from surprise. In moments of great expansion of mind, under strong excitement of pleasurable emotion, the outer circle of his consciousness seems to break upon the shore of that former mood, and then he puts the pleasure aside, and tells himself, with a sigh, that he has known something better.

"For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

Agnes Paton.

FALLOW.

I LIKE these plants that you call weeds, —
Sedge, hardhack, mullein, yarrow, —
That knit their roots, and sift their seeds
Where any grassy wheel-track leads
Through country by-ways narrow.

They fringe the rugged hillside farms,
Grown old with cultivation,
With such wild wealth of rustic charms
As bloomed in Nature's matron arms
The first days of creation.

They show how Mother Earth loves best
To deck her tired-out places;
By flowery lips, in hours of rest,
Against hard work she will protest
With homely airs and graces.

You plow the arbutus from her hills;
Hew down her mountain-laurel:
Their place, as best she can, she fills
With humbler blossoms; so she wills
To close with you her quarrel.

She yielded to your axe, with pain,
Her free, primeval glory;
She brought you crops of golden grain;
You say, "How dull she grows! how plain!" —
The old, mean, selfish story!

Her wildwood soil you may subdue,
Tortured by hoe and harrow;
But leave her for a year or two,
And see! she stands and laughs at you
With hardhack, mullein, yarrow!

Dear Earth, the world is hard to please!
Yet heaven's breath gently passes
Into the life of flowers like these;
And I lie down at blessed ease
Among thy weeds and grasses.

Lucy Larcom.

UNIVERSITY ADMINISTRATION.

THE methods of university government have occasioned little discussion in this country. The theory of education, the order of studies, the relative value of classical and scientific training, the relation of general and professional studies in academic instruction, have been considered, but the form of the constitution by which a university is administered has not seemed worthy of equal regard. The voluntary character of most of our higher institutions of learning, founded as they are by private beneficence, and independent of state control, has protected their organization from public criticism. As private corporations, existing by a special charter, they have been free from legislative inquiry, and only remotely subject to popular judgment. Varied as their constitution is, it has been tacitly assumed that the mode of their government accomplishes satisfactory, if not the highest results. This diversity of administration implies that one system meets the requirements of modern learning as well as another, or that the mode of university organization is a matter of indifference, instead of demanding the profoundest study and the most thoughtful examination of the results attained in the past, and comparison with the university systems of Europe, where a longer experience has been had in dealing with the problems of advanced education.

Many vital questions connected with university organization in this country still remain unsettled; the experience of two hundred years has contributed no general policy or established views. A period of empiricism too frequently attends the institution of a new university or the inauguration of a new administration. Were a university a private enterprise, with no responsibility to the nation as a whole, and with no

further interests affected than those of the owner, we could look with greater equanimity upon the tentative methods and immense waste of resources that too often accompany its foundation. But the loss is far greater, from another stand-point: unscientific administration cripples the cause of sound learning, misdirects honest effort; and those who teach and those who receive instruction suffer the consequences of arbitrary methods and a superficial philosophy. The world has been at school for eight hundred years in university administration, and the human mind still longer as regards the process of its growth and development; but every new American institution begins from the beginning to settle its own principles of government and forms of instruction. It cannot be seriously maintained that the highest results have been achieved through these various systems; even the most successful university shows the possibility of advance, and it is well to consider the defects of the present system.

The questions of university organization may be divided into two classes: those relating to the external government, and those affecting the internal administration. First as to the external government. The charter is usually bestowed upon certain specified corporators, in whom the property is vested, who possess the power to determine the general character of the university, to enact all needed laws for its government, and to choose their own successors. The board is thus an independent, self-perpetuating body, possessing a wide jurisdiction, and free from accountability to any revisory power. In New England, however, there are in several colleges two governing bodies, called by various names, as the "Corporation and Overseers," the "Trustees and Overseers,"

the mutual rights of which are not always clearly specified, but where one body practically originates action, and the other retains a power of revision and veto.

There is a different method of government in certain universities founded by states and municipalities. The board of regents of the University of Michigan is nominated by political conventions and elected by a popular vote; the University of Wisconsin is ruled by regents, appointed by the governor from each congressional district. The equal rights of all sections of the state are thus secured, but the trustees are necessarily removed from the vicinity of the university, and consequently have a limited personal acquaintance with the needs of the institution entrusted to their care. In some cases the relation of the college or university to the state is extremely close, and it becomes a permanent *protégé*, often supported by an annual grant. Many of these state universities lead a stormy existence amid the strife of parties. In universities founded by cities, the trustees are sometimes elected by the city government, or appointed by the mayor, and their history partakes of the vicissitudes of city politics. Universities established by religious denominations sustain a particular relation to a bishop or church, and in some cases the trustees are elected by religious conferences.

These different systems are alike in entrusting the oversight of the interests of a university to a body of men outside the same. Nothing analogous to this is found abroad, save perhaps in some English schools; as a feature of university government in England, France, or Germany, it cannot be said to exist. It is therefore a purely American institution, and must be defended as meeting better than anything else the wants of the nation, and therefore worthy of preservation, or as having a right to exist because nothing better has

been devised to take its place. The whole question demands the most serious consideration, for upon its right decision the highest development of our educational institutions depends, as well as the future position which this country shall hold in promoting the advance of learning. To our universities we must look for all intellectual training for the professions, as well as for all research which shall contribute to the progress of science.

The present organization of American colleges has changed in some important particulars from the form of government originally introduced. The first scholars of this country had been educated in the universities of Europe: most had graduated at Oxford or Cambridge, or studied at Edinburgh or Utrecht, or Leiden. The early constitution of the college was modeled after that of the English universities.

Harvard University presents certain points of resemblance to the system of the English colleges. By the charter of 1650, which is still in force, the president and fellows of Harvard College became a body corporate, enjoying the right of administering the funds and making all rules for the government of the college, as well as of electing their successors in office. The former board of overseers was retained, embracing the governor, the deputy governor, and the leading clergymen and magistrates of the adjoining towns. This double organization was designed to perpetuate in the government of the college the close relation of church and state to all educational institutions. The overseers had been the sole governing board, but, as constituted, it was not found equal to the functions which devolved upon it. Many of the members resided at a distance, and few could have an immediate knowledge of the needs of the college and an insight into its workings. Differences in religious belief also divided the colony, and introduced bitterness

and strife in the election of members of the board and in the choice of the president and tutors, which continued even after later modifications of the charter. The state retained an unfavorable jurisdiction over the affairs of the college, approving the election and voting the salaries of president and professors as late as 1786. Every wave of public opinion that affected the legislators influenced the destinies of the college. In the contests of rival factions, salaries and needed appropriations were withheld, often occasioning great inconvenience and suffering. Obnoxious opinions of the president and faculty on political subjects often involved investigation and rebuke.

The influence of English usage was shown in the original character of the corporation at Harvard. As the professors were the ruling body in the Continental schools, and the masters in the English colleges, the corporation of Harvard was composed of two classes: resident or teaching fellows, and non-resident or simply governing fellows. The former were also called fellows of the house; to them, aided by the advice of some of the ablest and most learned scholars of the country, the entire administration of the college was entrusted. They chose the president, elected their successors and associates in instruction, and were responsible for the government. In this body of seven members the title of the property was vested. The overseers were a more numerous body, and possessed the right of ratification and amendment. The occasion of this double organization will be found in the early form of colonial society. Two classes were prominent, the clergymen, the single learned class, and the civil rulers, who were alike highly honored. To these two classes, the only ones available, the oversight of our educational institutions was entrusted.

The establishment of the president and teaching fellows as a separate body

for government and discipline did not take place until 1725, nearly a hundred years after the founding of the college, and as thus constituted was termed the "immediate government." Ordinary discipline had previously been in the hands of the tutors. The system of having representatives of some one of the various faculties in the corporation has continued until recent times, and has always been regarded as beneficial, as presenting the views of the teaching staff upon all questions of university policy.

The right of every tutor — for at this time there were no professors — to a seat in the corporation was early discussed, and at one time allowed by the legislature. An eventful controversy arose in 1824, upon a demand of all the instructors to representation in the governing board, who claimed that the term "fellow" in its historic sense conferred the right to participate in the determination and decision of all university matters. Edward Everett and Professors Ticknor and Norton advocated with great earnestness and ability the right of all members of the faculty to seats in the governing board, while the legal members of the corporation and overseers maintained that representation could not be claimed as a right, either from the terms of the charter or from the history and use of the word "fellow." This position was taken by Judges Story and Jackson, and Chief-Justice Parker and others. The decision was in accordance with the latter view. Owing to questions of reorganization at the time, which occasioned diverse opinions, the application of the faculty for the election of one of their number to the corporation was refused. Precedent dating from the act of incorporation was in favor of such representation, which was held desirable and legal, but not a right to be claimed; the privilege of such election was admitted, and a purpose to continue the former usage was expressed.

It is significant that those scholars who maintained with so much vigor the wisdom of the choice of members of the faculty to the governing board were familiar with foreign systems of university administration, while the members who opposed were lawyers, who argued strictly from the terms of the charter and from certain legal precedents. The system of faculty representation upon the executive board is therefore not a new one in this country.

A provision in the laws of the State of New York forbidding a professor to hold a seat in the board of trustees was rescinded a few years since, the repeal being favored by some of the most accomplished scholars and educators of the state. The intimate connection of the early state governments with questions of religion and education was long perpetuated, even after the original usefulness of such a relation had ceased. When the constitution of Massachusetts of 1780 was adopted, the council and senate of the state were made members of the board of overseers, in place of the clerical and judicial representatives who had previously ruled. At Yale the six senior state senators were long *ex-officio* trustees of the college. In many colleges the names of the leading state officers adorn the catalogues as honorary governors. The two parties in a legislature possibly look more leniently upon granting the charter of a new university, especially if a pecuniary grant accompanies it, when provision for such representation is inserted, as it seems to give a public character to the institution, and contesting political factions acquiesce and opposing rival claimants become silent.

It may be doubted whether any real element of strength is added to a board of trustees by the retention of these purely ornamental personages, whose names have already disappeared from the pages of many catalogues. In most cases they feel no responsibility and exer-

cise no interest. The contribution which they make to the deliberations of the board is practically valueless. All decisions are reached without them, and they can scarcely regard their own presence save in the light of an intrusion, and naturally hesitate to be responsible for measures which a turn of the political wheel will make it impossible for them to execute. When we consider that the same state officers, by the charter of different colleges, may sustain a like relation to several institutions, the impossibility of any effective oversight becomes manifest. A public officer would especially refrain from proposing changes in the affairs of colleges which are under the exclusive control of a religious denomination.

A new element has been introduced into university administration in giving to the alumni the right of representation upon the board of overseers or trustees. It was expected that a double object would be attained by this measure; that new men, having a personal interest in the college and a recent knowledge of its needs, would become a part of the government; and that the alumni would retain a permanent connection with the institution when directly associated in its management. This may be regarded as an adaptation of the English university system, by which masters in residence for a part of the year form, at Cambridge the senate, and at Oxford the convocation,—legislative bodies to which all regulations are submitted for discussion and approval. Graduates who retain an intimate connection with the university are thus enabled to contribute the results of their learning and experience to the decision of all questions affecting the studies and government. The contrast which exists in the scholarship of English and American students upon graduation makes the experiment in the two countries far from identical. The class to which authority is entrusted in the English

universities is, in extent of study and experience, far in advance of our own graduates, and is composed in most cases of professors and resident masters pursuing still further liberal studies. This difficulty is met in some colleges in this country by limiting the right to participate in these elections to graduates of five years' standing. But if it is important to continue the relation of the alumni to their university, this delay in conferring the right of suffrage till after a considerable period of separation from the college has great disadvantages. The fact that so large a portion of the alumni of our colleges is scattered throughout the land, and thus removed from an opportunity of voting in person at commencement, is obviated in some cases by a provision enabling a ballot for alumni trustees to be sent by mail, which is counted as if delivered in person. Any method which will retain the active interest of the alumni in their Alma Mater is worthy of examination and possibly of trial.

The system may now be tested by its results, as sixteen years have passed since its institution at Harvard and elsewhere. It may be premised that where there is a large and intelligent body of the alumni residing in the vicinity of a college, the attendance upon the election of trustees and an active participation in university questions are possible, and the results attained of a different order from what occurs when the alumni are widely scattered. A choice of the ablest and most influential scholars and educators may be made, whose residence will permit them to give the most careful attention to the interests of the university. But it may be questioned whether the results under the present system have equaled the expectations which had been formed. The character of those elected trustees or overseers has not greatly differed from that of those chosen previously. In most colleges a majority of the trustees have always been graduates of

the colleges, and the fact of an election by the alumni did not change their essential character. Where alumni trustees have been substituted for a long list of *ex-officio* members, as at Yale, Harvard, and elsewhere, there has been a real gain. At Harvard, however, the substantial power still rests with the corporation, which is in the main a self-perpetuating body, while the overseers have only the right of confirmation of its nominations, and do not originate action. Influences affect the election of trustees by the alumni, not always favorable to securing the most efficient members. An alumnus is chosen for prominence in social or political life, or for eminence as a lawyer or clergyman, and not because he has any intelligent acquaintance with the history of education, or is qualified to judge of the demands of higher learning at the present time. Local considerations often influence the selection of candidates, and party interests are not always forgotten. Men are elected who can snatch but a hasty moment from the pressing demands of professional life, to decide upon questions affecting the permanent educational interests of the nation, and to judge of the standing and qualifications of professors in all departments of learning. Often the election is determined by a small proportion of the alumni who are able to be present, or have an interest to vote. In such cases an active local interest or an aggressive partisanship may prevail, and a choice occur based upon some remote college or society popularity. The attendance of trustees so chosen is not always secured, and only a measure of success under favorable circumstances may at present be considered as attained by the system.

The defects of these various and conflicting methods of government are obvious. Permanent and uniform principles of administration are not secured, neither is the system such that the ablest scholars become members of the gov-

erning board. All sound learning, whatever its direction, has as its chief aim the pursuit of truth. Absolute independence and freedom of investigation and instruction should be guaranteed. This liberty is impossible, save as a university is free from the strife of parties and the liability to change through the caprice of the dominant power. When a reform is necessary, a calm investigation and the study of desirable changes should be elevated above partisan considerations, and based upon scientific principles of education. The question which naturally arises is, Under what control shall our universities be placed, in order to secure that intelligent and uniform administration which shall enable them to develop in accordance with the advance of science? There can be but one answer to this, and that is that all questions relating to courses of study and the bestowal of degrees, as well as the nomination of professors, should be entrusted to the appropriate faculty for decision. It would be equally as absurd to trust the decision of an important legal question to a body of artists as to confer the control of educational questions upon a corresponding body of lawyers. Education is a science, and has a history coincident with the growth of knowledge and the development of the human mind. It is therefore in itself a historical question, as well as one of philosophy. The history of every particular science must be investigated, in order to choose wisely the methods of study in that science. It is here advocated that the faculty of a college, or of each school connected with a university, as that of law, medicine, or divinity, should be the active and responsible governing body; that it should determine the character of the instruction, and elect or nominate all professors and instructors, and should be the one unit of administration. The trustees should hold in trust the property, and con-

firm or reject all nominations, and in conjunction with the faculty make all the regular appropriations. It is held that the faculty is alone competent to estimate the amount and variety of instruction required, the number of departments and instructors, and the needs of the library, museums, and laboratories. It should also judge of the expediency and character of all buildings to be erected. As regards the establishment or enlargement of departments, the resident instructors, who devote all their attention to an institution of learning, are best fitted to judge of the wisdom of any change. Too often the multiplication of departments causes the regular and most essential courses of instruction to be neglected.

It may be assumed that the power to decide these questions should inhere in some one body, and we have now to consider the possible solutions of this proposition. It may rest, first, in the trustees alone, who act upon their independent judgment and knowledge of the needs of the university and the qualification of its professors. This involves a power to act without consultation with the members of the faculty, and possibly with no intelligent acquaintance with the special demands of the question at issue. But the trustees may be guided and enlightened in their opinion by the president, who is supposed to represent the views of the faculty before the trustees. Even in this case there may be an inadequate conception and representation of the wants of various departments; and without a full presentation of the views of the entire faculty, a wise consideration of all needs is impossible, a symmetrical growth will not be attained, and a single field of study may often be developed at the expense of all others. Were the faculty allowed absolute liberty of election, or were they represented by delegates who directly presented their views to the governing board, an adequate expression of all the interests in-

volved would be obtained, and every decision or choice would be the voice of a body of scholars.

The history of every college presents numerous illustrations of action taken by the corporation directly contrary to the judgment of the faculty, and with uniformly unfavorable results. A permanent president is unknown in most foreign universities. The rector, who is chosen for a year, serves as the chairman of the senate in a German university, and a similar usage has prevailed in this country in the University of Virginia and other institutions. There is, it is true, a powerful and valuable personal element in education, but the idea of an individual shaping and reforming instruction in all departments may well provoke skepticism. The absence of fixed convictions on the part of non-educators makes them too often a mere registering board, to ratify the recommendations which are made to them. The lack of independent knowledge forces unprofessional judges to follow the formulated and positive views of one of greater experience. Thus we have either independent and unskillful action or dependence upon a single presiding authority. The latter alternative makes a body of learned men, each master of his department, the personal staff of the president. Long ago this was foreseen at Harvard, and a similar proposition in the days of President Kirkland was rejected, as degrading every professor to the position of a purely ministerial officer. President Gilman, in a published paper, has well shown that it is impossible for one individual, however able, to know adequately the special needs of all departments and of the various faculties of a university. No individual is so universal that he can determine and direct the methods of instruction in the different branches of literature, science, philology, history, and philosophy. If we add to this list the requirements of special schools of advanced instruction,

as law, medicine, and divinity, the impossibility of one responsible direction and supervision is readily conceded. The unity of government must be found in the various faculties. Among the many worthy and useful men who have filled the office of president of our universities, few can claim the reputation of great educators. Often — and this condition is imposed by the terms of some charters — the presidency must be held by a clergyman, and the choice may fall upon men who are not practical educators, nor familiar with the present demands and history of higher education.

The standard of instruction in all our universities must be constantly raised to keep pace with the advance of knowledge, if they are to retain their influence upon human thought and culture. To accomplish this constant development, the faculty, which has a continuous existence, must be the permanent repository of power. The standing of every college depends upon the reputation and ability of the men who are there called upon to give instruction. To place the most eminent scholars where they can exercise the widest influence upon the culture of their age, and where the best resources for study and discovery are at their disposal, is an obligation which every institution owes to the cause of letters. To secure such a result, all minor considerations should be subordinated. Questions of locality, of political and personal views, should not prevail in making such choice. The judgment of those most capable of forming an estimate of the standing of scholars in various departments of learning should be obtained. Men devoted to science and letters have an acquaintance with the reputation and standing of scholars in different branches, such as an individual cannot possess. Whenever a vacancy in the academic corps occurs, the faculty should be notified to that effect, and authorized to nominate some one for that position. It is only occasionally

that an election to a professorship implies that the candidate is the most capable scholar that could be chosen. Men are often appointed to positions of the highest importance who have enjoyed no special advantages for study in the field in which they are to give instruction, and who have made no recognized contributions to the department in which they are expected to be masters and teachers. In filling an appointment in literature, the question is not asked, What scholar is most eminent for his attainments and contributions to our knowledge of the history and development of a given language, whose opinion upon a doubtful point would have the greatest weight among scholars? An answer to such an inquiry is not impossible, and may be impartially obtained. The filling of vacancies in the Scotch universities is often deemed of so much importance that the testimonials of the different candidates are printed, in order that it may be seen upon what grounds the appointment is based. At Oxford the professor of comparative philology is appointed by the vice chancellor and the professors of Hebrew, Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon, men eminently qualified to judge of the standing of any candidate. The professor of English law is selected by the vice chancellor, the principal of Jesus College, the professors of civil law, international law, modern history, moral philosophy, and all other professors of law. The professor of physiology is appointed with the aid of the presidents of the College of Physicians in London, of the College of Surgeons of England, and of the Royal Society; the professor of international law and diplomacy through the Lord High Chancellor, the Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. At both Oxford and Cambridge provisions exist for entrusting nominations to the most competent judges. A few appointments are still in the hands of Convocation, —

resident masters, who are not necessarily teachers. Matthew Arnold, referring to his own election as professor of poetry, said, "Convocation made me a professor, and I am very grateful to Convocation; but Convocation is not a fit body to have the appointment of professors. Even the crown, that is the prime minister, is not the fit person to have the appointment of professors; for he is a political functionary, and feels political influence overwhelmingly. The faculty should have the right of proposing candidates to the minister." In Germany, Holland, and the schools of superior instruction in France, the members of each faculty recommend candidates to the minister of education for confirmation.

Gruber, in his sketch of the needs of the new University of Göttingen, said, in answer to the question, "How shall a large attendance of students be secured?" "The most important and the chief consideration is the employment of able, learned, and distinguished professors in all the faculties. It is of great importance, of absolute necessity, that favorable inducements should be presented to them." In discussing the qualifications of these who might be appointed, he objected to one candidate because, though clever, he was not known, and had never given instruction, and would not attract pupils. Münchhausen, the celebrated Hanoverian minister said, "If the University of Göttingen is to be distinguished above others, its professorships must be bestowed upon the most distinguished and ablest men, who will attract a great number of students." "It is the professor, and not the charter, which really makes the university," said an eminent Italian scholar. Few American colleges have acted upon this principle in the choice of professors. Men really admirable in some profession, or in some one department of knowledge, have been called to an entirely different chair. Such appointments, instead of being "a homage to intelligence and study," not

only indorse superficiality and a lack of proper preparation, but do incalculable injury to a generation of students, and, in a broader sense, to the cause of learning throughout the nation. Inability on the part of a professor to impart to a student the distinct methods and training of a scientist, or a philologist, or a student of history, is to pervert and misdirect the energies, and often to vitiate the fruits of years of study. The efficiency of many a department has been permanently crippled by a mistaken appointment, and this error contains within it the seeds of wide-reaching evil consequences. No one can be elected to a position in a foreign university who has not made special contributions to the subject which he will be required to teach, and who is not known as an authority in that subject. The purpose of a university is not simply to hoard what the world knows, and to dispense elementary knowledge to immature scholars, but by investigation and study to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge. A professor should be not merely a teacher, he should be an investigator, and fitted to guide and inspire advanced study. The stream will never rise higher than its source. The neglect of these simple facts has placed men in positions of importance on the outposts of learning who, by sheer supineness, have been a hindrance to the growth of knowledge.

A college acquaintance with Latin, or Greek, or mathematics was once considered sufficient to justify an appointment to a professorship. A successful pulpit orator was held to be fitted for a professorship of rhetoric and oratory, or for that difficult position of professor of English literature. But a knowledge of literature is based upon language and history; and as no literature stands alone, a familiarity with other languages which have made contributions to it is implied, as well as an acquaintance with all the influences, religious, political, and personal, which have affected literary pro-

duction. Similarly, no science stands alone, and success in a single department demands proficiency in many subsidiary branches. The geologist must know chemistry and botany and zoölogy and physics, in order to make the highest contributions to knowledge in his field of study. Every branch of learning now demands a special and exclusive preparation. Ability in a single department does not prove corresponding ability in another. In the early days of American scholarship, and in the poverty of all our colleges, a professor gave instruction in the most diverse subjects. Many branches of physical science were then comparatively unknown. Language has since become a science, and the teacher's work is now an established profession, for which advanced study is requisite, either in this country or abroad.

Permanence of position is necessary to successful work on the part of the teacher. No intelligent development of any department is possible where uncertainty regarding tenure of office exists, and the highest efforts of an instructor are not obtained when he is constantly aspiring after a different position. In Germany all professorships are for life. In England most are permanent; some, however, which are more truly lectureships, are tenable for five years, with an opportunity for reëlection, as the professorship of poetry at Oxford. Many who hold such temporary positions enjoy fellowships, benefices, and other university appointments at the same time. A position with a limited duration can never command the highest scholarship and ability. A scholar, in selecting his field of work, cannot view with equanimity the necessity of early removal. Frequent changes in the teaching force of a university mean a varying and doubtful standard of instruction, new methods, untried men, and uncertain results. A university cannot exist with an unorganized faculty, forever tentative in its men and measures, — an attitude which can-

not but be regarded as a humiliating confession of weakness.

For subordinate positions in a university, service for a fixed period is advantageous, if it holds out a reasonable prospect of promotion in case success is achieved. When this fact is established, a limited tenure loses all advantage, and becomes injurious, as offering no permanent inducement, and creating unrest in the instructor. The report of the Schools Inquiry Commission in England presents a variety of opinions upon this question in its application to the educational institutions of the kingdom. The principles of civil service reform should prevail in university administration. No position should be regarded as the private property of an individual. Graded promotion should be introduced, as perpetual subordination paralyzes all ambition and growth.

In comparing the French and German systems of appointment, it is manifest that in perfection of detail, which makes the whole educational system of the country a delicately constructed machine, France presents a more compact educational organization than Germany. To be an *agrégé*, that is to have a diploma authorizing a candidate to hold the office of professor in a *lycée* or *faculté*, the utmost security is required. An examination covering the entire range of instruction which the candidate will have to give has first to be passed. Five years' preliminary experience in teaching is necessary. Records of service and seniority are strictly kept. To be a *professeur titulaire*, the candidate must be a doctor or member of the Institute.

The strength of the German university consists largely in the *Privatdozenten*, from whom the professorships are filled. This class of authorized independent instructors, attached to a university, is engaged in vindicating its right to a higher position by study and instruction. These subordinate teachers often make contributions recognized as of great

value, and attain a world-wide reputation in their various departments before promotion. Only in a university after the German model, where *Lehrfreiheit* and *Lernfreiheit* are found, could this important class exist. Here, where there is a fixed curriculum, with all its parts adequately provided for, there is scarcely room for an additional class of instructors, without great modifications in our present system. Academic jealousy would perhaps regard their claims and their rivalry as an infringement upon established rights. Nothing of the kind exists abroad; there is the most generous and helpful relation existing between the *Privatdozenten* and the professor, and the instruction of the former is carefully provided for in the schedule of lectures of each semester. It is a defect in the French system that it fails to present the opportunity of free study and instruction which develops the highest gifts of those who are to become public teachers. The German system has this advantage over that of English fellows: the *Privatdozenten* not only investigate, but teach as well. Study apart from teaching often becomes unpractical and theoretical, while teaching without investigation becomes narrow and technical. The presence of such a class of young scholars, full of vital energy, acts as a powerful impulse to keep fresh the quality of instruction given by the professors.

The verdict of publication, which is always insisted upon in Germany preliminary to an appointment to a professor's chair, is valuable as a test of capacity for investigation. A system which assumes nothing for granted in the choice of professors, but always demands some production as a test of merit, would elevate the character and work of all candidates for positions. We could then dispense with paper testimonials, and the personal element in making appointments would be largely eliminated. Elections to positions in our higher institu-

tions of learning should be so conducted that a choice would become the goal of a worthy ambition.

That a reform is possible in the position which professors hold in a university cannot be doubted. The present method of appointment has not secured the ablest men, and the external government is not such as to accomplish the best results. It is useless to utter the truism that American universities are not on a par with European; the fact is too painfully manifest, and a continuance of the present system is powerless to effect what is needed. It does not secure the best men; it does not place the best scholars in a position where their views can exercise the widest influence; but under the jurisdiction of a loosely constituted board, chosen often for the most diverse reasons. The universities owe a higher debt to national education than they have ever paid; they have not accomplished for national learning that which might reasonably be expected of them.

A source of weakness in the past has been the strictness with which appointments in minor colleges have been limited to their own graduates. To fill certain chairs, a laborious search is often made for one of the alumni of the college who, by chance, may possess some part of the qualifications needed. Nothing of this kind exists abroad. It is not asked where the scholar received his degree, if his merits point him out as the most desirable candidate. Men are constantly called from one university to another. Eminence in any branch of scholarship finds instant recognition, and that without envy.

Independence of the changes wrought by the success of a new party in power, or a new shade of popular opinion, is essential to a permanent and intelligent university administration.

The relations between the faculty and the governing board have been already indicated. In order that the voice of the

faculty may be heard in all questions affecting the welfare of the university, and to prevent them, while sitting apparently in the places of authority, from being powerless to correct abuses and carry out needed reforms, it is necessary that representatives of the faculty should become members of the corporation. Without any change in any university charter, it is within the power of the corporation to take independently such action as will effect this result. The faculty should be authorized to elect annually two or more delegates to sit with the corporation, participating in its deliberations, and expressing freely their views on all questions; becoming thus the medium of communication between the faculty and trustees. Changes in the charter should embody the right of resident instructors to representation. That provision in the statutes of several states which forbids professors in a college from becoming members of the corporation is so framed as to exclude those who have devoted a life-time to the study of educational questions from having any voice in settling the most important interests connected with academic culture. It has been shown how all European examples are contrary to the American system, and that our early colleges found the principle here advocated useful in its operations. Members of the faculty of Harvard have served in the corporation and in the board of overseers repeatedly during the present century, as in the case of Henry Ware, who was an overseer from 1820 to 1830, of Dr. James Walker, who was a fellow, both of whom were academic professors; James Freeman Clarke was an overseer from 1866 to 1872, and Judge Story was a fellow nearly the entire period in which he held his professorship in the law school. The wisdom with which the finances of Harvard were managed by the corporation of seven members, of whom a portion were resident instructors, shows the practicabil-

ity of the plan here urged; and the disorder which followed a transfer, the lavish outlay and subsequent retrenchment, show how necessary is a competent acquaintance with the needs of all departments for judicious expenditure. The principle of autonomy in the faculty which is here advocated prevails in most professional schools in this country, in its leading scientific school, and in the admirable Museum of Comparative Zoölogy in Cambridge: having been thus successfully tested, its application may safely be extended to the academic faculties.

The bestowal of degrees should also rest with the faculty. It is quite anomalous that a body of non-educators should confer all marks of honor in letters, where they are necessarily dependent upon the judgment of those who give instruction. Those institutions which continue to bestow honorary degrees usually do so without any consultation with the appropriate faculty. Lawyers who have attained a local success, popular clergymen and patrons whose benefactions enrich the university treasury, commencement orators and congressmen, are the recipients of these valuable badges. Upon what basis of scholarship these degrees are conferred no one has ever attempted to ascertain. The University of Virginia, the Cornell University, and the Johns Hopkins University are, I believe, the only prominent institutions which have never bestowed these honors except for the completion of a regular course of advanced study. No satisfactory reason has ever been given why the immediate control of a university should be taken from the faculty, a body of competent scholars, and entrusted to others with less experience in educational questions. The president was originally a teacher, *primus inter pares*, like the rector of a German university, — a relation which has been changed by the unwise limitation of the powers of the faculty, and

by the increasing needs of a general executive officer. A feeling of responsibility upon the part of each professor for all measures is necessary to give dignity to his work. A sense that his private interests are intimately associated with the success of the institution with which he is connected imparts increased efficiency, gives conscientiousness and fidelity in the discharge of duty, and a watchful care of all its interests.

The size of the faculty and its complex character make it advisable in many universities to elect a limited number from various departments to form a senate or council, to whom a general oversight of the administration and discipline may be entrusted. The senate should receive the instructions of the general faculty from time to time, and as an executive committee discuss and prepare measures to be laid before the greater faculty, and receive all applications for advanced degrees. There is a great waste of time in the cumbersome deliberations of a large body, which might be saved by entrusting minor matters to a standing committee, acting under general rules. Within the faculty an organization of the various related departments is valuable.

Few universities have a constitution fixing the mutual relations of the faculties and trustees, of the various departments, of professors and subordinates, their rights and times of service. These important matters are undetermined, and hence usage is variable and inconsistent, and disastrous consequences ensue.

A question which affects the general public, as well as concerns all our institutions for secondary education, is the character and value of the degrees which are conferred by different institutions. It must be confessed that a higher moral sentiment should be aroused in the various colleges of our country, to protect the people against diplomas issued by colleges and scientific and professional schools for superficial merit. The pov-

erty of many schools, and their dependence upon numbers for their support, contributes to produce this unsatisfactory state of affairs. The modern haste in entering a profession, and the unwillingness to submit to thorough and long-continued study, have aided to bring about the present situation. An acquaintance with a few law books and a few facts regarding procedure is enough to make a lawyer, and many a physician receives his degree with little knowledge of chemistry, botany, physics, or comparative anatomy. Two solutions are possible: first, by state superintendence of our educational institutions, regulating the requirements for both academic and professional degrees. When it is considered that the school system of Germany in its present form is the product of the present century, that its excellence largely dates from the time when William von Humboldt occupied the office of Minister of Public Instruction in Prussia, we cannot doubt that a similar success is possible in America. The state, by appointing a board of examiners, consisting of the ablest representative scholars from different colleges, could prescribe a course by which a degree might be conferred under the seal of the state, which would certify to scholarship in the liberal arts and sciences, or confer the title of civil engineer or the right to practice law or medicine within its limits. Such a provision would cause courses of study in law and medicine in all schools to be assimilated to the requirements of a state examination. Assuredly, the state has sufficient interest in the orderly administration of justice and in the lives and health of its citizens to take measures to secure such valuable results.

The action of a single state would harmonize the conflicting standards of the many colleges within its borders. A national conference, like those held in Jena in 1848 and in Berlin in 1849, which at that time, unfortunately, failed to accomplish what was hoped, but were

a valuable contribution to the discussion of educational questions, might lead the way to a higher standard of study and examinations throughout the country.

A second solution may be found in the voluntary union of the faculties of the different colleges of a section or a state, like the conferences held annually by delegates from the New England colleges, which have aided to elevate and make uniform the requirements for admission. A commission which agreed upon some equal or parallel conditions for the bestowal of different degrees might not secure uniformity, but would set up a goal towards which educational efforts would be directed.

The proposition which is here advocated, namely, the participation of the faculty in the government, has been shown to be the prevailing system in the Continental universities, to have been in part the usage at Harvard for one hundred and fifty years, and to be, with shades of difference, the practice in the English universities. In one or two of the great universities of this country, and in its most successful scientific school, the government rests practically with the faculty. The sense of responsibility which is felt for the prosperity of a university on the part of all the professors is one of the most valuable results of this system. Instead of being merely assigned to a department of instruction, and administering laws laid down for them, powerless to remedy flagrant abuses and errors of government, they become the active custodians of the order and the culture of the university. The German and English universities are the centre of the learning of those countries; they are the seat of an enthusiastic and chivalrous scholarship. The organization which has made these universities so remarkable in literary industry and productions is certainly worthy of consideration, if investigation and critical scholarship are to find a home in this country. If this nation is to bear an

equal part in the advance of learning, we certainly cannot rest content with the methods and instrumentalities of the past. Old organizations must be expanded and assume a new life; the connection of instruction with investigation, which has been ignored so long in England, must be recognized. Study without a practical aim becomes dreamy and unproductive, while entire absorption in the work of instruction renders advanced study impossible. A lack of unity of action on the part of our higher institutions of learning has given rise to the varying standard of instruction, and to the unequal value of degrees; even where a fixed curriculum of study exists, designed to secure the general culture of students, greater uniformity of action is possible and desirable.

Another aim, akin to that which has been suggested, would be a unifying of the number and meaning of the different degrees. State control of education

abroad establishes a certain uniformity in the value of degrees. It would be easy to mention a score or more of first degrees which are conferred in different colleges of our country. Many are practically meaningless; others are worse than useless. Each college gives to the degree of bachelor of literature, of science, and philosophy whatever signification it chooses, and the public acquiesces with a quiet skepticism, and an increased conviction that under the present system all degrees are worthless. The reckless creation of new degrees thus produces merited fruit, but a result in which the cause of education suffers.

Among the subjects, then, which demand consideration in higher education are the constitution of the governing board in a university, the relation of the faculty to the general administration, the organization of faculties and departments, and the question of academic degrees.

W. T. Hewett.

PILGRIM'S ISLE.

THERE fell a charm upon the deep,
A spell upon the silent shore;
The boats, like lily-pads asleep,
Lay round me upon ocean's floor.

O weary world of noise and strife,
O cities, full of gold and guile,
How small a part ye make of life
To one that walks on Pilgrim's Isle!

I watched the Gurnet's double star,
Like Jove and Venus side by side,
And on the smooth waves gleaming far
Beheld its long reflection ride.

My days of youth are almost flown,
And yet, upon a night like this,
Love will not let my heart alone;
Back comes the well-remembered bliss.

Oft in thy golden locks a gleam
 Of other days illumines my brain,
 And in thy hand's soft touch I seem
 To feel my boyhood born again.

Ah, dearest, all will soon be o'er!
 I see my sunset in thy smile;
 It lingers longest on the shore,
 Th' enchanted shore of Pilgrim's Isle.

Thomas William Parsons.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

XIX.

A GARDEN PARTY ON THE HUDSON, AND ITS SEQUEL.

WHATEVER scruples or misgivings Ottilie Harvey may have cherished in taking her seat on Mr. Kingbolt's coach, the day of Sprowle Onderdonk's garden party, were soon dispelled, for the time being at least, by the novel pleasure of the experience.

The eyes of pedestrians turned admiringly towards this imposing vehicle, as it rolled up the Avenue. The fresh-faced young English guard stood up boldly in his place, in the attitude of the angels on the Church of the Heavenly Rest, and woke the echoes with his horn.

Ottilie thought the great city more delightful than ever. It was bathed at this season in an atmosphere of liquid amber. The scarlet and yellow leaves in the squares had begun to drift idly downwards, one by one, from the rich masses of foliage to which they belonged. The pretty women, back from the country, promenaded in dresses of dark, warm stuffs, premonitory of the coming winter. Strangers crowded into town, and the streets were filled to their utmost. If the bronze Washington at Union Square indeed supervise the co-

horts debouching before him from Broadway, he had need of all his strategic talents now; and the bronze Seward, who records them in his tablets, should be just as active above. Small dealers, especially along Fourteenth and Twenty-Third streets, had spread out on the sidewalks a merchandise of blue china, oriental fans and boxes. On some of these days there were parades of militia, and the young girl had looked out of her window upon the swaying steel of the regiments as far as the eye could reach. It was as if the surface of the street itself were in motion. In the evening the profiles of all the western cross-streets were thrown out black against skies of smoky orange and crimson,—fuller harmonies of the color-music of which the falling leaves struck wandering notes.

"If Europe can be brighter or more picturesque than this," said Ottilie, "it must be lovely indeed."

She exchanged but little talk, and that of a conventional kind, with the company about her. Her acquaintance with most of it was of a formal sort, and Kingbolt appeared engrossed with his horses.

A number of the drags formed a junction presently, constituting quite a procession. A somewhat circuitous route was chosen, that the rendezvous might

not be arrived at too soon. They passed through the glowing copses of Central Park, then the transitional region above, neither city nor country. There were bowlders, shanties, and goats; isolated blocks of new houses, like sections of plum-cake sliced out with a sharp knife; and paved and sidewalked streets, forming causeways across low grounds, utilized by thrifty German market gardeners. The Elevated Railroad had not yet come in. That spider's-web trestle — with the little stations set upon it high in the air, like habitations of lake-dwellers, or *chalets* from the land of dreams — which now traverses the region was still, though not far, in the future. The parallelograms of crops in the little market gardens, fresh yet as in early spring, seemed thrown down beside one another, like a series of rugs of the royal Ottoman greens.

Further on, our party threaded the embowering lanes of an area of handsome villas. Some were of stone, ivy-clad. All were shaded with fine trees. Almost the only sign of life encountered here was an occasional policeman, of the mounted force, slowly pacing his charger, or, in pursuance of his duty, trying the fastenings of a lodge gate, to see that all was well. In the freedom of these secluded places the gayer spirits followed their own devices without constraint. Baron Au instructed Daisy Goldstone in approved methods of winding a coaching-horn. Ada Trull drew off her long *mousquetaire* gloves, and essayed her skill in the accomplishment, which she fancied she possessed, of producing shrill whistles through her joined hands.

From here the merry-makers turned back a little, and came down to the Sprowle manor, on the Hudson, in the last day of its existence. It was garlanded for the sacrifice. The tall columns of the portico, in the old-fashioned classic style, were hung with wreaths and draperies. Large bunches of flowers

were set out in the old-fashioned wainscoted rooms, deprived now of the greater part of their furniture, and swept and garnished for dancing. On the morrow, at daylight, the minions of improvement would begin clattering down the shingles from the roof and tearing the sheathing from the stout old frame.

The coaches were unlimbered and let stand upon the lawn, where their bits of canary, blue, and scarlet sparkled vividly throughout the afternoon. Luncheon was to be taken under a tent at two o'clock, and this was to be followed by the delivery of Dr. Wyburd's poem. Archery and lawn tennis had been provided for such as cared for these sports. People walked in a neglected garden, of box hedges, yew-trees, hollyhocks, dahlias, and other old-fashioned flowers.

Baron Au organized a round game, rather badgering people into it, on the plea of a chill in the air. It was one he had seen given with great success, he said, at lake parties at Saratoga, the past summer. The Italian and Turkish ministers had taken part in it, which showed that it must be something quite sufficiently dignified.

Kingbolt simulated well the indifference he had proposed. He engaged in the round game, danced gayly with Ada Trull, and took Otilie about a good deal on his arm.

Angelica thought he must be contemptuous indeed to console himself with a rival like that. She would rather have seen him — though, to be sure, what difference should it make? — show an air of depression and gloom.

Dr. Wyburd's poem proved to be a record of names and doings, more or less well authenticated, of the Sprowle dynasty, given in a poor doggerel. Poetry, and perhaps literature in general, was not the doctor's strong point, although he dabbled in it a good deal, much to his own satisfaction. A sufficient idea of the character of his pro-

duction may be had from such couplets as these : —

“Colonels Corlaer and Robert, those men of strong will,
And Verplanck D. Sprowle, who built the first mill;
Governor Cyrus, Chancellor Garrett, — also first judge of court, —
And Rufus, the patriot, whom no British gold bought.”

The approaching union of Sprowle and Angelica was announced, as had been agreed. A clumsily turned compliment was inserted into the poem in praise of the youth and beauty which was now to confer and receive honor by being united with the latest scion of the illustrious Sprowle lineage. This was received with applause. Next the health of the pair was drank in a eulogistic toast. Sprowle rose to reply to the toast, but acquitted himself in so poor a manner that it was not at all to the satisfaction of his critical betrothed.

It might be supposed that Miss Angelica Harvey would have been especially content with her choice, on a day like this, devoted to the glorification of the family importance, which had been her principal motive in making it; but such was not the case. Whether it were due merely to that inopportune feeling of sadness which is said always to hang about the culmination of ardent human wishes, or to a regretful drawing of contrasts now at the last moment, or to pique at the indifference of Kingbolt, she was rather out of temper. Kingbolt's indifference was so well simulated as to provide New York society with something like a nine days' wonder, and radically change the fortunes of a number of our characters.

The company scattered again, after the delivery of the poem. Otilie interested herself quietly with the sentiment of antiquity of the place and the series of attractive views. From the colonnaded porch vistas had been made through the foliage of the great trees, and glimpses of the river were had thus

framed. Now a steamboat forged boldly across the openings; now a half-becalmed schooner drifted into them; again, it was a puffing little tug, interminably slow in passing on account of the long train of canal-boats it had in tow. The hazy atmosphere had dropped, as it were, between the foreground and the distance. Patches of the autumn-tinted foliage among the cliffs of the further shore seemed as if dimly burning. Any small object, as a row-boat, moving upon the deep reflection and shade of that shore drew a long silver line behind it.

There was talk on the porch of the remains of some British earthworks existing in the vicinity. Stillsby asked Otilie to stroll with him in search of them. Not greatly versed as yet in the polite arts for escaping boredom, she amiably consented. This youth had primed himself — having secured an inkling of Otilie's taste — with a liberal stock of poetical quotations, and was overjoyed to secure an opportunity to put them to use.

Kingbolt had offered Angelica flip-pant “congratulations” of the usual sort, which secretly exasperated her. Somewhat later, they two were left momentarily together, a little removed from the rest, near the open gate of the old-fashioned garden. Finding him so close, Angelica could not forbear speaking. She was looking particularly well to-day. Kingbolt could see it with half an eye, though affecting not to attend, and though having been in the habit, too, of finding her the most fascinating in each successive toilette as it appeared. She was in her gray corduroy coaching dress, with a wide-brimmed hat and feather to match. She had around her waist a belt of silver links, with a silver chain depending from it nearly to the ground, and securing a multitude of dainty vinaigrettes, tablets, dog-whistles and betting-books, which clinked as she walked.

"I would rather you were not angry with me, if you *are*," she said. "If there is anything in which you think me in the wrong, under the circumstances, I am sure I am very sorry. I trust that we are to part as friends."

She was very enticing thus, but Kingbolt thought best to say little in reply. He refused to be drawn out of a reserved and gloomy air he assumed. The young lady thought it very becoming to him. By little and little they ventured into the garden, and began to pace along the principal alley. The principal alley led to a retired bower on the crest of the well-wooded slope falling towards the river. The bower was of lattice-work, in the Dutch style, with a roof painted red, and finished with a weather-cock. Persons within were invisible from the house, and here the two presently sat down.

Meanwhile Otilie and her eccentric escort had found the historic earth-works of which they went in quest, and were retracing their steps by a pleasant path up the wooded slope. Stillsby, proceeding by gradual stages, had now launched fairly out into his stock of intellectual lore, and was beginning to look for results from the onslaught. He had quoted from "My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills;" "Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter;" the Maid of Athens; and the Seminole's Reply. The mystified Otilie was coming to a dimly-amused conception of his object.

The interview in the bower had proceeded but a little way, when Kingbolt burst out into a torrent of reproaches and entreaties, as of old. Angelica had reason now to repent her ill-advised course in allowing the subject to be reopened in any degree whatever. She rose, in alarm, and would have gone away. Kingbolt detained her. She seemed obliged to argue with him somewhat further.

"How utterly without reason you

are!" she said. "You talk the wildest absurdities. Now, just imagine for a moment what a stir there would be, what a commotion in society, if the engagement of anybody of consequence — I do not say mine, but anybody's — should be broken after having gone as far as this."

"What is a hubbub of a few days, or a few weeks, — or, if it should be, a few months, for that matter, — compared with the happiness of a life-time?" he replied excitedly. "I know you do not care for Sprowle. How could you? — you, so beautiful and superior. Yet you have got to go on with him not merely for a little while, but all your life long. Remember that! Oh, break with him, Angelica! It is not too late. Oh, break with him!"

He caught her hand, but she pulled it away.

"Let me go!" she said. "I cannot let you talk so about him. I am going back to the house."

"He is a milksop, a molly-coddle, a fool. I consider him but little ahead of Stillsby," pursued her companion. "Most of the men know it. The idea of his being able to appreciate a girl like you! And as to morality, — if you come to that, he is not a straw better than anybody else."

The young woman had not selected her future husband chiefly on grounds of superior wisdom or morality. Hence this argument was not as effective as some others might perchance have been.

"No! Impossible!" she reiterated. "Do not detain me against my will! Let us go back at once!"

"Well, then, I cannot bear it! Do you understand?" cried the lover, throwing out his arms in a wild way. "It suffocates me! It tears me all to pieces! There are fellows who talk about suicide. Plenty of them would not do it, you know; it is all talk; but I believe I am one of the kind that would. I believe you will hear nothing

more of me from the day you are married till kingdom come. I cannot *live*, I tell you! I cannot *live*!”

The blood rushed to his face and stwart neck, swelling the veins. He contorted his body, in a writhing way, on the hips. It must have been a spasm resembling, now in mature life, one of those of his childish days for which he had been put in his padded room. He might have been a young modern Orestes, pursued by the avenging Furies. His fine figure was displayed in these unconscious movements to excellent advantage.

Angelica, approaching, laid her hand on his arm in a persuasive way, and said, “Let us talk reasonably.”

“Reason? There is no reason,” he exclaimed with vehemence, “but in making you mine!”

He turned quickly. His handsome eyes blazed into hers, equally handsome. What an adulation it was, compared with the sluggish methods of Sprowle! She delayed an instant too long in this dangerous proximity. Kingbolt took her in his arms, and kissed her passionately. She did not resist.

Ottilie, with her sentimental companion, was at this moment emerging from the wood.

“Longfellow, now, is a nice poet,” Stillsby was saying. “You take his — now — that Excelsior. I call that A 1.”

“Yes,” rejoined the long-suffering Ottilie.

The embrace in the bower flashed full upon the view of both.

“Hi!” ejaculated Stillsby, his eyes starting half out of his head.

But Ottilie managed to draw him back into the covert of the foliage before they were themselves perceived, and they returned by another way. When they had gone on some little distance in silence, Ottilie offered a deprecating suggestion: “It seems to me it would be best not to make any mention of what we have just seen.”

“Oh, certainly not! certainly not!” her cavalier hastened to protest, with gallant alacrity, “if *you* don’t wish it.”

The warmer and more human impulses had prevailed over calm calculation, after all, and the engagement of Angelica was to be definitively broken. She was capable of acting upon impulse no less than Kingbolt, and she had one of the most obstinate of wills to sustain whatever course she might undertake. The two set to discussing now the difficult problem of their future. Mrs. Harvey would consent to the reversal of her favorite plan only with extreme irritation; that was certain. The calmer and sterner opposition of Rodman Harvey to the unbusiness-like step proposed was even more to be dreaded. Sprowle was to be gotten rid of. And there was the presumable rage of his mother and of all the Sprowle connection, though of this Angelica affected to make light. She was very affectionate with her new lover, petted him and soothed him, but did not accept his suggestions, which were more notable for a vehement contempt of obstacles than for tact.

“Leave it all to me,” she said, finally. “Nothing must be said or done just now. We must appear for a while to be mere ordinary acquaintances, as before.”

She at once began a course of alienating tactics with her betrothed on the way back to town. The next day, for he was fond of her and came often, she would not see him. The next, he brought her some small present. She ridiculed it in an exasperating way, saying, “You dear, good, stupid thing, do take it away! You have no more taste than Marmion.” In a subsequent interview she gave out that she had *heard* something against him, — against his moral character; but being pressed, she would not tell what it was; then said it was of no consequence, though appearing still to retain a prejudice. In the

succeeding one she was absent-minded; asked him repeatedly, "What did you say?" and paid no attention to his answers. In short, she crowded into the briefest possible space of time the greatest number of annoyances. A saint would have been nettled at less. When at last Sprowle resented it, in a rather vigorous way for him, she became hysterical.

"Go!" she said, in the true spirit of the meek wolf and ferocious lamb. "All is at an end between us. Nothing any longer that I can do is right. It was not always thus." She pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and went sobbing out of the room.

She granted another meeting, however. In this her ultimatum of the day before was not adhered to, but in the end she so managed the situation as to make it more acrimonious than ever. Then she went to her room, and wrote to Sprowle that she could see now that they were not congenial, and never really had been. It would not have been safe for them to marry. She hereby canceled her engagement with him. It was absolutely and finally over. Upon the heels of this she hurried back his ring and all his presents. Efforts on his part to see her, and repeated expostulations by note, were vain. He offered humble apologies,—for what he did not quite know. He offered to have the wedding put off; to wait for her indefinitely. No, all quite vain. Through chagrin, he did not at once make known to his mother what had happened, but went out of town for a few days. Never in all his diplomatic career as secretary of legation, his lounging in club windows, his participation in the observances of polite society and in athletic sports, had he met with or heard of such an experience.

The situation between Angelica and her astonished mother resolved itself only after a violent contest, as had been foreseen. It ended in the triumph of

the stronger will, as might also have been foreseen. The girl declared her purpose to marry Kingbolt, and not Sprowle, irrevocably fixed, and that no power under heaven should shake it. The mother, defeated, reluctantly went over to her side. They planned together that the cause of the dismissal of Sprowle should not be disclosed; not to Rodman Harvey more than to the others. It should be attributed to uncongeniality, caprice, a quarrel,—anything but the substitution of a new lover. Then, if Kingbolt should choose to appear afterwards,—as what more natural than that suitors should appear in time?—and were accepted, no connection need show between the two events.

This arrangement was foiled, however, by the indiscretion of so unimportant a person as young Stillsby. The manners of Stillsby at the Empire Club for the first few days after the scene he had witnessed at the garden party were a marvel to all who knew him.

"What the devil is the matter with the fellow," asked Whitehead Finch, "smirking, and glowering, and swooping about by himself in that way? He seems to get lighter in his upper story every day. He was well enough when he joined the club. I recollect when he had almost as much sense as the average."

"The character of his associations,—knocking about much so with you fellows, he has dropped to the level of his company," said Watervliet, with the freedom of an old bird and a privileged character.

To forbear adding to his own importance by disclosing what he knew, especially when the news of the broken engagement came out, and it was spoken of as something mysterious and unaccountable, was more than Stillsby, after heroic effort, was capable of. He gave up his secret in strict confidence to one and then another. The club was soon buzzing with it, and it came to the ears

of Sprowle Onderdonk. This was on the afternoon of Election Day, as it happened, when the political fortunes of Rodman Harvey were trembling in the balance. Sprowle Onderdonk hastened fiercely to Stiltsby, and had the story out of him. Soon after he was closeted with his aunt and his cousin Sprowle, who had returned to town.

The dowager Mrs. Sprowle ordered her carriage, and drove to the Harvey mansion. She made her way up to Mrs. Harvey's boudoir, where she had so often been before on more agreeable errands. Her black and vindictive aspect told the cause of her coming even before she had opened her lips. Ottilie, who was in attendance, trembled at her violence of reproach.

If "My dear Mrs. Sprowle's" and "My dear madam's," uttered in the most deprecating way by Mrs. Rodman Harvey, could have saved the day, it would have been done. But it could not. Angelica, however, hearing in her chamber above some rumor of what was in progress, came down, in a semi-invalid condition, pale, disheveled, in a charming wrapper of lace and knots of ribbon. She lent her assistance, engaged the enemy intrepidly, and moved, perhaps, by the consciousness of being wholly in the wrong, had soon thrown all attempt at conciliation to the winds. There was a vixenish quality in her anger when at white heat which a lover of the amiable in woman would not have cared to see. Mrs. Sprowle retired down the staircase, breathing threatenings and slaughter.

"The brazen, brazen girl!" she muttered. "That ever I should have taken up with such people! . . . Oh, if I had but known this before!" she said, as she pulled together the door of her carriage with a trembling hand. And again she said, at a conclave of the Sprowle interest summoned to meet at her house that evening, "Oh, if I had but known this before!"

If she meant that she might, in that event, have done something to impede Rodman Harvey's election, and to strike at the women of the family through him, it was now too late. At sunset Michael Brannagan, nominee of Tammany Hall, was well beaten, and Harvey duly elected next representative in Congress from the most important district in New York. Baleful glances might be shot across the street from the darkened residence of the Sprowles, but these could not prevent that of the merchant prince from being brightly illuminated, nor the coming of troops of admiring friends to offer congratulations on his victory.

Towards eleven o'clock, when the returns were verified, and there could be no dispute about the result, the henchmen who had borne the heat and burden of the day arrived with a brass band to tender a serenade. In the cheering concourse were many of the merchant's clerks. They did not reside in his district, and had not been able to vote for him, but had felt the excitement at the store, nevertheless, where it had even relaxed the usual discipline for a day or two. They had chafed and offered wagers there with a zest that would not have misbecome the Empire Club, and they now came to hear "the old man" speak.

He stood forth, his head bare, on the broad steps. The noises about him were suddenly hushed. At the Sprowle mansion, as elsewhere, was audible his opening phrase, "Fellow citizens." Then followed such fragments as "the proud satisfaction, — the momentous issues, — one whose interests are identical with your own, — this great New York, — this imperial city of ours, — washed on three sides by rivers, with a bay capable of holding the commercial navies of the world, — men of all nations and climes, — the enterprise, wealth, and skill of our people. Thanking you once more for your kind attention, I will bid you good-night!"

There were more shrill cheers; the band struck up briskly; there was a bustle of hand-shaking on the steps; some of the leaders were invited into the house; refreshments were passed around outside. Then came more music by the band. It marched away, its notes sounding fainter and fainter in the distance, and the merchant prince was left to repose upon his new honors.

Rodman Harvey made much less of the news of the substitution of Kingbolt for Sprowle, when it was broken to him, than his family had dreaded. Whether it was that he was occupied with his own affairs, and did not fully appreciate its bearing upon himself, or that he had other reasons, he appeared, after a decorous amount of advice, to regard the choice of Kingbolt with genuine favor.

"He has so much more money, you know, papa," urged Angelica, anxious to make the case the most secure possible.

"Yes, I know," he replied. "The name of the Eureka Tool Works, and that of its founder, Colonel Kingbolt, are almost like household words."

"The matter chiefly concerns you," he said to the two women. "You made the first match for reasons good and sufficient to yourselves, and now that you are pleased to change your views I do not know that I am called upon to interfere. Only do not let it happen again. Its suddenness is most unbusiness-like and reprehensible. I trust that you have done everything, as far as possible, to reconcile the Sprowles, and that you will do yet more. They are a strong clan and their ill-will is a matter of consequence."

The women suppressed some of the aggravated circumstances of the affair, and they did not tell him that it was war to the knife with the Sprowles.

The news had its various effects in many quarters. It came to Mr. Fletch-

er St. Hill upon the heels of his fancied recovery of control over Kingbolt, and caused in that financier a profound revulsion of feeling. Now, indeed, was his patron lost to him, and it was time for him to make to himself new friends in the mammon of iniquity. He moved his Prudential Land and Loan Company two flights higher up in the Magoon Building. He took himself, after a while, with his grudge against Harvey, to the Sprowles. They received him with open arms. He was to aid them in working up a campaign. On the strength of this Sprowle Onderdonk advanced him money. St. Hill imparted gradually, and under strict pledge of confidence, his secret, and showed Harvey's treasonable correspondence in his possession. "My business relations are too delicate," he explained, "and my situation here as a Southerner among Northerners too critical, to allow me to engage in a contest with so powerful an adversary. There is no telling what calumnies he might invent, in return, and even give them a certain currency, too, through his recognized standing."

"These are good, but not enough," groaned Mrs. Sprowle, over the letters. "They would have injured him politically, but more is wanted." She would have liked to convict Rodman Harvey of arsons, assassinations, — the most heinous of crimes.

The news came to Bainbridge by the mouth of G. Lloyd, the architect, the day after Harvey's election. It was a dismal, wet November day, one of those that herald in peculiarly disagreeable fashion the advent of winter. The rain beat like small shot against his office windows, and scourged the ferry-boats and wandering sails, which fled before it like guilty things, down on the wide yellow river. In the squares it tore off the leaves, no longer one by one, but by the handful, and endeavored to beat them into the ground with a superfluity of malice. They met in the damp hall of

the Magoon Building, at noon, and their umbrellas ran pools upon the tile pavement while they talked.

"By the way, another lively exploit of our friend Kingbolt," said Lloyd. "We were talking about him, the other evening, you remember. Heard?"

"No," said Bainbridge.

"He has cut out Sprowle with Harvey's handsome daughter, and got her for himself. Fact!"

"Heavens—No! But isn't it pretty sudden?"

"They say he has been dangling around her this ever so long. I got it from some club men. People saw them hugging each other at a garden-party up the Hudson. That's what brought on the crisis."

Bainbridge walked about in the blustering weather in a rapture. Perhaps he hardly noted that it rained. For him it had suddenly become the most genial of days. The sun was shining at but the slightest remove behind the enshrouding vapors.

Ottilie not another's at all? and still open to him? He knew very well what he meant to do at the first practicable moment for getting up town. He called himself a million idiots for having so mistaken the true state of affairs. What must she have thought of him? And he a lawyer, and presumably in the habit of attaching something like its real value to evidence! He entered a florist's, and sent Ottilie flowers, accompanied by a note.

Ottilie, in her room, looking out of her window at the dismal prospect, received, that afternoon, a pasteboard box full of Jacqueminot roses. They were cut with long stems, and laid in a protection of cotton-wool. Their dewiness and perfume were upon them still, as if fresh from the conservatory. The young girl had never had a more delightful compliment. The inclement season trebled their charm. What did it all mean? She read the following note:

DEAR MISS OTTILIE, — I seem to have been laboring under some stupid delusion. Happily, it is past. I wonder if you will be at home this evening. I shall give myself the pleasure of trying to find you. Sincerely yours,

RUSSELL BAINBRIDGE.

Delusion? What delusion? What was she to understand? Here was testimony enough, if more were needed, that with Bainbridge one was dealing with no ordinary person. She sat in an attitude of pensive reflection, burying her face from time to time in the lovely roses. She was greatly puzzled. At any rate, he was coming to see her again, and of that she was very glad. Suddenly, however, she started up, seized her pen, rang for a district telegraph messenger, and, while awaiting his arrival, wrote as follows:—

DEAR MR. BAINBRIDGE, — Thank you so much for the flowers you have been kind enough to send me. What a bit of tropical beauty and fragrance on this blustering day! I am sorry to say that I cannot be at home this evening. I am not wholly mistress of my own motions, as you know, and my aunt has made some arrangement for me which will keep me away both this evening and to-morrow. I consider it very unfortunate. But will you not come very soon after that? Your "delusion" is a great mystery. What can it be? I think I have had reason to fear some such delusion on your part as that you had fancied you cared a little for yours very truly, but found you did not.

With sincere regards,

OTTILIE HARVEY.

Could Bainbridge have found Ottilie in the first flush of his enthusiasm, she would have heard from him an ardent declaration of his state of mind, whatever effect we may suppose such a declaration to have upon her. But this was

not to be for some time longer. He had a night and a day of enforced reflection. Even after that he did not at once find her alone. Nothing, in fact, had changed in their circumstances, from the point of view of eligibility to marriage. Were they not as poor as ever? It is only in story-books, when true-lovers, without a penny in their pockets, take each other for better or for worse, throwing prudential considerations to the winds, that everything else is immediately added unto them. "Rodman Harvey would look upon a proposal for his niece's hand as an attempt upon his purse-strings, and would close them tighter than ever. And who wishes him to open them on my account, since he will not on hers?" said Bainbridge. "No, let us wait a little." He had an indefinite sense that something must turn up to aid them. The immediate danger was over. He would study out a solution of their difficulties at leisure. Their former relations were resumed. Why hurry to its dissolution a situation which was so charming in itself?

He began to walk much in Wall Street in his noon outings. He studied the backs of capitalists who had achieved notable success there. He crossed over and met them, and endeavored to divine their secret in their faces. Some of them were of the most ordinary aspect, — shambling, of rusty attire, and pinched and mean little physiognomies. They did not look happy, with their money, and plenty of well-authenticated stories showed that they were not. But that was not to the purpose; so much the worse luck theirs. If he, Bainbridge, had it he could be happy.

The dark mass of Trinity Church rose at the head of the narrow, opulent street. The quiet old churchyard at its base was in such contrast to the eager streams of human life rushing by, as if death and graves, though actually lying there under one's eyes, were the most improbable of myths. Down the street jutted

the temple-like porticoes of the sub-treasury and custom-house. The multitudinous needs of commercial intercourse had spun a dusty web of telegraph wires across the sky, which at places ruled it into squares like those of the ledger pages, and again converged into bundles like ships' cordage. Trays of gold pieces shone in the windows of the low basement offices, as if here, sure enough, Jupiters in plenty had rained themselves down in search of Danaë, having come to the wrong part of town. The brokers waited in the dark interiors for customers to take the glittering bait. Bainbridge gathered up one day all his resources, including a moderate loan from the Hudson Hendricks, and went into Wall Street.

An idea had taken possession of him. Speculation was not the ideal means of redeeming one's fortunes. No doubt he should be ashamed of it afterwards. But it was a means, a possible means, and there seemed no other. There was talk, just at present, of unusual opportunities for gain. The market was actively "booming." He determined to regard this venture as an augury. To win Ottilie, if he succeeded; to give her up to a better custody than his, if he failed! Surely fate would be propitious to so deserving a cause.

There was a plan of buying on a "margin," or percentage, by which one secured control of a number of shares vastly out of proportion to his small capital. In this way, in the event of a rise a large profit was reaped; though of course, in the event of a considerable decline, on the other hand, the capital one had put in was wholly wiped out. Bainbridge bought shares of Devious Air Line, on a margin. There seemed a certain fitness in connecting himself in this way with the fortunes of Rodman Harvey.

Devious Air Line remained exactly where it was for a long time. Then it dropped off a point or two.

XX.

"LALAGE, SWEETLY SMILING, SWEETLY SPEAKING."

Conventional lovers in the conventional stories are always aware of the precise extent of the regard they have for each other. It is generally a frenzy amounting to madness. They take the earliest (and every subsequent) opportunity of declaring it, and thereafter it is no will of their own, but only the most insuperable physical obstacles, that keep them apart.

But who shall picture all the fluctuations of feeling, the misgivings, the blowing hot and cold, of lovers in real life, where there are so many affairs besides those of the heart demanding attention; so much marrying and giving in marriage, indeed, with hardly a pretense of affection at all? Balked in his first intent, Bainbridge did not renew it. His imagination hovered over Otilie with an all-embracing tenderness, but he did not make her any set speeches of affection.

When they had met a number of times, and he had not referred in any way to his note, Otilie said to him, —

"Perhaps you do not remember that you have not told me what the stupid delusion you mentioned was. I am dying to know."

Taken by surprise, he was hardly able to vary from the truth with any great ingenuity at so short notice. He had hoped that as the matter had not been alluded to so far, it would remain uninvestigated. He gave to his admission of the truth, however, a flippant air, as if the point had been of but the most trifling consequence.

"Oh, — that? Oh, yes!" he said. "That was a misunderstanding about Kingbolt, you know. I was over-worked, or absent-minded, or something. I often get things wrong. I seemed to

get it into my head that it was you to whom Kingbolt was paying his court instead of Angelica."

Otilie did not reply on the instant. She looked at him with a gaze at once bewildered, reflective, amused. What a compliment he paid her! He had been seriously considering her, then, as an eligible partner for Kingbolt; she, who considered herself so little eligible for anybody. Why, the plain implication was, too, that he, Bainbridge, had been jealous of her. She dared not trust this hypothesis; it was too wild. But in the instant of making it her heart beat quicker, and it remained very much warmer towards Bainbridge ever after.

"Oh, you thought it was I?" she said. "That is very interesting. If you could only have known how he was boring me with his talk about my cousin all the while, you would not have thought so. I hardly knew what to do. I could not betray his confidence, and yet I did not want it. I never supposed his persistence would have any result. So that accounts for your — So you thought" —

She nibbled her lip with her even white teeth in the effort to repress her smiles. But her smiles were rather of keen delight, which she feared might betray itself, than of derision.

"The circumstances fitted into one another so perversely. Your riding with him so much, you know, and all that," said Bainbridge.

"And so you stayed away?" She broke into a merry laugh.

"Well, yes. I did seem to stay away."

"Do you not think you are of a rather peculiar disposition?" the young girl asked.

"I advised you, you know," said Bainbridge, waiving an answer to this question. "A companion of that kind, if I had been right, would naturally have taken my place. I thought I ought to furnish a clear field."

"And no favor," she supplemented, archly.

"Well, no ; not very much favor."

"You do me great honor, I am sure. Perhaps the advice is good yet, in principle."

This was a critical passage for Bainbridge. The tone and look of banter he assumed were likely to give place to an instant expression of blazing avowal of passion. "I am well out of it," he thought. "Your cousin's new engagement is openly announced, I hear," he said, changing the subject.

"Yes ; as the murder was out, boldness was the best policy. I think they are doing a number of things on that basis, still. It is a continual round of dinners and theatre parties in Angelica's honor. Mr. Kingbolt gets his friends to give them, and gives them himself, sometimes at Delmonico's, and sometimes at his own fine apartments. He has, of course, suitable chaperons to preside. I have seen some of the *menus* from these dinners. One was on embroidered satin, another engraved on a silver tablet. Lovely presents are given the guests : fans, sashes to match the ladies' dresses, gold pins and butterflies for their hair, and satin bags of confectionery. It is one rain of gifts for Angelica all the time : parcels from the jeweler, the florist, and confectioner all day long. Do you want to hear about her engagement ring?"

"Certainly I do. What is it?"

"A diamond of five carats, in a plain setting. Oh, how it glitters ! She has another ring, also a present, with a pink pearl and two diamonds set in line. It came in a jewel case of painted porcelain, in the shape of an egg, a perfect jewel itself. This was inclosed in a little teak-wood box, elaborately carved, and this again in a silk bag, drawn together with a cord. You would have screamed."

"I am almost tempted to now, at your feeling description."

"Angelica has given him in return a lock of her hair, a photograph for his dressing-table, a cat's-eye ring, and a sofa pillow partly embroidered by herself."

"You seem to take a certain interest in such matters."

"I dote on them. I have my epicurean tastes, too. Poor old Lone Tree ! I fear I am forever spoiled by the leaven of luxury."

"I dare say she is very fond of him?" said Bainbridge, continuing the subject.

"She must be, to have done what she has. I have heard her adjure him affectionately to be more careful of his hands for her sake. She thinks he is ruining them by his driving his coach, and the other sports. But, seriously, you see how she has offended and defied the influential Sprowle family as she has. If you could have seen that old woman's face, the day she came to reproach my aunt about it ! I was frightened to death. What do you think she will do ? What is done in this fashionable world, when people bitterly hate each other, and want revenge ?"

"That is one of the problems. Well, they have their opinion of one another, and when they get sympathetic listeners they state it. Good old-fashioned vengeance, in fact, appears to be dying out. It is not a modern luxury. Few facilities are afforded now for its indulgence. Mortal enemies are not usually invited to the same dinner, — at least ; discriminating hosts do not put them next each other."

"Could the Sprowles attack my uncle in any way ?" added Otilie, with anxiety. "They might think it best to strike at my aunt and cousin through him. Probably no other means would be so effective. I am sure I should feel nothing more keenly than any taint of disgrace that might attach to him."

"Nonsense !" said Bainbridge. "They might annoy him in some trifling ways ; but if your uncle really had any points

dangerously open to attack, it is not likely that he could afford to be as stiff and uncompromising as he is with almost everybody."

"Well, I shall feel easier when my cousin's wedding is over."

The merchant prince went off to Washington in December, and took his seat in the House of Representatives.

Kingbolt and Angelica, having impressed their new situation upon society to the extent they thought needful, also went away to pay a visit to the family of Kingbolt at Kingboltsville. The young heir was considerably overdue there. It was long since he had conferred with his trustees, and these, having the management of things so very much in their own hands, began almost to look upon him as an interloper. It was due to his mother and sisters, too, that he should introduce his betrothed to them.

His enthusiasm for her, which under ordinary circumstances might perhaps have cooled somewhat, was kept aglow by the opposition he had met with. He squared himself defiantly against the notoriety the case had obtained. It was a wonder he did not come to blows with Sprowle Onderdonk. It was probably due to the forbearance of this latter that such an outbreak did not take place. The two passed each other in the lobby of the Empire Club for a while with a haughty aggressiveness of mien.

"Still," said Onderdonk, "it would be stretching a point for me to take it up, in that way. It is my cousin Sprowle's affair, the idiot! If he can afford to let it alone, I suppose I can. Besides, this fool of a Kingbolt is not the culprit. It is the Harvey people. We must make them feel it, root and branch. Perhaps we shall show them in time that slights are not to be put on a family like ours with impunity."

Mrs. Sprowle also spoke of Kingbolt in pretty much the same way. He was,

according to her, "a poor dupe," "the rich young plebeian, whom those designing women had got into their clutches," and who was more to be pitied than blamed, bad even as his private character was.

At Kingboltsville, Kingbolt went with Angelica to take a glimpse of the great Works. "Would you believe," he inquired, "that I once came personally, with my blue shirt and dinner-pail, like one of the ordinary hands, and greased the machinery?"

"Fancy!" his sweetheart replied, with supreme contempt.

It was a source of wonderment now to the young man himself that, with all his superior opportunities for enjoyment in the world, he could ever have allowed himself to be deluded by any such absurd notions of duty.

An evening party was given, and provincial society came out to do Angelica honor. The young woman professed surprise to see how very well some of these persons really looked. She preserved with all of them, however, a chill, haughty demeanor. Nor did she get on much better with the family itself. She privately termed the two widowed sisters "frumps." They spent a humdrum existence here, ample as their resources were, in personally looking after small cases of charity, founding a church or a school, or patronizing some mediocre artist who came up from New York to establish classes in "decorative art." They still dressed in black, of a rather rusty sort, though their respective be-reavements were very many years remote; and when they descended from a carriage you had a glimpse of worn gaiter and wrinkled stocking.

Kingbolt's mother ventured an injudicious comment, in her timorous, affectionate way, on his future bride. "We all admire her so much, Arthur," she said. "She is so brilliant in looks, so accomplished. I hope and pray that she will make you happy. But if you

could have chosen one a little less — a little more — not quite so worldly-minded, perhaps, dear.”

The son, resenting, in quite his youthful way, any impugnement of the wisdom of whatever he might choose to do, returned some brusque, impatient answer. His sisters said, “You should not speak to your mother in that way, Arthur.” Upon this, he flung himself out of the room, agreeing with Angelica that they were hostile to her, as she said. The pair presently left so unappreciative a society, and departed to visit at Washington.

There Angelica went about on her lover's or her father's arm to such places as pleased her. The great New York merchant and capitalist had been from the first put on important committees, and taken a prominent place in Congress. His beautiful daughter was something of a new sensation. She gave to statesmen from the interior a lesson in feminine elegance they had not before enjoyed. The newspaper correspondents, taxed to the utmost as they are in this department, sought fuller resources of word-painting to describe her. Ottilie read some of their glowing accounts of her cousin's appearance at the afternoon receptions, at the ball of the British minister, of the General of the army, of Admiral this, and Senator that. Angelica assisted, too, the “ladies of the White House,” — who were glad of her, and somewhat abashed by her; and she dined more than once, in company with her father, at the President's table.

Angelica's own opinion of the whole, in return, was not favorable. “It is a perfect menagerie,” she said to Kingbolt. “If it were not for the legation people, it would be quite intolerable. No exclusiveness, no fixity, no traditions! Everybody goes everywhere. What does a society based upon a little brief office-holding amount to? These furbelowed daughters, nieces, and cousins of the good *bourgeois* legislators, no

doubt, think it heaven; and probably it is to them, who have never seen anything.”

It was thus she stigmatized the multitude of pretty girls flocking from all parts of the country to the gayeties of the place; she made herself as elegantly severe in attire as possible, by contrast. Murray Hill looked down disdainfully on Capitol Hill and all its affiliations.

Kingbolt coincided, as a newly engaged lover should, in most opinions that she chose to express. He amused himself, during his expatriation, with an incidental run to Baltimore, where he knew some pleasant fellows of the Maryland Jockey Club. He picked up from a needy inventor hanging about the Patent Office some ingenious new device in telegraphic communication, which he set about having put in operation between his house and stock-farm at Kingboltsville. He proposed to Angelica that his yacht should be brought around, and that they should take a trip to Bermuda; but to this she did not accede. We may leave them here for a little, and return to New York.

The Christmas season went by with Bainbridge and Ottilie. Owing to the change in affairs, there was not the same amount of gayety at the Harvey mansion proposed at the beginning of the season. Mrs. Harvey took Ottilie about with her more or less, however, into society. She wished her companionship, but never quite let her lose the sense of her peculiar situation. Bainbridge took to going out, also, to places where there was a likelihood that he should meet with Ottilie. There were by no means the same unconstrained opportunities for seeing her at the house now as before. He was still wheeling round the circle of obstacles by which he seemed beset, without finding in it any loophole of escape. Devious Air Line recovered the point or two it had lost, but did not rise above the purchase price.

Sometimes Bainbridge said to himself, "I will not marry her, for my *own* sake." That was his selfish mood, and meant that he desired to take upon himself no further burdens.

Again he said, "I will not marry her, for *her* sake. Why should I pull her down? Have I not well tested my capacity and prospects? Without me she stands an excellent chance to be prosperous and happy."

But still again he exclaimed passionately, "I will marry her, in spite of everything!"

He set off more than once to undertake the needful preliminary, but he either did not find Otilie when he would, or in her presence recovered an equanimity which enabled him to hold his avowal still unpronounced.

Once he dropped in one morning, by some chance, at a "Shakespearean reading" at Chickering Hall, and saw her there in the audience, following carefully with a text in her hand. She was reaping now some of those "advantages" of the metropolis, of which she had so exalted an idea. He knew of her going to lectures at the Academy of Design, to old Dr. John Jones's sonorous discourses on Reformers and Men of Letters, and to hear the Rev. Wayland Howland on the Cathedrals of Europe, this last illustrated by the stereopticon.

Bainbridge contemplated her awhile, at the Shakespearean reading, from his vantage-ground in the rear, and went away without having made his own presence known. How attractive it was in her, he thought, to sink the consciousness of her personal comeliness,—which so many other young women would have depended upon as sufficient for a career in itself,—and endeavor so ambitiously to fill her pretty head with mental furniture! It *was* a pretty head. The hair, drawn upward, except a tendril or two which escaped, grew delightfully upon the delicate nape of her neck. One smooth cheek was muffled by the

satin bow of her bonnet, tied at the side. The other, with long, dark eyelashes projecting above it, showed its rounded profile, now more, now less, as she turned.

The next meeting of the pair was at an afternoon reception, or four-o'clock tea. They were by the corner of a door-way and each held and tasted in a dilettante way a cup of the beverage which gave the entertainment its name. Bainbridge managed at the same time to keep his hat and stick under his arm. The rooms were full of a chattering audience, chiefly ladies, in elegant street toilettes. These drove from one to another of a number of similar receptions, all in progress at the same time, with card-cases in their hands, and remained but a few moments at each.

"I saw you at Chickering Hall," said Bainbridge. "You are always giving yourself infinite pains about some learned thing or other. You could afford to go in a little more for 'a good time.' You know more now than any dozen other New York girls put together."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Otilie, scandalized. "Very well; if you call it learned to go to a panorama, or an innocent little Shakespearean reading, what will you say if I begin to talk Herbert Spencer and Mill, and Tait's researches into the original atoms of matter to you?"

"I shall say, don't do it!"

"They are in the shape of rings, always in motion, as if contending with one another."

"The researches, or the atoms? Well," in response to an indignant frown, "let primordial atoms delight to bark and bite, if 't is their nature to; but that is no reason why we should."

"At any rate, persons who have everything to gain and nothing to lose ought to be ambitious, and learn all they can, do you not think so?" Otilie insisted. "Besides, I shall never know

enough to hurt me. Do you know, I think I should like to be a professor, — always learning something important, and arousing an interest in it in others.”

“You take a roseate view of professors. There are a good many of a different sort. They are too often chosen from the class of learners by rote, who never have known and never will know what a genuine enthusiasm for scholarship is. That kind, by their dreary way of instruction, but stifle the germs of it in those confided to their care.”

“A professor, after all, is only one of the tools, a part of the machinery. One would rather be a finished specimen of the product.”

It happened that this particular four-o'clock tea was of a more elaborate sort than usual. The people by whom it was given were spoken of as in an upper grade of “strugglers.” They still thought it desirable to commend themselves to favor by a lavish expenditure of money, which would not be so necessary later. The floral display was commented upon with an admiration thinly veiling contempt, by those who would not have imitated it. Flowers adorned the banisters from top to bottom, and were set about in forms of monstrous tea-kettles, temples, swans, and ships, on the piano and other pieces of furniture. Pretty children, costumed as flower-girls, presented each guest at his entrance a choice nosegay. A flower-wreathed silver fountain sprayed into the air, instead of water, a delicate perfumery.

“Do you know that this is not orthodox talk for a four-o'clock tea?” said Otilie. “You distract one from looking about. You should merely tell me how very difficult it is for men to attend affairs of this kind, and how surprised you are at finding yourself here. You should say that men have not the gift of small talk, you know; and, if you are inclined to be humorous, that it is

really very dreadful to find one's self in such a minority among an assembly of the fair sex. I should remark that it is said to make a fatal difference in a cup of tea whether the milk or the sugar be put in first. ‘Yes,’ you should reply; and you should state further that it is said that if a cup of tea be not perfect at the first mixing, no alteration can make it so. Meanwhile, we should both be staring about the room, thinking whom we would like to join, or have join us, next.”

“So you are spoiled by luxury?” Bainbridge inquired, going back to a former subject.

“I suppose I am. Still, I don't know. I want to see a specimen of everything; then I shall decide which I like best. It may not be this fashionable life, after all. It is a decadence, I fear. These stories that go about of the flirtations of married men with young girls, and of men with other men's wives, — I do not believe them, of course; but it shows that something is wrong that they can get the currency they have.”

This was a line of subjects, however, that could be more freely discussed with Mrs. Clef, for instance.

“What I should really like to see,” Otilie went on, her face brightening, “is literary society. I should like to meet the people whose names you see in the papers, authors, artists, people who discuss things that are really worth while, and come to some conclusion about them. The bright ones in this fashionable society say sparkling, audacious, amusing things, but that is all. Nothing is advanced, nothing settled.”

“They would be glad to have a niece of Rodman Harvey at any of the places where the kind of people you speak of assemble. I can drop Mr. Stoneglass a hint, down town. I know his wife will be pleased to send you an invitation, when her receptions begin.”

“Really? Oh, I thought it would be

very difficult to accomplish that. I supposed that my aunt, not being literary in any way, was not eligible. I had never dared to aspire to it."

"You will meet people whose names you see in the papers, but you will find very little settled, my poor child, even there. This is not a world, in fact, where much is settled. Then there are writers from whom one has expected a great deal, who are found to have told in their books all they know, and perhaps even more. You get nothing further out of them. Still, it may be that, having entertained us in print, they consider it their privilege to be as dull as they please out of it."

"But what will they think of *me*?" said Otilie, shrinking diffidently from the idea now that it seemed unexpectedly feasible.

"The only condition of comfort is to consider what you think of people, not what they think of you. I dare say, however, you will not be frightened. They let me in. To tell the truth, literary lions of the first magnitude do not abound in New York. The best of them do not always turn out either, and when they do they roar but gently. The field is left a good deal to the minor lights. I fear you will be disappointed."

"Oh, no, I shall not. Anything in the shape of a live author! I recollect making a pilgrimage, once, to get the autograph of a lady writer in our neighborhood, about as good as Mrs. Anne Arundel Clum. We high-school girls of fifteen used to think she was wonderful. If she had been Sappho, or Madame de Staël, she could not have received us with a greater dignity."

"Yes, Mrs. Stoneglass, on the whole, will be the best for you," said Bainbridge, as if having reflected on the several places available. "Stoneglass has dined with your uncle, you say, and that will make it pleasanter. He edits the *Meteor*, and his wife writes the bright Fanny Copperplate letters in that and

other papers. She is better known than he, though his work is so much more substantial. When his rivals wish to be malicious, they speak of him as Mr. Fanny Copperplate Stoneglass. The entertainers are usually persons who themselves dabble, in a minor way, in letters. The right one to hold a *salon* of the traditional sort has hardly yet arisen. She should be appreciative and intelligent, of easy and friendly manners, and be surrounded by a certain degree of luxury. She should not bore people with a small literary vanity of her own, nor have axes to grind."

"When will Mrs. Stoneglass' receptions begin?"

"Some little time from now. I will let you know. They will probably be held Sunday nights, as usual."

"Oh! Sunday nights? We'll" — said Otilie, hesitatingly.

"Yes; another of our imported customs. Sunday afternoons and evenings are coming into favor for a great deal of quiet sociability. Actors are free on Sunday evening, for one thing. You may see some leading actors at Mrs. Stoneglass'."

Otilie fell to reviewing the fitness of her equipment for meeting this formidable company.

"I read so little now, compared with what I used," she said; "I do not keep up at all. I am quite ashamed of myself."

"I, too, read almost nothing of late. It may be that as life becomes more interesting, books grow less so," said Bainbridge. "Perhaps we shall read again later on, to contrast our own experiences with those of fiction. I have had the last new novel of Blank's, of which people are talking, lying in my room for a fortnight, and have not touched it. I hear it has a legal plot. I wish I knew what it was without the trouble of perusing it."

"Send it around to me; I will read it for you," volunteered Otilie.

"Take care! It is too tempting an offer. I may hold you to it."

"I am not at all afraid."

He sent it around to her, in fact. At another meeting, not long after, she had ready and gave him a concise account of the story in a way which would hardly have done discredit to the best narrative powers of Angelica, or Madame Batignolles-Clichy herself.

"Do you know, it was very nice of you to do that," said Bainbridge, holding her hand a moment longer than necessary, it seemed, as she gave it to him for good-by.

"Was it? Well, I am glad you appreciate it."

She looked up brightly at him; but somehow her face flushed under his warm glance, and her eyes fell again. He hesitated over her hand, but dropped it without saying anything further.

Ottilie permitted herself reveries and speculations on the basis of the jealousy to which Bainbridge had confessed. It was the wildest of suppositions, of course. It would have meant that their association had not been platonic, after all, but nothing was more firmly established. But supposing now, as a mere hypothesis, that he could really like her in another way, he was about the *kind* of a person one would naturally like to marry. His looks pleased her; she admitted it. He was manly-looking, of rather a distinguished air; people would be apt to notice him in a crowd, she thought.

"They say very nice things of him, too, in contradiction of his own account of himself," she went on. "Judge Chippendale praises his legal acquirements, and also his personal courage in the affair with the shanty tenants. You never get a word out of *him*, though, on the subject. He is more serious than he used to be, too, — almost reasonable enough now for anybody. I knew that he never believed in his own wild theories. It was only his way of talking.

How well we have got on together! How sympathetic and appreciative he is with me, and sympathy has been by no means common! We have not seemed to tire each other; at least I hope I have not tired him. Whether we agree or disagree, our discussions are equally charming."

She would have liked to do something very warm and affectionate for him, — as for a dear brother. Once when she had sat down to write letters home, she scribbled almost inadvertently upon bits of paper, —

*Mr. R. Bainbridge. . . Mrs. Russell.
. . . Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge. . .
Mrs. Ottilie Bain—*

But at this point she exclaimed, "Ridiculous!" tore up the paper hastily, and looked over her shoulder in blushing alarm, lest by any chance she might have been observed.

"He to marry a poor girl," she went on, "with his tastes, his needs, his ambitions! If such a one had any conscience she would refuse to become a burden upon him, even if he were so foolish as to ask her. He should have the best wife in the world. He must have one who will be an advantage to him, — aid him to rise, not draw him back."

These were possibly far-fetched considerations and scruples, but such as they are, they were those of Ottilie Harvey.

Ottilie was sometimes taken to her aunt's box at the opera. Bainbridge, whose passion and relaxation were music, went also, in a more modest way. He could see that the same class of fashionable men fluttered about the Harvey box, probably by force of habit, as when Angelica had been there. One night, of a number, he sat with his eyes fixed upon Ottilie's slight figure, at a distance. The love passages on the stage were of unusual tenderness. He heard in the melodies the supplication, the pathos, of his own affection. He went, after the act, to pay his respects at the box. The opera-going men of unexceptionable

form were there. Mrs. Rodman Harvey was saying to one of them, in a tone of wearied criticism, —

“We have no more voices. Grisi and Malibran were the last of the giants. The light style of singing is destroying us.”

Bainbridge found that it was Mr. Northfleet, of the Empire Club, who was bending over Otilie. “The German music is more bracing and tonic,” he overheard him say, with an elaborate, languishing air, — a manner that had won him success with others of the fair sex before now, — “the Italian sweeter, cloying, if you will. But give me the sensuous Italian music, after all! There are times when it draws you out of yourself; fills you with vague, ineffable longings.”

“Like going through Tiffany’s in the holiday season,” returned Otilie, with her luminous smile. “Yes, I have felt that way, too.”

Thus she parried the sentimentality of these persons, and seemed to stand less in awe of them than formerly. But there were too many of these men. Although no aspirant so flagrant as he had taken Kingbolt to be appeared in the field, Bainbridge no longer knew whom not to dread, whom not to be jealous of.

One memorable afternoon he was passing through the street in which the Hastings family resided. It abutted at the Avenue upon the massive Egyptian reservoir. The shadows had already begun to climb the opposite row of houses. He walked on the shaded side, but was presently sensible of light being flashed in his eyes from across the way. Looking over, he saw that it was the mischievous little Hastings children who were playing him this trick with a mirror from an upper window. They replied to an admonitory forefinger with laughing shrieks and a pretended hiding of their heads. Otilie Harvey appeared in some confusion behind them.

“I have been looking after them for

an hour or two,” she explained to Bainbridge, holding parley down to him, “while my friend Mrs. Hastings has gone after her new nurse-maid. You will not think much of my discipline.”

At the instant Mrs. Hastings herself rolled up. “Are you planning an elopement, or is it only a serenade?” she asked gayly, alighting from her *coupé*. “Well, come in! I will help you. Perhaps we have a rope-ladder in the house. You must stay to dinner,” she insisted hospitably. “We need somebody to carve. Mr. Hastings is detained down town, and will not be at home.”

Bainbridge, not unwillingly persuaded, entered the house with her. Otilie brought the children down to the parlor, and made many apologies for their bad behavior. They were a boy and a girl, charming in their dainty attire; a little over-boisterous and spoiled, but lovely in physical aspect to the height of the ideal.

At the dinner-table, Bainbridge, in Mr. Hastings’ place, had quite the air of a man of family. A parrot, kept on a stand at one side of the room, was loosed from his large tin cage, at dessert, and practiced a feat of coming and getting a grape or two and a bit of sugar from his mistress’ hand. He vouchsafed, with his cold air, to come also to Otilie. She had for this pet, as for most others, an abundant stock of affectionate murmurings and cooings. There was some talk on matters of cookery between her and the hostess; not of the epicure’s sort, but such as good housewives indulge in who have masculine tastes to look after, and feel a due sense of the responsibility. Mysterious formulas of “two of flour, one of saleratus, and one of sugar,” were mentioned. Otilie said,

“I always make my salad dressings with cream as well as oil.”

Mrs. Hastings was busy, it appeared, with inducting the new nurse-maid into the duties of her office, for a considerable time after dinner, and our two

young people were left much alone together. Otilie sat down at the piano, and played a little, ever and anon turning back to talk.

"I have been this morning to Harvey's Terrace," she said, among other things, "and have heard of a case which distresses me. The elderly school-teacher, Miss Finley, who went away to live with the pretty one, her friend, who was married from there, has come back in a pitiable condition. It seems that she let Mr. Cutter, the young man her friend married, have her money — all her savings of years — to invest, and she cannot get it back. Neither can she get any interest on it. The young man has put it in as a special deposit in some company where he is employed, and probably lost it. At least, it looks so much like it that the poor girl, cannot eat nor sleep. She may lose her place in the schools, unless something is done; for of course a person so distracted is not fit to teach."

"A sad case, indeed," commented Bainbridge, reflecting quite as much on the good heart and charitable energy of her who recited it to him.

"I want to try to get my uncle to do something. I shall mention it to him the next time he comes on from Washington. The young man was formerly in his store. Perhaps he can force him or his employer, in some way, to restitution."

The traits of the Hastings infants, in another turn of the conversation, became the starting-point for an exchange of sagacious views on education. Bainbridge alleged that the method of training of most people, his own at any rate, was wholly indefensible.

"What is wanted," he said, "is a scheme of education based upon the scheme of an international exhibition. First, the primary materials of the universe; then the forces of nature; then the forces as utilized by machinery; then the products of the machinery;

then man in his history, manners and customs, governments, and fine arts. The chimera of study for the mere sake of mental discipline should be discarded; something of real interest should be learned at the same time. The elements of the various branches of human knowledge should be reduced to their lowest terms, and given to the child at a very early age. In infancy one thing is about as easy as another. At that flexible time of life everything is possible. The child should be put in possession of all his physical powers, too. He should make the most of his arms, legs, eyes, and his voice. Indistinctness of speech, for one thing, should not be tolerated; neither should awkwardness of carriage. With proper management, the eye might be trained so that drawing would be as easy as writing. It should be a mere matter of choice whether a memorandum were made with a picture or a paragraph."

"Oh, indeed?" said Otilie.

"Yes," the theorist went on; "the child should learn geology, botany, and natural history, and get also an idea of the artistic beauty in common forms and lights and shadows, which occur everywhere. With all this, he would have something for his walks abroad. He would be kept from the mischief traditionally waiting for idle hands and vacaut minds."

"But with all that," said Otilie, "you would hurry your infant into an early grave. Good health is of much more importance."

"But I *say* good health," protested the young man. "I *say* physical exercise, the more the better. And only the broad, simple features of the sciences to be given."

"That is all very well for Julius Cæsars and Napoleons and Admirable Crichtons, who can do fifty different things at once, but you will kill the child," insisted Otilie perversely.

There was a certain penetrating feel-

ing of domesticity in their situation, and the interior where they were. By a little stretch of the imagination, it might have been fancied that it was they who were at home, and Mrs. Hastings their guest. They commented with favor on the small house, abounding with many evidences of a refined taste, and on the enviable lot of the Hastings family generally.

"But I thought you cared for nothing on so modest a scale," said Ottilie; "though an establishment like this is expensive enough, goodness knows. I recollect your scoffing at the idea of anything less for a residence than the Custom House, or Saint Peter's at Rome."

But nothing was more to Bainbridge's taste at this time than notable details of economy, accounts of cheap rents, of persons who made much of very slender incomes, and the like.

"I suppose persons might do with less if they really loved each other," he said.

"If they really loved each other," said Ottilie, in a dreamy voice, and with half-averted head, "perhaps they would think very little of their circumstances. Nothing that they could do, no surrounding of their lives, could seem very tame or common."

Bainbridge was standing by her at the piano, ostensibly for the purpose of turning over her music. His heart throbbed so, upon this, that he thought she could hear it. "I must speak. I will," he said to himself. He walked hastily to a small table near the centre of the room, to collect his ideas. The evening paper, carelessly thrown down, lay upon this table. His eye fell upon a line of it as he stood, which projected with a startling distinctness.

There had been a flurry in Wall Street. Devious Air Line had fallen five per cent. He took his hat, and left the house.

The next day the flurry in Wall Street continued. The omen for which he had

been waiting declared itself. His pitiful "margin" was wiped out, and he was left besides a debtor for the sum he had borrowed.

"Better luck next time!" his broker cried to him, cheerfully, as he hurried away from the conclusion of the transaction with a face expressing deep despair. It was so marked that Judge Chippendale, meeting him, noticed it, and had the story from him, in the first unguarded moments of his agitation. "Nothing wonderful about that," said the judge, with but a scant sympathy. "It is on just such persons as you that Wall Street lives. Better have the experience now, while you are young, than later. It will be money in your pocket, in the end. If you had succeeded, you would only have come to the same result later in life, when you could not have stood it as well."

So they could afford to talk to him, they who had not lost, they who knew nothing of his hopes, nothing of what the disappointments of his past life had been. He rushed up to his office, to be alone. Ah, yes, he was young. He set to work to eradicate this idle passion of love from his heart. As a philosopher and man of experience, he knew that it could be done. He knew that its growth is a matter of proximity, habit, repetition of charming impressions, and that it could be diminished, and made to disappear, by abstinence from all the kind of impressions upon which it had been fed. No doubt the requisite period of time could be definitely calculated. He had acquired earlier a very dreary kind of knowledge: namely, that it is possible to forget. He thought he knew already that men may survive, in a certain caloused way, the keenest of agitations, till these pass away, and become as a dream; and that happiness is not necessarily put down in the programmes of all of us, desperately though we may strive and agonize for it.

He determined to go upon a journey.

As he was shutting up his office, Mr. Fletcher St. Hill, who had moved nearer to his vicinity of late, accosted him.

"Oh, by the way," said St. Hill, "I dare say you can tell me where to find a person by the name of Gammage; a respectable old gentleman, you know, who formerly did some light work for me. If I knew of his whereabouts now, I think I could give him quite a job of copying."

"He is not in the city. He is up in the country somewhere."

"I should not mind paying his expenses to town, if you could find him," said the inquirer, with an eagerness not wholly suppressed.

"I really cannot help you. I do not know where he is," responded Bainbridge, coldly.

This was, in fact, true. The person with whom Gammage had last lodged, when among the farmers of Westchester, had brought to Bainbridge a rather favorable account of the old clerk's doings while there, and reported that he had taken a small agency of some kind, and disappeared from view. He had gone back into the remote interior, this informant said, a considerable remove from the lines of railroad, and had not returned.

Some little time after this, on his return from his journey, our young attorney saw Gammage advertised for in a "personal," over the office address, and apparently the initials, of Sprowle Onderdonk. As neither St. Hill nor Onderdonk would be likely to want the broken-down teller of the Antarctic Bank for his own merits, Bainbridge could but suspect some purpose to annoy Rodman Harvey by means of him. They were moving, then, in that matter? He was very sorry, not for Rodman Harvey's sake, but for Otilie's, though trying so hard to forget her. Nothing was to be done, however. He only trusted

that Gammage had retired so far as to be permanently beyond their reach.

Bainbridge's journey was into Central Pennsylvania, where he prosecuted in person some collections confided to his care. On his way back he fell in with Miss Emily Rawson. She was on the same train, and they traveled a considerable part of the day together. This led to a renewal of their intimacy, and a certain renewal of her influence over him. He wanted distraction. As well that she could furnish, he said, as any other! He was not likely, at any rate, to meet Otilie there. His steps almost drew him perforce, when he set out on his walks, in the direction of poor Otilie, now again cruelly neglected, but he resisted the impulse strenuously.

The sympathy of Emily Rawson, although she could have had at present but a dim idea of what she was sympathizing with, was grateful. She had him "smoke to her" again, and play his violin in accompaniment to her piano. How they philosophized now, more than ever, on the elusiveness of happiness, the unsatisfactoriness of life! Why could he not like her? he asked himself. She was made to be liked. She was womanly, accomplished, tender, restful. Her experience gave her an added charm. He could find no fault in her but that of liking him a little too well.

One evening, at the piano, without any ostensible cause, she let her head fall upon her hands, and wept. Bainbridge tried to soothe her. He asked, solicitously, "Oh, why? What does it mean?" She replied that it was but a nervous mood, and meant nothing. Weakened, unstrung by a purely physical sympathy with unhappiness akin to his own, he had well-nigh offered himself to her, — though not for one moment forgetting Otilie, — and added thus a new feature to his complications.

William Henry Bishop.

THE NATION OF THE WILLOWS.

II.

THE HOME OF THE NATION.

MORE than three hundred years ago, one of Coronado's lieutenants, at the head of a little band of soldiers, crossed, to the northward, the deserts beyond the province of Tusayan, and after many days came to the brink of a tremendous chasm, which the modern explorations of Major Powell have shown to be, in some places, more than a mile in depth. These Spanish adventurers were worn out with exertion, famished for want of water, and foot-sore, as nearly all of their animals had perished. They paused upon the brink, unable to descend, unable to slake their burning thirst in the waters of the river, which, as they described it, "though grand, looked like a thread of silver, so deep down was it." This river they named El Rio Tizon, but afterward it was called the Rio Colorado Grande, a name which it still retains.

The Nation of the Willows make their home in one of the side cañons of this great river, near the middle of the western half of the Grand Colorado Plateau, in the gorge of Cataract Creek, a natural cellar (if we may be permitted the comparison), half a mile in depth. That portion in which their village stands is only seven miles due south from the Grand Cañon, and about one hundred and fifteen, as the crow flies, north from Prescott, Arizona. A glance at any good map will convince the unversed reader that Cataract Creek Cañon is almost in the centre of an immense desert, — desert only because of the absence of perennial water, but covered by a grand growth of pines, piñons, cedars, and junipers, and by flowering plants and luxuriant grasses of many

varieties. Upon this strange desert, some sixty-six hundred feet above the level of the sea, considerable rain falls during latter July, August, and September; and with the end of November heavy frosts begin and snows ensue, occurring with greater or less frequency and severity of cold throughout the larger part of the winter. During the latter season, these vast plains, undulations, and forest mesas are filled with game of the nobler sort, such as deer, elk, antelope, and bear; followed by the constant coyote and fox, "the herds and herders of the Ha-va-su-pai," as the Zuñis say. Quite different is the Cataract Cañon itself, situated only thirty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, the occupied portion of which is more than three thousand feet below the surrounding desert, — a veritable perennial oasis, with almost subtropical climate and luxuriance of vegetation, with a clear, cold, never-failing, impetuous stream cleaving its way through the little plain at the bottom of the cañon, the waters of which are strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime. The atmosphere is as moist, warm, and temperate as that of the surrounding waste is arid and extreme. Frosts rarely and snows never visit its little plains, and even the quietest pools along the rushing little river are never fettered by ice. The agave, or century-plant, which nowhere appears on the surrounding plains, reaches almost giant proportions in its valleys, furnishing the material for the mescal, or *ak-na*, so abundantly prepared by the Ha-va-su-pai, and so well known among the more southern tribes of the territory and of Old Mexico. Apricots ripen in June, peaches in July; corn is gathered and eaten during both months, and again planted, to ripen during September and

October. Quail and smaller birds, rabbits, squirrels, and a few burrowers constitute the sparse fauna, although along its unscaled cliffs still wanders the big-horn, or *Ovis montana*. No fish or aquatic animals, save the Gila monster and a few lizards, appear. Luxuriant vines and shrubbery; willows, cottonwoods; flags, tules, and other aquatic plants, with a marked absence of grasses, save a kind of cane along the river, and of flowering plants, with here and there the amole, or Spanish bayonet, and agave, — these make up the richly growing but unvaried flora.

Only two trails descend this cañon: the one from the southeast, — by which we entered, — with a southern branch, over which the cavalry had passed; the second from the southwest, winding and climbing through a maze of side cañons, a wonderful example of Indian engineering skill, unsurpassed in grandeur, difficulties, or dangers. The passage of either of these trails, especially of the latter, requires the greater part of the day. From the entrance at the head of the little side cañon, tending down from the southeastward, through which the first-described trail leads, forty turns are made, each one leading further downward, and revealing entirely new views of the indescribably grand and beautiful rock scenery. During all this passage of more than twenty miles, scarcely a place is encountered that a stone's-throw or an arrow-flight would not span, notwithstanding the depth gradually increases to three thousand feet. In some places the rocks overhang the traveler's head on either side, leaving only a narrow strip of sky, while at others the opening assumes a funnel shape: the gray lime sandstone, which forms the upper half of the rock walls, gradually slopes back a quarter of a mile, where it suddenly ascends in a rugged series of promontories, buttes, and cliffs; the red sandstone, which forms the immediate cañon-border, more obdurate, re-

tains its primitive narrowness and angular beauty, only here and there worn by the blasts of rain and wind and sand. These features are characteristic until the last turn reveals a bending plain, in no place exceeding half a mile in width, formed by the junction of the lesser southwestern cañon with the main southeastern, and reinforced by the wearing of the emerging river for ages, — and this is the sandy, loamy plain where the Ha-va-su-pai or Kuhní kwe dwell, and the groves of cottonwood and willows grow. Below the little village, which numbers about thirty-five huts, are four beautiful cataracts, from which the stream derives its American name. The first two are inconsiderable, although beautiful, sheltered as they are by thrifty, irregular growths of cottonwood and willow, the forms of which are reflected, and torn into a thousand fragments of green and silver, by the rippling, boiling, surging, rushing waters. The geologic history of these two is repeated in a third and grander fall, a mile or two below the head of the village. Huge rocks have tumbled down to the very water's edge from the cliffs on either side, which here almost meet each other, leaving only a broken path on the eastern bank, difficult for the passage even of foot travelers. The unaided waters have built for their own adornment a horseshoe-shaped, overhanging dam of carbonate of lime, three hundred feet in height, filling in the basin above, to the very surface of the pool, with a confused jumble of petrified trees, mosses, ferns, flags, and what not, preserving only one deep, narrow, serene channel through the middle. And from their stony, dead ancestry spring ever fresh trees, mosses, ferns and flags; their rootlets and dead leaves continually changing to stone, their branches shooting upward to form a network so green and massive that it hides the waters which are at once their life and destruction. Over the top and very

edge of this rock-wall springs a dense grove of cottonwoods and willows, with branches so abundant and green and high that they challenge the blue, cloudless sky, which only here and there peeps through them into the waters. The whole Kuhni River spouts forth in a mass of snow and crystal blue from out this marvelous verdure, sprinkling the leaves with its spray in its downward course, — leaves which reveal only now and then the red and yellow of the rock-wall to which they cling. It flattens itself, splits, midway down, on a huge stalagmite of its own making, and sinks into the vast green pool at the bottom, one mass of spray and foam and mist. It is useless to try to paint these falls, with their crown of perennial verdure, their three hundred feet of crystal glory, their footstools of eternal, circling rainbows, which sink far into the clear green depths of the fathomless pools, or rise on the clouds of mist, and turn to ashes and lime on the leaves of the trees around them. You descend a series of niches cut into the vertical rock-wall, and, after slipping and grappling, and covering yourself with lime, skinning your shins and nose, and meditating for a moment on eternity, you find yourself at the bottom. A huge side-cañon comes in from the right, and, joining the main one, widens your view. But what care you for sky and clouds? Are you not face to face with a fairy grotto under the falls, white as snow and streaked with red and yellow? Are you not among the rainbows, even holding your breath to count the glories around you?

You turn your face from all this, cross the stream on a crust of lime bridging it below the pool, climb a great mound of fallen rocks under the shadow of thick, lime-frosted trees, and make your way with difficulty along the deep, narrow, almost straight, but impetuous channel of the river, through a low, tangled forest, for a mile or two, when you

come to an opening, and hear the deep roar of another waterfall, the thunders of which echo eternally up and down the narrow, dark cañon. You are surrounded by heaps of ashes, charred bones, beads, muskets, bowls, shells, and other savage possessions, some of them on the bare rocks, others on the thin, sandy soil; for this is the cremating ground of those among the Nation of the Willows who meet their death by accident, and these are their funeral pyres. You step a few rods beyond, and find yourself upon the brink of a precipice of four hundred feet, over which, to the right, plunges in an unbroken spout or sheet the whole river, striking the basin below with deafening thunder, and sending clouds of spray far into the dark, green chasm below. I cannot attempt to describe this waterfall. It is formed like the preceding one, but, while not so beautiful, is wonderfully grand. It is named by the Indians "Mother of the Waters;" and by prospectors "Mooney Fall," because an adventurer of that name, in attempting to descend the precipice hand under hand on a rope, became giddy, and fell upon the rocks below, where now his bones, ever washed and whitened by the limy mists, give to the Ha-va-su-pai a warning of the forbidden pass to the "home of the mother of the waters;" for he believes that the spirits of his ancestors sometimes float up and down amid the mists and rainbows, or that animistic demons lurk in the green, shadowy depths of the chasm.

The nearest neighbors of the Ha-va-su-pai are the Hua-la-pai, who roam over the great plains west of the cañon, and the Pai Utes, to the north of the cañon of the Colorado Grande, who, although only a few miles away, are separated from them by the Grand Cañon, and can reach them only by going far to the southwest, crossing the Colorado, and passing through the territory of the Hua-la-pai. On the south,

their immediate neighbors were, before their removal to the San Carlos agencies, the Apache Mojaves and Apache Yumas. Both, in common with the Hua-la-pai, their relatives by blood and tongue, were formerly their inveterate enemies. The Hua-la-pai now remain nominally neutral, although occasionally aggressive and thieving. Further to the north were the Utes; to the west, the Cheme-huevas; to the southwest, the Mojaves, Pimas, Maricopas, and Coco Maricopas; to the south, the White Mountain Apaches. These were the only tribes they knew, with the exception of their distant eastern neighbors, the Moquis and Zuñis, and the still more distant Navajos and Pueblos of the Rio Grande. Separated from the Ha-va-su-pai by the terrible waterless wastes I have described, the Moquis and Zuñis have nevertheless been their constant visitors for generations. Doubtless, the latter guided Coronado's lieutenant to the great cañon, which turned him southward to new sufferings and discoveries. Certain it is that the Ha-va-su-pai have been vaguely spoken of by the name of the Coconinos by the Spaniards, and their descendants the Mexicans.

It was not until the expeditions of Captain Sitgreaves and Lieutenant Ives were undertaken, some thirty years ago, that anything came to be definitely known of the Coconinos. Sitgreaves tells of the theft of some mules from his party by a band of "Cosninos;" and a daring doctor of the Ives expedition, almost famished for want of water, records how he nearly lost his life in attempting to descend a ladder, on the western trail, which, breaking, precipitated him several feet upon a rock-shelf, whence he was drawn up by his companions with a rope improvised from the straps of their packs. He saw, far below, some Indians, he says, and smoke from their huts. But the first white man who tells us anything of their actual home lives only as the nameless char-

acter of a frontier and Indian tradition; a strange adventurer he, who, possibly in search of mineral treasure, was driving about the Colorado Plateau in a buckboard, the remains of which may yet be seen, it is said, at the head of the eastern trail. Lost and nearly exhausted, he sought water and refuge in the cañon, and came upon the Ha-va-su-pai village; he narrowly escaped with his life, to tell his tale only to incredulous frontiersmen, and then to pass out of knowledge.

Some six or seven years ago, a party of prospectors, three in number, headed by the adventuresome Mooney, penetrated the cañon, in search of mineral. Mooney's survivors, unable to reach his body, returned to Prescott to tell the story, not only of their comrade's death, but also of the mineral riches they had discovered, and of the strange people, whom they called "Su-pais," that they had seen. An article in the Arizona Miner, narrating these things, caused other visits of prospectors to this country. The Mormons attracted by their characteristic zeal for the conversion of Indians, made an expedition to the cañon, under the leadership of the celebrated Lee. The Indians received the little band of Saints suspiciously, and listened gravely to their preaching; then, rising, escorted them to the trail leading out of the cañon, and directed them on their way, but assured them that their visit might be repeated only under penalty of death.

The attention of General O. B. Wilcox, commander of the Department of Arizona, having been drawn to the Ha-va-su-pai by the reports of prospectors and others, he feared disturbance for their lands, as well as for the safety of citizens visiting them; and, with characteristic kindness, he secured for them in 1880 the declaration of a reservation. He organized a cavalry expedition to survey this reservation during the season of my visit. This, under command of

Colonel Price, of the sixth cavalry, accompanied by Lieutenant Carl F. Palfrey, Corps of Engineers, and Major Elliot Coues, surgeon and naturalist, preceded me by only six or seven days. The commanding officer made a brief report to the Department; Lieutenant Palfrey, unable to surmount the difficulties of surveying, sent an admirable map of the cañon, with some suggestions, to the Indian Office; and Dr. Coues furnished a brief description of his visit and of the people to various Eastern papers. These accounts, based upon an actual visit of only a few hours, are short and imperfect, but they are all that have thus far ever been given to the world concerning the home of the Nation of the Willows.

Having heard, during the winter of 1880, from the Zuñis — of which nation I am a member — of a people so remarkable, whom they regarded as their younger brothers, it was with a mingled desire for adventure, priority of description, and to supplement my Zuñi investigations that I undertook, after invitation from that distant country-folk, the long journey I have recorded; and, with the freedom of intercourse which resulted from my position with the Zuñis and Moquis, as well as the advantages of having, as interpreter, Pu-la-ká-kai, — whose language I spoke readily, — I was able to learn many things which would otherwise have remained, perhaps, unknown, and which I shall attempt quite fully, though concisely, to record.

In perfection of muscular physique, the Ha-va-su-pai men approach the Caucasian race more nearly than the majority of North American Indians. They are, however, below the average stature, rather broad shouldered and full chested, with long and strong arms, and small hands hardened and short-nailed from work. Their backs are broad and straight, and waists small, corpulency being unknown or very rare with the sex. Their hams, thighs, and legs are

small, though admirably formed, with noticeably large knee-joints, which, being more developed inside than out, almost touch in walking. The feet are small and well-shaped, but are very large-jointed in the old. Hair is permitted to grow, as with white people, about the chest and armpits, and sometimes a slight mustache is cultivated by the young, while a considerable tendency to beard is frequent with old men. The eyebrows are not marked; but the hair of the head is long, soft, abundant, and a beautiful glossy raven or brown-black. With boys it is kept closely cut, with the exception of a very small tuft at the crown, five to seven inches in length, looking not unlike the plume of the California quail, which I believe it imitates. Their features correspond so nearly to those of the Pueblo Indians, especially the Zuñi, as to make the resemblance in some cases personal, the greatest variety of expression being seen. The heads are short and round, or brachycephalic; foreheads very low and sloping, the supraorbital arch being notably prominent; faces broad at cheekbones, which, though really quite flat, appear prominent. A rather constant type of face among them is, in common with the Amazonian, decidedly Mongolian. Their noses are straight or slightly aquiline, rather broad, with somewhat heavy nostrils; their eyes small, bright when good, and very prominent in the sockets. They are not, however, generally as good as those of the plains Indians, cases of partial and total blindness being common, due, probably, to the glaring rock-walls and whitish sandy bottom of their cañon. The ears are well shaped and small; the mouths are large, with only moderately thin lips, the upper generally slightly overhanging the lower. The chin recedes slightly, and the face is well marked with deep wrinkles, especially between the eyebrows and around the eyes; deep lines extend from the nostrils to the corners of the

mouth, round which they slightly curve. The necks are short, though well developed.

The women are shorter than the men, with thicker, bushier, coarser hair; broader, flatter faces, inclined to roundness; mouths and eyes larger, though the latter are less prominent; shoulders and thighs very broad; breasts rather flat and with enormously long mammae; arms and legs admirably formed, with small, shapely hands and feet. Stoutness and corpulency are common with them, and in walking they spread the legs very far apart, which gives them an awkward and curious appearance *en route*. Both men and women are rather light complexioned, although the women are lighter, and at the same time dirtier, than the men. Among the children, the two sexes appear less different from each other, both resembling the women, except that their extremities are poorly developed.

The Ha-va-su-pai are very merry and somewhat vivacious, most affectionate to children and pets, and very hospitable to strangers, although excessively suspicious of them and timid, until entirely assured of their peaceful intentions, when they become communicative and familiar; even the children approaching them, and never crying, as is the case with most other Indian children, if they are themselves approached. They are of a very peaceable disposition, never quarreling among themselves, save with their tongues, and then only to resent a supposed wrong. They are nevertheless passionate, although able to control themselves admirably under heat. When angry they talk excessively, and when beaten or discouraged in a quarrel, smother their wrath either in sulky silence or extremely politic bearing toward the offensive party. Wonderfully fearful and distrustful by nature, they are also long-suffering, although determined and emotionless in dealing revenge or death to their enemies. They

never chastise children, although, like them, they are fitfully very cruel or kind to pets and domesticated animals. The men, who constantly crowded about my host's hut, were incessantly chattering and laughing, even when the gravest subjects were approached or discussed. The women are by education less vivacious than the men. While paying no attention to pets, they are as affectionate toward children as are the men. They shrink from strangers, rarely, if ever, join in conversation, and preserve a modest bearing, not so much from nature as through fear of censure from the men. They are patient and industrious in the extreme, and while at work are inclined to chat in a sort of monotone with one another. During the absence of the men, they are more disposed to be communicative with strangers, seemingly, not sharing their suspicions of them. The women are not as passionate as the men, although easily moved to tears.

The men are very inquisitive, curious to know about other nations, although not much impressed by things beyond their own comprehension, and unable readily to receive complex ideas. They are humorous and quite witty, delighting in repartee, hoaxing, and jokes; and look in a facetious rather than a critical light upon the awkwardness or discomfiture, even though serious, of others. They laughed and chatted and joked for hours about the death of one of our horses, and the predicament it left us in. The animal, weak after its terrible passage of the deserts, had staggered into the river and drowned. Most spirited and laughable pictures were drawn of our probable sufferings and tears, when returning without the horse; but they said we ought to be comforted in our loss, even with the prospect of famine or exhaustion, when we reflected that it was a great gain to themselves; furnishing them plenty of fresh meat, and cheapening wonderfully the contents of at least one pack. Their perceptive faculties

are good, especially relative to simple ideas and actions, or to the ludicrous. They are capable of connecting words with any new idea which they comprehend, and are the most remarkably imitative human beings I ever saw, both by action and with the voice. They would repeat whole sentences, with marvelous truthfulness of sound, in Moqui, Zúñi, Navajo, Spanish, or English, and they manifested a universal passion for acquiring foreign tongues. All these characteristics, together with their striking powers of retention, were shown in the example following: One of them asked me to write the sentence, "Give it to me," in English, Ha-va-su-pai, and Zúñi. I wrote it, and carefully pronounced it in the three languages, showing him the order of the words. He ran over them a few times, and surprised me a day or two after not only by repeating every word correctly, but by pointing out the different sentences, and even words, which he pronounced. This seemed to argue an appreciation of form as well as of sound and its meaning; on attempting to copy any sentence, however, they would labor patiently, but present a scrawl in which not a mark could be detected that had the remotest resemblance to a single letter in the original. They did not seem either to be very curious about my writing, or to have the slightest comprehension of it; but would watch and mimic the motions of my hand and pencil in writing, and even the expression of my mouth, then take the pencil, imitate all these things very closely, produce a meaningless scrawl, and gravely read off a ridiculous, usually obscene, rendering of it; seeking my interpreter, and taking infinite pains to have their frivolities very carefully rendered to me in Zúñi.

They are skilled in manufacturing and using implements, especially in producing raw material, like buckskin, for which they have universal celebrity from the Colorado to the Rio Grande. The

women excel the men in such dexterity, being wonderfully apt and graceful in the use of the hand in making baskets or preparing food. The men are expert hunters, and constantly practice marksmanship with bows and arrows and rifles. They are doubtless endowed with elements of progression, as shown by their habit of always adopting and profiting by improvements or advantages of other nations, when once convinced of their superiority. The women are certainly duller and less impressionable than the men, but far more thoughtful, and apparently quite sage in some of their reflections, their opinion being at times sought, in ultimate cases, by the latter.

The habitations of the Ha-va-su-pai are of three kinds, two of which I have already mentioned. Often, those above the river are conical, half-underground structures, made by supporting three forks against one another, laying lesser poles around these in a circle, and covering the whole with sticks, flags, grasses, and dirt, extending the front out in the shape of a veranda; or, again, by combining the square and the round forms in one, the latter serving as a retreat during severe weather. Anciently, the stone house, of good proportions, and not unlike the Pueblo architecture, except from the fact that it never exceeded one story, was sometimes used, as attested by ruins, of which several plans occur among my notes.

Strangest of all, however, with their lesson for the speculative archæologist, are the little cliff dwellings of stone and mud, before mentioned. Though ruder than the wonderful remains of similar character in other parts of the West, ruins which have attracted world-wide attention and speculation, they are identical with them, and are the only examples of recently-built and still-occupied cliff dwellings. Furnishing clews to the uses of the lesser rooms and niches in the prehistoric cliff ruins, are the hundreds of little *caches*, or grana-

ries, which, sometimes miles away from the permanent village, and often in almost inaccessible places, everywhere occur in nooks and shelves throughout the cañon. Equally interesting are the strange, conical little sweat-houses, built of sticks, grasses, etc., and closely roofed with dirt, as well as the bark and cedar-brush wigwams and shelters, which the Ha-va-su-pai build far and wide, during their winter hunts, throughout the forest-covered plains of the desert above and around their cañon.

For a few years past, the Ha-va-su-pai have been in the habit of procuring, by barter with the Hua-la-pai, cast-off soldier and other American clothing, which is worn to a considerable extent by the men. The native costume, however, is not rare. It consists simply of a coat made from a single deerskin, a transverse slit in the centre serving as neck-hole; the sleeves, of two pieces of the same material, heavily fringed, are attached to the edge of the skin, either side of the neck-hole, and open down as far as the elbows. Save the seams at the shoulders and from the elbows to the wrists, no sewing is necessary in this peculiar coat; yet it is made to fit admirably by means of a belt or band, with which the ends falling down front and back are gathered about the waist. Add to this the breech-clout of soft, fringed doe-skin, wild-cat or rabbit skin, close-fitting leggins fringed down the front, — though quite as often the legs are bare, — and a pair of heavy, doubly or trebly, raw-hide-soled moccasins of buckskin, which reach above the ankles like buskins, and the dress of the Ha-va-su-pai man is complete. To all this, however, the Pueblo blanket is an additional luxury, possession of which is indispensable to good standing in the tribe. The dress of the women is yet more simple. It consists of a long fringed apron of red buckskin, buttoned together behind, extending from the breast — where it is secured by a strap around

the neck — to the knees, and supplemented by the half of a blanket tied or pinned with a skewer at the corners across the breast, when it is thrown over the shoulders, depending a little below the waist. Their moccasins, when worn, which is seldom, are not unlike the men's, though lighter.

The hair of the men is banged even with the eyes, but worn full length behind, and usually done up in a neat knot, tied with fibre. The women's, worn shorter behind, is banged as low as the chin. The men decorate themselves variously. Often a comb of long splints, beautifully plaited together with colored threads, is thrust into the headband, to which two eagle plumes, either white or red, are attached by cords, so as to float about in the wind. Huge earrings of silver or beaded cactus thorns, plugs of colored wood, or buttons are stuck into the ears, which are pierced one, two, three, and four times. Necklaces of shell and beads of bone, from which sea-shells, rudely cut and etched, depend, are the marks of property. A bow-guard of leather or raw-hide, bangles, either silver or brass, and numerous finger-rings of bright red cactus thorns, sprung together in the fire, complete the list of ornaments, the latter being worn in great numbers by the women, because easily procurable.

The faces of both sexes are painted with thick, smooth coatings of fine red ochre, applied dry or with oil extracted from the sunflower seed; varied among the men, sometimes, with streaks of blue paint, prepared from the root of the wild indigo, and put on in streaks, with little wooden spatulæ, under the lower eyelid, and from the under lip downward across the chin. Tattooing and mutilations for personal adornment are rare. They consist, besides the piercing of the ears, now and then, in the boring of the nose and the plucking out of the eyebrows, — which, even when natural, are not pronounced, — and almost always

in the pulling out of the beard, although whiskers are sometimes permitted to grow in front of the ears; beside occasional mustaches, faint goatees are affected by the young. Scarifications, for ornaments, are not unknown.

The women, both old and young, are remarkably careless of personal cleanliness and appearance, nor are the older men superior to them with reference to cleanliness. The young men, however, are noticeably neat in the care of their persons, frequently bathing in the river, and careful of their toilet and dress.

I have mentioned the things which are cultivated by the Ha-va-su-pai. On these, as on various roots, wild plants, and fruits, they depend for their vegetable food. Green corn is variously prepared: it is roasted, or boiled in the ear; or cut up and cooked with beans, bits of deer suet, etc., it forms the succotash of the more eastern tribes, and of historic celebrity. Crushed on a metlatl with a little flat grinding-stone or muller, together with green squashes, so as to form a pulp, it is then boiled, when it becomes gelatinous, resembling the *poi* of the Sandwich Islanders. Like it, also, it is eaten with the two fingers. Sunflower seeds, toasted by being shaken together with live coals in an earth-covered basket tray, then ground, formed into patty-cakes, and slightly baked in the ashes, are eaten as a relish with these and other dishes, in the absence of meat. Indeed, this curious sunflower food takes the place, to a great extent, of meat during the summer months.

The corn, while still green, is sometimes prepared for storage, by being roasted, husks and all, in hot sand, while the ripened corn is merely dried on the ear. Food is made of the latter, either by simply parching, or by grinding into meal. The meal, coarse or fine, is then used for samp, mushes, or batters, and cakes, thick or thin, and of many varieties and degrees of wholesomeness. Melons, pumpkins, peaches, and apricots

are all eaten raw, or dried, and prepared for food by stewing. Squashes are either boiled or roasted, the latter most skillfully, the seeds being carefully preserved, dried, and made into food, much the same as the sunflower seeds.

A remarkable and at first unpleasant characteristic of all these foods is the absence of salt from them. Sometimes the corn preparations are sweetened by chewing and fermentation. The somewhat sweet fruit of the datila, or Spanish bayonet, is rendered sweeter by a like process, the pulp thus formed being spread out on large, closely-woven splint screens, and dried in sheets, often several feet in extent, though less than half an inch in thickness. The mescal of the more southern tribes, the ak-na of the Zúñis, is prepared in its greatest perfection by the Ha-va-su-pai from the heart and inner leaves of the agave, or century plant. It is gathered by the women in great quantities throughout the gorges and upon the terraces of the cañon, and transported in large baskets, strapped across their foreheads, to the gravelly beds of dry streams. Pits being dug in the gravel and fuel collected by the men, huge fires are built in the excavations, and kept burning for several hours. The embers are then drawn forth, the pits lined with leaves and grasses, and the agave thrown in, a layer like the lining then being added, and the heated gravel and embers heaped above. These burnings are occasions of great festivity and merry-making. When taken out, the agave is easily made into pulp, and dried, either on the flat rock surfaces or as is the fruit of the datila.

It is a remarkable fact that the Ha-va-su-pai, possessing neither cattle nor sheep, are almost exclusively vegetarians during the summer months. With the beginning of winter, however, the tribe, almost as a unit, repairs to the surrounding plains, where they subsist chiefly on the flesh of the game they kill. This is made ready for consump-

tion variously, — by roasting, broiling, frying, baking, boiling, or drying. No part of the animal is wasted; blood, intestines, even visceral glands and organs, as well as the half-digested vegetable matter from the stomachs of the deer, antelope, and rabbit, being utilized as food. The liver is frequently eaten raw, immediately on the death of the animal.

Their implements for preparing food are few. The muller, or rubbing-stone, and the metlatl, or mill, of sandstone or volcanic rock, and various in size, flat transversely, and concave from end to end, placed upon a skin, are used for grinding; while large, round, closely-woven trays of basket work, coated with mineral asphaltum and earth, make excellent roasting pans. Earthen pots and brass kettles, procured by barter with the Moquis, serve as cooking vessels. Moqui bowls and native baskets are used in serving food, which is dipped from the cooking pot with large ladles of horn or wood, and eaten either with the fingers, flat sticks, or little wooden and horn spoons. Large panniers, slung over the forehead or shoulders with a broad strap of raw-hide, are used in collecting food, or carrying it to and from the distant granaries; and certain huge, small-necked, round-bottomed basket bottles serve as canteens and water-jars. Knives of band-iron, occasionally of good steel, have displaced, save in rare instances, the original flint instruments, as have also chisel-shaped fragments of iron or steel, inserted into wooden handles, like primitive stone axes, supplanted the scarcely ruder prehistoric implement. Sharpened bone or hard-wood splints and bits of stray wire make awls and needles; and sharp bone, or chipped discs of rock, their skin-dressers. Various stone hammers and mauls, with flat stones used about the fire, complete the limited yet all-sufficient list of Ha-va-su-pai household appliances.

In their agricultural operations and in the excavation of mescal pits, rude hoes,

spades, and picks, of wood, bone, horn, or iron, — the last procured by trade, — are used, as well as the universal *kä-ta*, or digging stick. In planting, the long prod or spud of cedar is used, a convenient branch being left short near the lower end, with which the implement is pressed down with the left foot.

Within the past few years the introduction of horses among the Ha-va-su-pai has necessitated rude saddles, bridles, whips, spurs, lassos, and hobbles. Among these things, only the bridles and spurs sometimes differ from those of other Southwestern Indians. An efficient though extremely primitive bridle is made of a little hard-wood stick, a small strap of buckskin being attached to either end of it, and passed tightly under the chin of the animal; and two long thongs of light material serve as reins. Equally primitive is the spur. It is made from a fork of some hard, elastic wood, the stems of which are fastened to either side of the foot, and the base sharpened into a sort of prod.

Their weapons in war and chase are rude, knotty clubs of hard wood; pikes about four feet long, of the same material, sharpened and hardened at the point in the fire; beautifully finished bows and arrows, both wooden and iron tipped, and somewhat longer than those in use among the Pueblos. Slings were formerly used, although now only to a limited extent, being principally seen as toys or playthings of the children. It seems almost paradoxical that the Ha-va-su-pai — least acquainted with civilization perhaps, of any Indians in the United States — should universally possess repeating rifles of the most improved models and an abundance of ammunition. Destructive alike of life on the one hand, and of primitive defensive usages, on the other, the gun has not, however, displaced the ruder weapons which I have described.

A most curious fact, and a very significant one in the consideration of the

origin of the Ha-va-su-pai, is the absence of the Gentile system of descent or organization among them, their society consanguineally being patriarchal; but they claim to be the people of the Coyote, which indicates that one gens has absorbed all the others, or else that they are, as seems more probable, a single gens, which has separated from its original body, and never again developed the separate gentes, as has been the case with other segregated clans among Indians. I incline to this belief from the fact that the Hua-la-pai, to whom their relationship is indisputable, have, as subsequent investigations have shown, the Gentile and Phratral systems, certainly to some extent. And as nearly as I can ascertain this is also the case with the Apache Yumas and Apache Mojaves, who are only other divisions of the same stock. Descent is therefore not through the mother, but through the father, and marriage, to use the words of my vexed informant, can take place "wherever the one loves the other and the other loves the one, and their wants are the same. Why not?" "We know nothing else," he added, "for our father is the Coyote, and he never told us anything else. How should a Coyote teach his children what he neither knows nor practices himself?"

They are polygamists, the number of wives a man shall have being limited, apparently, only by the number he can procure, or by his means for supporting them. These marriages are constant, the only ground for divorce being unfaithfulness, which, with the women of rare occurrence, scarcely exists with the men, as a cause. Betrothals by purchase or stipulation are common, a girl of seven or eight summers being frequently promised to a man as old as, or even older than, her father. Marriages are therefore, with the girls, usually very early in life; with the men, late. In consequence of this polygamy, a large number of the men are unmar-

ried, the women being monopolized, with or without their will, by the wealthier and more influential men of the tribe. The male population is in excess of the female; hence it sometimes happens that Hua-la-pai squaws are married; and in one instance a Moqui woman, a probable outcast from her own nation, was observed by us.

The children do not seem to have regular property, as with the Pueblos, until after puberty, although, on the death of the father, his portable property is inherited by the son, for sacrifice at the rites to be described further on.

The head chieftaincy is hereditary. In the absence of a son, the chief's nephew on the father's side is, I believe, chosen as successor. All of the sub-chiefs are named by the head chief, on account of personal preference, wealth, or influence. There seems to be no distinct order of warriors; when a scalp is taken, it is brought to the village, and a dance, celebrating the death of the enemy, is given in honor of the victor, and the body is then cremated; no record or mark of dress being preserved to represent the rank or prowess of the warrior. In case of hostility, obligations to war are simply coextensive with the adult population. There is, however, a certain importance attached to one of the warriors, who is supposed to have in his keeping a medicine of war, and who, by virtue of his valor and possession, is a sort of war chief, although the civil and martial affairs of the nation are more closely allied than is the case with most Indian tribes.

Nor is the ecclesiastical much distinguished from the civil, with them; for the head chief combines with his political office the caciqueship, or that which in Zuñi is distinctively religious, being termed Kia-kwe-mo-so-ne, or "Mastership of the House,"—a kind of high-priesthood. He not only presides at the more important councils, makes treaties with other tribes, etc., directs

war parties, and condemns criminals, but also prays, offering sacrifices toward securing rain, propitious seasons, and success in the chase for his children, as he terms his nation. He receives, contrary to the Pueblo practice, tithes for his offices, and is usually as wealthy as any member of the tribe, although by no means exempted from labor in the field or the hunt. Neither he nor his sub-chiefs wear insignia of rank about their persons, so far as I could discover.

The present head chief, Ko-hót, is nicknamed Navajo. He is a man of the most wonderful character. His portrait in profile, as I look upon it, and to the sketching of which he submitted with ease and pleasure, bears a remarkable likeness to Washington. I cannot forbear giving two instances of his judgment, which exemplify his fine sense of justice, but at the same time his unrelenting will, in any measure, however severe, for the good of his own people. When the Apache Mojaves were moved by government to San Carlos, one of them, discontented, returned through his former country, and after great suffering reached the home of the Ha-va-su-pai. He expressed his wish to live with the latter people to the end of his days. Ko-hót convened a council, and after long and fair deliberation concluded that it would be offensive to the Americans should he be harbored, and endanger his own people, leading ultimately, perhaps, to their removal as well. He therefore informed the Apache that, notwithstanding he was a member of a nation of enemies, he felt for him, but could give him the choice of but two alternatives, — return to San Carlos, or death. The Apache, hoping Ko-hót would relent, replied that die he might, but return to San Carlos he never would. Ko-hót arose, then and there, without one more word, and struck him dead.

When the officers of the cavalry expedition called a council, and told Ko-hót that their mission was to determine

the borders of his country for all time, and that it remained with him to decide how large it should be, he replied to the following effect: "My people live by their country and their river. They are small. Let your lines but include the river and the little plain we live on; for why should a small nation wish for a great country? There are many other nations in the world. Some one of them — the Americans, perhaps, for they are a great people, and talk of making boundaries where we have lived very well for all time without them — might try, some time, if it were large and indivisible, to take our country from us. Where would the Ha-va-su-pai go? To San Carlos, or to destruction?" And he would not permit the boundaries to be placed a step above the springs which feed his river, or a foot below where it leaps down into the pool under the limestone barrier.

Aside from the head chief, perhaps the only representatives of an ecclesiastical order are the well-paid medicine men, some of whom, by virtue of their practices, are a sort of chiefs, and keepers of old traditions and songs, if my informant told the truth. They are believed to possess certain influences over the spirits, and exorcisms which cause disease, as well as over the benevolent spiritistic agencies which assist in its amelioration or cure. Incantation and jugglery are practiced by them, and as the disease or influence is supposed to have an objective spiritual existence, the whole company around a sick person, over whom the doctor is practicing his insane manipulations, rise up at certain intervals of the song, and pound hard bodies, yell, shoot arrows into the air, and fire off guns, in order to assist the medicine man in its extraction, or in frightening it away. No penalty for failure to cure seems to exist, save personal abuse, unless the doctor be accused of sorcery, in which case he suffers, as is the case with other Indians, the uni-

versal punishment of death. Like most other Indians, they have a good understanding of the practice of surgery, and a remarkable knowledge of anatomy.

Labor is not regularly divided, except between the sexes; save that among the men, arrow-making and some such special arts are more practiced by those who excel in them than by others, and basket-making among the women. The men do all the hunting, bringing the game to camp, and skinning the larger kinds; the women cutting it up and preparing it for drying or cooking. Both men and women gather the agave plant, in its season, with many festivities, vying in the preparation of it for mescal, although the burden of the labor in burning it falls to the women. The men break up the soil, lay out and dig the acequias, etc., performing the heavier agricultural work, as well as the planting, while the women weed the crop and assist in hoeing. When the corn ripens, the women gather it and bring it in, make it ready, and store it in the little stone and adobe granaries under the cliffs, and in little obscure rock shelters. They also cook all foods, make baskets and most other implements of household use, while the men cut out and sew the clothing both for themselves and for the women. Much of the heavier part of the work and drudgery falls on the women, who seem, however, perfectly contented with their really hard lot.

Sedentary agriculturists in summer, the Ha-va-su-pai produce immense quantities of datila, mescal, water-tight basket-work, and arrows. Nomadic hunters in winter, throughout the choicest ranges of the Southwest, they have become justly famous for the quantity, fineness, and quality of their buckskins, which are smooth, soft, white as snow, yet thick and durable. These buckskins, manufactured into bags, pouches, coats, and leggins, or as raw material, are valued by other Indian tribes, even as far east as the Rio Grande, as are the

silks of China or the shawls of Persia by ourselves. All this material is bartered with the Pueblos for blankets and various products of civilization, the former being again traded to the Hua-la-pai for red and black paints, undressed buckskins, and mountain-lion robes. Their red paint, ochre of the finest quality, has such celebrity among Indian tribes that, reaching the Utes on the north, and the Comanches in Texas, it sometimes travels, by barter from hand to hand, as far east as to the tribes of the Mississippi Valley.

The engineering skill and enterprise of this little nation are marvelous. Although their appliances are rude, they are able to construct large dams, and dig or build deep irrigating canals, or durable aqueducts, which often pass through hills, or follow considerable heights along shelves of rock or talus, at the bases of the rugged and crooked walls of the cañon. The acequias, which have their fountain-heads in these canals and viaducts, are wonders of intricacy and regularity; yet on uneven ground are laid out in nice recognition of and conformity to unevenness and change of level in the surface they are designed to water.

Most wonderful of all, however, are their aerial trails. Through the western branch of the cañon, down from the Hua-la-pai country, the trail for horses as well as foot-travelers is over promontories, up shelves, along giddy narrow heights, in and out of recessions, or over stone-pecked slopes, such as would dismay civilized man, with all his means of moulding the rugged face of nature. At times, so impossible does it seem for any living thing to pass further that nowhere can the trail be traced; when a turn to some crack in the rock, almost hidden by intervening boulders, and hewn down with stone hammers to give precarious footing, shows where it goes up or descends. Great ingenuity is shown in continuing the trail along the

bare, smooth face of a cliff which slopes at an angle of forty-five, fifty, even sometimes sixty degrees. The surface, after being roughened, is overlaid with little branches of cedar, upon which larger sticks and stones of great weight are laid, the whole being filled in with dirt and a sufficient quantity of pebbles to guard against washing away. If such a surface be interrupted by a crevice, the two sides of the latter are notched, a fragment of rock fitted in, and the whole covered as before described. Considerable nerve is required, however, to pass these trails. The foothold is always uncertain, and one of these oblique zones, along the centre of which the trail passes, is bounded below by fifteen hundred feet of jagged, rapidly descending rock-masses; above, by two or three hundred feet of beetling, rotten cliffs.

Besides their horses, which are adventurers as wonderful as the Indians themselves, through their canon training, they have a few dogs, often wolfish, always mongrel, and six or eight lonely cats, which are extravagantly prized by their possessors, and well fed, yet so worried by dogs and children that they resemble half-starved wild beasts of the feline tribe rather than the descendants of the sleek, domesticated animal of civilization. Not unfrequently beautiful little coyotes are to be seen about the camp, and these, as the emblems of his own ancestry, his national deity, are affectionately fondled and petted by the Ha-va-su-pai; being allowed a place at the family bowl even in preference to the women or children. Add to these certain sand lizards and many noisy birds of prey, kept more for their feathers than as pets, and the list of Ha-va-su-pai domestication is complete.

During intervals in the labor of the fields, the men may always be seen gathered in groups of six or ten, chatting together; and the women, always busy, exchange visits while at work

about the fire, and the visitor is scarcely distinguishable from the hostess, as she shares with her all duties in which the latter may be engaged. So also, when at work in the fields, the women are prone to gather in busy little groups, where their talk and merriment, free from the restraint of the men, are louder than about the household fire.

The children are always boisterously at play, the girls with the boys, and are touchingly affectionate toward one another. The youth gather on level spots and run races, or play games of chance by the hour. They are fond of displaying themselves on horseback; two, sometimes even three, mounting some little pony, and wildly galloping up and down the paths which thread the cornfields where the women and girls are at work. They improve their marksmanship and gain local celebrity, vying with one another in firing at the marks of nature's hand about the great cliffs of their subterranean home.

Councils among the members of the tribe are incessant, though very rarely attended by the chiefs in a body, and never, save on occasions of the utmost gravity, by the head chief, Ko-hót.

As illustrative of this, I may give the following example: When I entered the cañon, warned of the characteristics of the Ha-va-su-pai by Pu-lá-ka-kai, I made a rule, in the first council, that any trade sealed by the customary hand-shake and "*a-há-ni-ga*," or "thanks," should be regarded as final. During one of the four days of our stay, Pu-lá-ka-kai traded one of his jades for a quantity of things, among which was a famously large buckskin. The next morning, the evil-looking, one-eyed fellow who had purchased the horse returned to trade back, or have the difference split by a return of the buckskin. Pu-lá-ka-kai asked my permission, and I tersely refused. The man went away, soon coming back with a noisy, low-browed crowd, which increased in size and noisiness, until, to-

ward evening, it was like bedlam about the hut of my still neutral host. Finally a sub-chief advanced, and told me I must consent to a re-trade. I declined. He then begged me, and my Indians, alarmed, became importunate. Still I refused. Pu-lá-ka-kai pointed to a scar over his eyebrow, which he wore, he said, in remembrance of a former proceeding of the kind, and once more implored me, for the sake of his and Tsai-iu-tsaih-ti-wa's wives and children, to consent. Now and then a man would leave, presently returning with a gun carelessly strapped over his shoulder, and I saw that things were growing serious; but I remained obdurate, paying no apparent attention to my own arms, yet seeing that they were within easy reach. After a little while, I suddenly drew one of the two revolvers in my belt, sheathed it again, and, stepping over to the discontented, one-eyed scoundrel, grabbed him by the arms, and ejected him from the premises. Immense excitement prevailed, but I quietly went back with a smile to my writing. The head chief was summoned. He came, gravely, through the babbling crowd, eating a kind of cake of corn-meal and sunflower seeds. I rose, and greeted him pleasantly, spreading a blanket for him to sit on; and as he sat down, with a smile, he broke the cake in two, handing me the larger piece. I began to explain my writing to him, and, after conversing a little while, he said, "I am about to go. You observe that I am never to be found in crowds of those who wrangle and gossip. It makes a father sad to see the foolishness of his children. It fills me with thoughts to see my people make fools of themselves, to hear them make meaningless noise; therefore I stay away from them. When they have anything to *say* to me, or you wish to *see* me, my hut stands under the cottonwoods, down by the river, and my fields are in front of it." Without a word in reference to our

trouble, without so much as a well-directed glance at the heated crowd, he went away as he had come, a picture of imperturbable dignity and gravity. The wranglers, in the most shamefaced manner, gave up alike their dispute and its object.

The coming stranger is heralded by the first observer, the chief waiting at his own house to receive him or his embassy. Any hut at which he first alights, even though the poorest, is almost sacredly regarded as his home. The inmates flock out, however suspiciously they may regard him, remove the saddles and packs from his animals, arrange them around the sides of the dwelling, invite him to enter, seat him on the best blanket or robe, and immediately improvise a meal for him, offering him, meanwhile, a drink of fresh water. During his wanderings about the village, wherever he may enter, he will almost surely find some one eating, even though it be late at night, and he will invariably be invited to partake.

On meeting a stranger or a long-absent friend, the Ha-va-su-pai grasps him by the hand, moving it up and down in time to the words of his greeting; and, as he lets go, lifts his own hollow palm toward his mouth, then, with a sudden and graceful motion, passes it down over his heart. As an evidence of confidence in a newly-made friend, a Ha-va-su-pai will sometimes give to him that whereby, in the native belief, even the giver's life may be taken through sorcery,—a hair, a bit of his skin, or a piece of his finger-nail,—this being an inviolable contract of peace and mutual regard. Several of these hairs lie among my notes, as less pleasant than pathetic mementos of such regard. Indeed, a number of my own locks are doubtless still cherished in sundry medicine bags, hanging from the wattled walls of my homes in Ha-va-su-pai-gidri. One poor, aged fellow, observing me trim my nails one day, carefully gathered the cuttings to

gether, and piteously begged me, by look and gesture, not to resent the liberty he had taken, or deprive him of his treasures.

When a man dies among them, he is bathed and painted, dressed in all his richest apparel, and laid, with his face toward the rising sun, to await the funeral ceremonials. Throughout the fields and orchards, usually with corn and sunflowers growing all around them, with vines and brambles covering them, are scattered little mounds of earth and ashes. These are the funeral pyres. Over the summit, a huge collection of wood is piled, and the dead, together with his various possessions, is laid upon the pile. This is lighted by the son and heir, or nearest other relative, and, as the flames shoot up and envelop the body, he who applied the light throws all his worldly possessions, together with those he has inherited, upon the burning pyre, slaying his favorite dogs and horses, and adding them to the last sacrifice. Upon the wings of the last film of smoke the soul of his father rises, to wander whither it will, — to come back, and bring the summer rain-clouds, to minister in many ways to the wants of his children; while the naked mourner sadly wends his way homeward, "to begin life anew, as did his father," he will tell you.

The spirits of those for whom the last offering has been neglected become unhappy and evil ghosts, which, together with the souls of the enemy whose scalp has not been taken and burned, torment the living with the weird voices of the night, or the lone moanings of the wind on the pine-covered mesas; or, as demons of disease and death, obey the behests of the dread sorcerer, or war against the good offices of the happier souls.

They are fairly acquainted with the principal constellations, giving them names, and regulating the planting and hunting seasons by their movements.

The grammatic structure of their language, though inferior to that of the Zuñis, is nevertheless quite regular. Intonation, as with the Chinese, repetition, as with the natives of Australia, are employed to vary the shades of meaning in words. Most of the consonants not occurring in other Indian tongues are common in the Ha-va-su-pai, which is strikingly soft and rapid. Just as the music of the Zuñis has caught the spirit of the desert winds, so have both the music and the language of the Ha-va-su-pai been infused with the sounds of the rushing waters by which they are surrounded. As I listened to the weird song of a doctor, one night, it seemed more like the echoes of water in a cavern, or in resounding nooks of the deep cañon, than like the music of a human being.

It is, indeed, an interesting question how far man's environments, climatic, physical, even biologic, have influenced the sound of his music and language. Possibly of the same family of Indians as the Zuñis, there are, nevertheless, elements of sound in the music and words of the Ha-va-su-pai unpronounceable by the Zuñi, never heard in his music. On the other hand, the music of the Hua-la-pai, on the plains to the westward, the undoubted fathers of the Ha-va-su-pai, is as strangely different from that of the latter as is the Zuñi itself, and as strangely in keeping with the wild, dry, forest-clad hills and valleys of his native land.

Possessing nothing but a rude architecture, their art is correspondingly crude, being mostly confined to the patterns on their basket-work and the paintings on their bows and arrows. The basket-work, by virtue of the regular arrangement of the splints, is often beautiful. But few people live, however, whose appreciation of art seems so great, compared with their limited practice of it.

They are mimics, but their dances —

a few rude shuffles, half religious, half social — are neither representative nor picturesque, as are the cachinas or kâ-kâs of the Pueblos. "We know of these things," said Ko-hót, "but we are the children of the Coyote, and he did not teach our fathers to make themselves happy or prosperous by such means; therefore, our fathers did not teach us."

The Ha-va-su-pai have, among themselves, few of the crimes which destroy the peace of most nations. A great family in a single house, they have learned to do to others as they would be done by; not as a golden rule, — ah, no! — but as a policy. They are virtuous, and, although base liars, are honest in the use of property to an incredible extent. Not the smallest possession of another is ever appropriated by one of them, and a button or insignificant bead, lost in the sands, would invariably be brought to me, if found by either child or staggering grayhead. The parents are excessively fond of their children, and the latter, though wild and independent, and never corrected by cross word or sharp blow, are remarkably obedient.

They are not so fair-dealing toward the enemy. Ko-hót told me, with strange frankness, that a few years ago his people joined other Indians in war against the whites, and, regarding them as enemies, stole horses and cattle from them whenever they could, bringing them down into the cañon, where they either sacrificed them or killed and ate them. "But," he added, "the time has come when I see this is wrong, and my people will listen to me when I tell them to smile on the *Hai-ko* [American], to ask him to eat, and to let his poorest or most tempting possession lie in the place it has been laid in; for has not the *Hai-ko* given to my children the hard metal and the rich garments you see all around you? [This with a proud wave of the hand toward the array of worn-out clothing in the council, and a down-

ward glance at his own threadbare soldier coat and well-patched breeches.] I am young [he was nearly fifty], but am I not old enough to remember how my people dug the soil with wooden hoes, or cut the poles of their cabins with stone axes, and skinned the deer with a knife of flint? No; I take the father of the Land of Sunrise [Washington] by the hand, and my father of the Land of Sunset [General Wilcox] do I grasp by the hand, that we may look one upon another with smiling faces."

The worship of the Ha-va-su-pai consists of prayers, made during their smokes, or at the hunting shrines, which are merely groups of rude pictographs along nooks or caves in the walls of the cañon. Here, seated on the ground, the worshiper blows smoke to the north, west, south, and east, upward and downward; then says, in a low tone, some simple prayer, only one of which, addressed to the spirit of the Deer-god, I was able to record: —

"Let it rain, that grass may grow for the deer.
Go not away, O deer, from my arrows and weapons.

Thou art ours; by thee do we live.

Go not away, but remain to minister to our wants, to accept of my sacrifices."

The Ha-va-su-pai believes that the source of his river is sacred and pure; that polluted by the touch of man it would cease to give forth its waters, and the rocks of the cañon would close forever together.

Ko-hót told me, one morning, the following beautiful story of the origin and history of his nation: —

"When the world was new it was covered with waters, save where a single mountain peak to the north looked out above their surface. Here, alone, wandered the great Coyote. Mankind lived in the four dark cave-plains of earth, below this mountain, until, under the guidance of a great cacique, they journeyed up from one to the other, and were finally led out into the light of the

sun, through a hole in the mountain. No sooner had the leader come out than he was overwhelmed by the bright light and the angry waters, and died; and while the people were weeping and wondering what they should do, the Coyote came, and said to them, 'Burn the body of your father, and scatter the ashes thereof upon the face of the water; then they will begin to dry away and the earth will grow hard.' 'Alas! we have no fire,' said the people. So the Coyote volunteered to fetch it, and forthwith ran far away in search of it. When he had gone, and the people, wondering if he would return, were still mourning, the blue-bottle fly, who was sunning himself on a dry branch, comforted them by saying that he would make fire for them. So, raising his wings, he rubbed them against one another, until the sparks flew out from them and ignited the branch he was perched upon. Then the people collected great quantities of wood, laid the body of the cacique thereon, and set fire to it with the branch the blue-bottle fly had lighted.

"The Coyote, who saw from afar the smoke of the fire they had kindled, was angry, and, running back as fast as he could, came to the place just as the body was consumed. But the heart still remained, and, rushing into the fire, he grabbed it in his mouth, and ran away with it. The fire was so hot that it singed his face and fore-paws: hence, to this day, the faces and fore-paws of the coyote are black. He ate only a part of the heart, burying the rest: hence, also, it is the nature of the coyote to bury his food away in the ground.

"Where the Coyote buried the heart a corn plant grew, and upon its stalks were six ears of corn,—yellow, white, variegated, black, blue, and red: hence, corn, springing from the heart of man, is his life to this day. As the nations of men came out one after another, each was given an ear of corn: yellow to the

Zuñi, white to the Moqui, variegated to the Northern nations, a very little black to the Apache, and blue to the Hua-la-pai; but the Ha-va-su-pai, coming last, had only a little red ear given them by the fathers [gods].

"Now they did not know how they could live on the small portion that had been given them. So the Coyote, when he heard them bemoaning their lot, came and told them to follow his example: therefore our fathers became a nation of hunters. As the waters of the world dried and flowed away, the face of the earth cracked, and was worn full of deep cañons. One of these cañons was very narrow and filled with rattlesnakes. This was the cañon of the Ha-va-su-pai; and down in a grotto, under the falls, lived a great goddess, Ka-mu-iu-dr-ma-giu-iu-é-ba, or 'Mother of the Waters.' She was wooed by the rattlesnakes, and bore two sons, Ha-ma-u-giu-iu-é-ba, or 'Children of the Waters.' Upon the head of each was a great flint knife. Now the earth became so dry that our forefathers had but little water to drink, and, wandering about in search of it, came to the brink of the cañon; but they could not enter because of the rattlesnakes. So the two boys slew the rattlesnakes with their magic flint knives, and widened the rocks above the home of their mother. Then they guided them down the cañon, and built little houses high up among the cliffs; for the Apache Mojaves came in, too, and disputed possession with them. As the two children led the people down the cañon, they made their hand-prints on the walls, and painted the animals which should serve as food for their people. And these marks still remain on the rocks, and thither we go when we wish to secure the deer, or to ask for rain. When, at last, they reached the home of their mother, she told them that this should be their home forever; that it was not good to live on meat alone, but that they should build houses

there, and plant the ear of corn they had, and it would be a means of life. So they did as she told them, and the Apache Mojaves lived above them, where the cañon was narrower. For a long time all was well, until a young Ha-vapai man stole an Apache Mojave girl, which caused strife, and wars ensued, so that the Apache Mojaves were driven away. For this reason we live alone in the cañon.

"But, alas! the Coyote ate a part of the heart of the great cacique: hence, only during summer do we live in the home of the Mother of the Waters, and plant as she told us; but in winter we have to follow the deer with our father, the Coyote, and live only as he does, in houses of grass and bark; for the Mother of the Waters grew sad when her people became so foolish, and, leaving only one of her sons to take care of them, she went away to her home among the white shells, in the great world of waters.

"Do you Americans," said the old

man, as he ceased, with a sigh of longing, "never see the Mother of the Waters, when you wander along the shores of the great ocean?"

"Oh, yes," I said, and then I told him the story of the mermaid; and, happy almost to tears, he added, "Alas! I cannot tell you more, for the only books our fathers gave us were our hearts and our mouths."

A fairy story is this of the Nation of the Willows; and while science teaches us another tale, may we not poetically believe, with these simple natives, that they have always lived here, apart from the world of nations; that ever since they wandered forth from the four fertile wombs of mother earth, this little strip of land and river and willow, and the great rock-walls, so near together, yet so sublime and impassable, have bounded their generations of life, have had shadows cast on them by the smoke-clouds of the numberless funeral pyres of all their unnamed dead?

F. H. Cushing.

A SHADOW BOAT.

UNDER my keel another boat
Sails as I sail, floats as I float;
Silent and dim and mystic still,
It steals through that weird nether-world,
Mocking my power, though at my will
The foam before its prow is curled,
Or calm it lies, with canvas furled.

Vainly I peer, and fain would see
What phantom in that boat may be;
Yet half I dread, lest I with ruth
Some ghost of my dead past divine,
Some gracious shape of my lost youth,
Whose deathless eyes once fixed on mine
Would draw me downward through the brine!

Arlo Bates.

THE RED MAN AND THE WHITE MAN.

THE title of Dr. Ellis's important work on the Indians¹ intimates the exclusion of one subject which just now engages the attention of scientific historians. Dr. Ellis does not concern himself with archæological questions; he makes no pretense of determining the origin of the red man on this continent, nor does he examine the materials for determining the condition of the Indian before he came into contact with the European; the mound-builders and the pueblo Indians are dismissed in a sentence. His interest is not that of a scientist, but of a social and political philosopher, and his book appeals thus to the widest class.

The method which Dr. Ellis uses is mainly topical, although in his arrangement of topics he follows as nearly as may be a chronological order; but since his purpose is chiefly to make the facts about the relation of the red man to the white man throw light upon the still unsolved problem of that relation as it regards the public policy of the United States, the conclusions which he reaches are repeatedly foreshadowed. To obtain his facts he was obliged to make a patient and much-enduring examination of a vast body of literature regarding the Indian, and he has systematized his knowledge without troubling the reader with too close a statement of his separate authorities. If Dr. Ellis's book were a history, one might object to the absence of foot-notes; it is not a history, but a discussion and a practical essay; the conclusions reached are the judgments of years of study, and we think the author chose wisely in resting his arguments upon the clearness of his own statements, rather than upon an array of fortifying authorities. In point

of fact, there can scarcely be such a thing as a scientific presentation of this subject. The personal equation is so great and so varied that its elimination or its measurement is practically impossible. It is of very much more importance to know what a diligent student, an honorable and just judge, a wise citizen, bred in the best schools of thought, thinks about the Indian question, and all these conditions meet in Dr. Ellis.

After a general and superficial survey of the field, he recites the story of the relations held to the red man by the Spanish discoverers and invaders; and then, since the Spaniard disappears from the field,—for Dr. Ellis hardly refers to Mexico, his business being with the roving tribes,—he proceeds to draw a picture of Indian life as it has appeared to the French and English since their permanent residence here and intercourse with the aborigines. He treats of the personal characteristics of the Indian, his condition, his resources and surroundings; and if it be objected that this assumes a stationary quality in the Indian, it may be answered that one of the strong points made by Dr. Ellis is in the substantial identity of the Indian seen by the first settlers and the Indian seen by the frontiersmen to-day; the unimprovability of the savage when in contact with the white man is made to be one of the few facts established by history.

Having sketched the Indian, Dr. Ellis enters upon an interesting and valuable inquiry into his tenure of land as viewed by European invaders and colonists. The confusion attending the subject is a further illustration of the utter incompatibility of savage and civilized views as to real estate. The way

¹ *The Red Man and the White Man in North America from its Discovery to the Present Time.*

By GEORGE E. ELLIS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1882.

is thus open for a more strictly narrative portion, in which he relates successively the intercourse of the French and the Indians, the colonial relations, missionary efforts among them, both by Romanists and Protestants; and then the comparative relations of Great Britain and the United States with the Indians, in which he disposes with admirable candor of the specious plea that Great Britain has pursued a policy resulting in amity, and the United States one issuing only in war. He makes, by the way, a shrewd suggestion of the possible complications which may arise in the future from the passage of disaffected Indians back and forth across the Northwestern frontier. One further chapter, upon the military and peace policy with the Indians, brings him to the conclusion, in which results partially anticipated are summed up in the discussion of the Indians under civilization.

Of the general treatment which is thus outlined we can make no complaint; in two particulars only do we think the author falls short of his subject. The comparison of Romanist and Protestant missions is based almost exclusively upon a consideration of the Jesuits in Canada and of John Eliot in Massachusetts. There is an advantage in this from the well-sifted historical material which exists, and because the remoteness in time excludes partisanship; but as a contribution toward a solution of existing problems we should have been better pleased if inquiry had been made into the vigorous Christian movements on the frontier. The relation of the Praying Indians to King Philip's war is of faint interest beside the part borne by Christian converts in relation to the Sioux massacre in Minnesota.

Again, there is a serious omission in a failure to recount the experiments of self-government in the Indian Territory. There ought to be a good deal of material here for use in determining some of the problems connected with the In-

dian question, and, above all, some light might be thrown upon that fundamental problem of the *tribe*. Dr. Ellis, we think, assumes too readily the necessary extinction of the tribal relation in any settlement of the Indian question. He sees, as is so readily apparent, the incompatibility of the tribe with citizenship, but does he recognize the profound significance of the tribe as an elemental property in Indian life? We talk glibly of severalty possession, but if the Indian were to indianize us he would probably fail to understand our creed of individuality.

Dr. Ellis, even in his last chapter, does not explicitly and deliberately outline an Indian policy. He is too wise to propose a panacea, but by his admirable statement of the questions at issue he half answers them. He faces, fairly and squarely, the alternative of extermination and civilization, and does not flinch from reciting all the facts which bear so heavily in favor of the former course; but, in spite of the generations of failure which he has been obliged to record, he ranks himself with the undaunted but not blind adherents of the better way. He believes that a great advance was made when the government committed itself to a policy which regards the Indians as wards of the nation, and not sovereign powers; much of the contradiction which has marked previous relations will, he thinks, disappear under this clearer and more rational attitude. He contends strongly and with reason against a policy which pauperizes the Indian, and he recognizes with moderate but hopeful regard the experiments at Hampton and Carlisle. We wish he might have found it in his way to discuss two important questions: the proximate disappearance of game, upon which the hunting Indian depends, and the possibility of transforming the hunter into a herdsman.

Dr. Ellis's contribution, however, is rather in his orderly collection of facts

and views, and his illumination of the problem by his statement of the points under consideration, than in a detailed, formal, and pragmatistical scheme for settling what is, after all, one of those questions which command the broadest statesmanship, but lie beyond the definite control of executive organization. The most significant sentence in the book, and the best exposition of Dr. Ellis's creed, is the final one, and it will linger long in the reader's mind : —

"The Indians seem now to have become aliens in the land of their nativity. There is one ray of possible hopefulness for them, and with such cheer as it may afford we may close the review of their sad history. . . . It is that the race may soon present to us one or more specimens of truly great and wise men, patriots, civilians, of lofty minds, pure aims, with the faculty of quickening, guiding, and inspiring their fellows, lifting them and leading them onward. It will be well, too, if such a man or such men may be of pure Indian blood, of unmixed native stock, with the virility and the nobleness of a wilderness birth, and that he accept without shame — ay, glory in — the tinge of his race. . . . We have had a few of the Indian race whom, by our standards, we call able, gifted, great. They have, indeed, been few. We may count them for the centuries on one hand, — five. But all of these foremost Indian chieftains — Philip, Pontiac, Tecumseh, Osceola, Black Hawk — have represented savagery, have stood and fought for savagery. They have all been familiar with what civilization is and does ; but they have loathed it, despised it, rejected it, and given their whole power and sway to forbid and crush it. Now may not this native greatness, this leadership of men, manifest itself in a few gifted with genius, nobly endowed, patriots in spirit, yet born or self-trained to a conviction that civilization is for

man a state preferable to that of savagery ? The elevation, if not the security from extinction, of the race of red men depends upon its furnishing masters and guides from its stock. A race that cannot itself contribute its redeemers will never be redeemed."

This will be pondered, for it is weighty. Nevertheless, without excluding this view, the hope which offers it may add the conjecture that not one great leader, but a number of humble men and women, with all the qualities of wise conduct, may silently but effectively work a change in the condition of their race. The view which contemplates a personal redemption is impregnable.

We may, at all events, express our obligation to Dr. Ellis for such a presentation of the entire subject as ought to make it possible for reading people to have juster opinions. We can assure our readers, besides, that the book need not be taken up as a task. The thorough assimilation of his material has enabled the author to reproduce it almost as if it were original, and the soundness of his judgment has ordered a style which is refreshingly clear and direct. One may sometimes be a little impatient at the leisureliness of the author's movements, and wish that some of the repetitions had been omitted ; but with this easy manner comes now and then a good-humored passage, which is worth waiting for, and a shrewdness of observation and comment which has all the effectiveness of wit, as where, for example, he looks at civilization from the savage's point of view. Mr. Parkman, to whom Dr. Ellis confesses his obligation, has written with greater detail, and is our finest authority for most phases of Indian life ; but Dr. Ellis has rounded our knowledge in a work which will do much to establish just and comprehensive views.

THE SALON OF MADAME NECKER.

M. D'HAUSSONVILLE has won an honorable reputation by his earlier works on Charities and Penal Establishments, and by essays on Sainte-Beuve and certain French, English, and American literary celebrities. He now offers a work¹ drawn from the unpublished and hitherto unread treasures gathered together at Coppet, the home of his ancestors, the Neckers, of their famous daughter, Mme. de Staël, and also of his nearer relatives, the De Broglies, so favorably known by their well-earned place in French letters, politics, and society. The enforced leisure and involuntary abstention from active political public life, under the existing condition of affairs in France, of a man of such ability as M. d'Haussonville may well find some palliation in the useful task to which he has devoted himself in his admirable work on *L'Enfance à Paris*, and his still incomplete series of papers on *La Misère à Paris*, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In the same journal he has begun an account of his recent visit to the United States as one of the representatives of the families of the French officers who served here during the Revolution. His brief sojourn was full of opportunities — well used, too — of forming sound judgment of the men and things he saw, and his statements and opinions have been received with almost unanimous approval, although he is by no means lavish of praise or stinted in criticism. Coppet, still the home of his family, has opened to him, as he in turn has given to his readers, a large and important contribution to the history of the closing years of the eighteenth century. He has diligently examined the twenty-seven volumes of letters addressed to the Neckers by all of their

famous contemporaries, as well as the large collection of their own manuscripts, not included in the numerous printed works by which husband and wife are too little known to the present generation. Indeed, even in Mme. Necker's own life-time, her talents were overshadowed by the growing fame of her daughter, Mme. de Staël, and it is to be hoped that from among the mass of unprinted papers relating to her life there may yet be supplied another collection for publication; while, coming down to our own day, the salons of her daughter, the Duchesse de Broglie, and of her granddaughter, the Comtesse d'Haussonville, might well afford subjects for future literary contributions from the author of the present volume. The book now before us is in every sense just such a one as will serve admirably to give to all those who seek, often in vain, information on the society of France in the days of our Revolution. It presents in great perfection of literary form, and with brief sketches of the persons and events of historical importance mentioned in the text and letters, a broad view of times that even now are full of deep interest. M. d'Haussonville is too honest in his judgments, too well poised by his personal and political experiences, too broad in his knowledge, to be unduly swayed by the accident of relationship to the Neckers to be a mere eulogist, and his sketch of their life and work is the best proof of the high merit he ascribes to them.

Mme. Necker was the daughter of a Presbyterian pastor in a little Swiss village near Lausanne, and her childhood was simple and uneventful. Perhaps the most noteworthy events of her girlhood were her appearance on the stage

¹ *Le Salon de Madame Necker*. D'après des Documents tirés des Archives de Coppet. Par le

Vicomte D'HAUSSONVILLE, Ancien Député. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1882.

of Voltaire's amateur theatre, in some small characters in his plays, and her attachment and engagement to Gibbon, the historian. His unfaithfulness, excused on the score of his father's disapproval, was punished by his living to see her in the height of her own and her husband's fame, and to be the witness of their domestic happiness, when he was their guest forty years later. The death of her father left her dependent on her own resources, and as a teacher, and afterwards as a companion to a great lady, she maintained herself and her mother. Her husband, M. Necker, a prosperous Swiss, established as a successful banker in Paris, raised her to such a degree of comfort and material superiority as might well have turned the head of a less clever woman; but with her it was the beginning of a life of reciprocal fidelity and devotion,—rare perhaps at any time, but exceptional indeed in the days and in the country in which they lived. She shared her husband's aspirations for public service, and contributed largely to his success in the establishment of his bank, and in the still greater duties so ably filled by him as the real financial reformer of his adopted country. Necker's task was a herculean one, and his failure was due to influences beyond human control; but the promise which he gave of saving France was largely helped on by his wife's admirable conduct of her salon, and its good influence. Indeed, in its way and its degree, her task was quite as difficult at the outset as the heavy burden afterwards put upon her husband. Protestants, Swiss, out of the pale of the aristocracy, in the midst of a society largely made up of utterly worldly, ambitious, and able men and women, the Neckers never sacrificed their religion, nor that which was part of it,—their perfect faith and loyalty, their honesty of purpose, their simple love of truth, and their fearlessness in doing what was right.

Mme. Necker's training was as unlike

as possible that of her contemporaries, but it served to make her as systematic in the business of life and in its duties and pleasures as her husband was in his bank and in his office. She chose Fridays for receiving her friends, so as to leave Mondays and Wednesdays for Mme. Geoffrin, Tuesdays for Helvetius, Thursdays and Sundays for Holbach; but when the literary men and philosophers paid their court to her, she quietly established Tuesdays for her intimate friends, and especially for the great ladies, who were attracted to her as much by her own qualities as by her husband's growing greatness. She never rivaled Mme. du Deffand, who openly proclaimed that supper was the third end of man, and boldly avowed that she forgot the others. Mme. du Deffand, Gibbon, Marmontel, and too many of her brilliant friends revenged themselves for her virtue and her husband's merits by reserving for their posthumous memoirs their offensive criticisms; and M. d'Haussonville cannot deny himself the pleasure of contrasting the letters written to the Neckers, full of adulation, with the base suggestions preserved in journals and diaries since published, or manufactured in the French fashion.

In the case of Mme. de Créquy, whose "memoirs" are now proved to have been manufactured by her old lover, it is shown that he forged hostile opinions in her name at the very time when she was full of affection and admiration for the Neckers; but he was thus enabled to revenge himself for the contempt which they showed for him. It was not, however, in the spirit of the age to punish people of good position for irregular relations, and Mme. Necker herself wrote a letter of condolence to Mlle. de l'Espinasse on the death of one lover, which was handsomely acknowledged by another. It was she who called Necker's Praise of Stupidity, the ninth beatitude.

As far back as 1770 we find trace of interest in the impending rebellion of

the British colonies, and Galiani, writing from Naples, discusses the Boston agitation and the chances of a successful American revolution; but he was driven to such grave topics because "there was no conversation outside of Paris." Long before Necker had won his place in the political world, his wife had become a power, and her influence was felt in the elections for the Academy; and these were often decided in her salon, a real *bureau d'esprit*, as they had been, in earlier days, in that of Mme. Lambert, and have since been in those of Mme. de Broglie and Mme. d'Haussonville. It was still later on that the great ladies sought her friendship, and this was largely due to the good sense of the Duc de Rochefoucauld Liancourt, the author of a clever book of travels in the United States, as well as to the growing respect for the Neckers, who, *bourgeoise* as they were, secured not only the respect of the philosophers, but the affection of the best men and women of the court itself.

Even as a child the future Mme. de Staël gave early evidence of her combative nature by trying to drive Mme. de Geoffrin from her easy chair, as later she devoted her great talent to the hopeless task of opposing Napoleon. She learned lessons of eloquence and *savoir vivre* of the best women of the time, and was present when Talleyrand won his first social laurels by a clever repartee. The Duc de Lévis has left a sketch of Mme. Necker at this time, which shows the height of esteem in which she was held by the leaders of the aristocracy and the Duc de Lauzun, one of the French officers who had learned political as well as military art in America, was one of her strong supporters; while Mme. de Lauzun and Mme. de Bonneval were among the pure and good women, in spite of the times and their husbands, who appreciated and shared her virtues. It is true, Mme.

du Deffand called her "*roide et froide*," but Mme. Necker, with more justice, described Mme. du Deffand as "insensible." The Noailles alone of the best French families were not of her set, but they lived apart from the rest of the world, although Mme. de Staël, in the evil days of the Revolution, worked with success to rescue some of the members of that great connection, after three generations had fallen victims to the guillotine. M. d'Haussonville quotes freely from those charming Memoirs,—that of the Marquise de Montagu, by the Duc de Noailles, of the Duchesse de Mouchy and the Duchesse d'Ayen, by Mme. de Lafayette, and of the Princesse de Poix,—all lives well worth the telling and well told, characteristics which are now shared with them by M. d'Haussonville's clear-cut story of Mme. Necker and her salon.

Mme. Necker as a child had played in Voltaire's private theatricals, and as a woman she took part in those of Mme. Houdetot, the friend of Rousseau; and thus, throughout her life, she was associated with all the great names of her epoch. M. d'Haussonville finds some good reasons for extenuating, at least, the bad morals of those with whom she lived, by their charm of manner and intelligence. Her friendship with Buffon and her other intimates was perfectly honest, but it found expression in terms stronger than those of our more conventional life now. It must strike even a Frenchman of to-day as a strange state of things, when he finds Buffon and Mme. Necker coolly discussing the proper inscription for the statue erected to him during his life-time; but, on the other hand, no one can deny the tender feeling that inspired her gift of her portrait to him, his affectionate return of it by his will, and the pious preservation of this and other relics of her life of usefulness at Coppet. M. d'Haussonville gives an admirable description of the wealth of intelligence

and emotion which characterized France during this portion of the last half of the eighteenth century, and shows from the papers at Coppet that, while the books of the time were generally artificial and stilted, the letters and private papers were clear and simple. Mme. de Staël was the daughter of the time as well as of the mother who bore her; and while father and daughter were united in an intimacy that sometimes distressed her, the mother found comfort in writing down her thoughts. Apart from the five volumes of her works, printed by her husband as a tribute to her talents, she left MSS. entitled *Journal of my Defects and Faults*, with the *Best Way of Curing Them*, *Maxims Necessary for my Happiness*, together with others giving *A Minute Account of my Daily Life* (*Journal de la Dépense de mon Temps*), showing its special distribution: (1) to her husband, (2) to her daughter, (3) to her friends, (4) to the poor, (5) to her household, (6) to society, (7) to dress,—an order likely to be sadly reversed in every-day life. But Mme. Necker and her husband were not every-day people, and they were tenderly affectionate toward one another and mutually watchful of the development of their daughter. Raynal, Grimm, and Marmontel were Mme. de Staël's daily companions, and of intellectual culture she had more than enough; but perhaps it was no disadvantage that, on the score of her mother's ill-health, the daughter was able to exchange the mother's careful training for the father's somewhat lax guidance, with its larger indulgence in mental as well as physical romping. It seems clear that Pitt was really proposed as her first choice for a husband, and Prince George of Mecklenburg for the next. The one would have made her the wife of the greatest of English statesmen, the other sister-in-law of the Queen of England; but with the Baron de Staël, the friend as well as the ambassador of the

King of Sweden, she was able to remain true to her native country, France.

Necker's connection with Geneva, as the minister of the republic in Paris, leads to a curious account of the government and diplomacy of that little state, and how the blundering conduct of its magistracy led the French minister to a threat to set up a new town and port across the lake, to be called *Pompadour*. Some of the material for its construction still rests quietly on the shore. Necker himself was honored with eighty-two memorial inscriptions, at the outset of his career, as the first Protestant made minister of state, but he ended it with a much longer list of bitter libels from those in whose behalf he had labored with such thankless sacrifices. His plan of financial reform was great in itself, and impresses us still more when we take into account the time in which he lived, and the evil influences which were evoked by measures that are now accepted as the primary condition of good government. He ruthlessly reduced the army of officials, published details of the finances of the state, endeavored to balance receipts and expenditures, established local responsible bodies throughout the country, and stopped plunder at both top and bottom of the administrative hierarchy. The five years of Necker's first ministry were marked as an epoch of good intentions on the part of the king; but the queen had around her a party which tried in vain to bribe, or cajole, or threaten Necker, and were more successful in driving him from office, mainly by insulting his religion. His *Reports on Finances* and his other published works were the best evidences of his zeal and ability in the task entrusted to him. His wife was often his secretary and always his strong support, and Diderot, in thanking her for a copy of the husband's able book on *Finance*, acknowledged her work on *Hospitals*; for she published the experience acquired in managing a charity

which still bears her name. While Necker was pursued as a Protestant, and as therefore unfit for office, by men without religion, the great prelates and the humble members of the church and its orders were earnest and eloquent in their praise of his public services, and the former were frequent visitors in his wife's salon. She secured the introduction of the religious orders of women in hospitals and prisons, and distributed the gifts of Catholic priests and laymen in useful charities under her own careful supervision. It is still doubtful whether Necker could have saved France and the throne if he had remained in power, but he worked to that end, even during the eight years of his enforced retirement; and then, in the political blind-man's-buff, as Mirabeau described it, he was recalled to office too late for a hope of successfully combating the evils that had grown apace. He was not strong enough to contend with, much less to overcome, the influences that had been evoked alike from above and from below. His plan of a single chamber was undoubtedly faulty, and to it, unchecked by any strong executive, is mainly due the flood of evil that soon brought to the scaffold so many of his old friends, forced others into exile, and spared him only by the happy accident of another deprivation of office and a peaceful retirement to Coppet.

The history of Coppet is interesting in itself, and is an episode that relieves the story of the Neckers of the gloom that was rapidly gathering around those who had been its frequent guests. Life there during the French Revolution was trying indeed on account of its perfect tranquillity, or, in Mme. de Staël's strong language, the "*paix infernale*," which drove her back to Paris, so long as her husband's diplomatic functions secured her safety. Necker and his daughter worked and wrote their best to save the king; characteristically, all this time the queen was abusing them to

Fersen, her champion, who like Chastellux and others frequently named in this book, had served in the French army in America. Indeed, at the worst stage of public affairs, Mme. de Staël talked to her husband of finding a refuge in this country. What would have been the result of such a visit in her case? One cannot but recall the possibilities, if Cromwell and Swift and Coleridge and Carlyle, and many others now become great in history by dint of claims of one kind or another, had carried out their plans, and if Mme. de Staël, too, had chosen this as the field for her brilliant talents. However, her story yet remains to be told, for M. d'Haussonville ends this book with a sad account of the last days of Mme. Necker at Coppet. There she died and was buried, and with her rest the remains of her husband and their illustrious daughter. And now, after many years, an author of their blood, but not their name, dedicates to them this noble tribute of well-deserved respect.

The Salon of Mme. Necker belongs to that class of personal memoirs in which the French language and literature are already so rich, supplying broad pictures of the men and women of the time in which its subject lived, not with any servile accumulation of dates or events, but from the fullness of knowledge based on the careful study of a large mass of unpublished documents, and from an intimate knowledge of contemporary literature. It is just such a book as can safely be put in the hands of every intelligent reader, and it serves better than any formal essays to show that France still possesses a large number of writers fully able to do justice to domestic virtues and public services. It is free from any frantic appeals for justice, or any violent effort to rehabilitate reputations that seemed almost gone forever, and M. d'Haussonville has told his story so temperately, and yet so eloquently, that it will take its place

among the best justifications of the truths of a history that deserves to be retold, until it is thoroughly ascertained and understood. Coppet is indeed fortunate in having preserved intact the Necker papers, until they could find in the author of *The Salon* of Mme. Necker a lover of the truth, zealous

only to preserve that which belongs to the world, as well as to her family, — the memory of a woman whose life was pure, whose aim was noble, whose efforts were all for the advancement of others, whose sacrifices were in behalf of husband, daughter, country; it is the lesson of a life well worth learning.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

"STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability." So Lord Bacon assures us in that book of aphorisms which is a sort of code of English thought. We not infrequently hear persons adorning their discourse with learned allusion to books which they have not been at the trouble of reading. Perhaps we may even follow their example, now and then; it is difficult to see how the practice is to be avoided in an age when, owing to the multiplicity of books, it is becoming almost an impossibility to be well read, while it is more a necessity than ever to be well versed in literature. This use of unread books for purposes of ornament is too well known to dwell upon here; it is, I think, less widely recognized that they serve also "for delight," and perhaps in some indirect way are valuable agents for instruction. Not that they are set down in any course of literature; the only preceptors I know of who attempt to take cognizance of them are those zealous persons who earnestly point out to the young the books to be avoided. But the works thus brought to notice are not apt to remain in the category of unread ones. In fact, all Cook's tourists and followers of literary courses have placed themselves beyond the reach of the pleasures I speak of. To them an unread book represents a duty to come, and hangs over their

weary craniums a present and prospective burden. We may choose what we will read, but only temperament and chance determine which books shall sway us among the thousands that we do not read. But the reader who browses at large in the fields of literature, unrestrained except by circumstance, the reader who fixes his mind for months upon an unattainable book in a far-off book-store, who has courted slumber with a lump of untouched romance protruding through the scattered down of his pillow, he has found out the charm which lurketh within an unopened volume. The pleasure is not merely that of anticipation: it passes insensibly into what I must call realization. An unusually attractive title, some anecdote we have heard of the author, a chance quotation which comes home to us, or even some totally extraneous association may lend personality to a book of which we know but little, and make it as distinct an acquisition to us, as those which we have read over and over. This experience cannot be uncommon, though it is probably confined to readers with a vein of sentiment. It is the young, however, who get, so to speak, the most reading out of unread books. To a young mind just looking into literature the merest fragment is precious, as earnest of the magnificence to be enjoyed. Such a mind is in process of

construction; there are enormous gaps to be filled, and every opportunity is seized of bridging them over. It is ready at a glimpse of the arc to draw the whole circle, no matter on how inadequate a scale. Then a line is a poem, and a romantic title opens a whole romance. When at that hungry stage myself, some of my favorite books were unknown to me, save by report. I conned their imaginary contents and rejoiced in their beauties. I looked forward eagerly to reading them, and in the long period of waiting forgot that I had not read them.

Chief among these shadow books was *Obermann*. I remember the first time I heard the name, — a name which seemed to carry in its very sound the melancholy, the loneliness and passion, of the literature to which the book belongs. One of the indulgences of a delicate childhood was having fragments of poetry repeated to me as I lay in bed, unable to sleep. The selections varied but little, owing, perhaps, to some caprice of the reciter's memory, perhaps to a wish to render the entertainment as little exciting as possible. Among these oft-repeated morsels were some lines taken at random from Matthew Arnold's *Stanzas to Obermann* : —

"How often, when the slopes were green,
On Jaman thou hast sate,
By some high chalet door, and seen
The summer day grow late!"

For a while I was under a vague impression that the lines were addressed to myself. I had visited Switzerland not a long time before, had climbed the Jaman, and had stopped to rest by the door of a chalet near the top of the pass; on that chalet door my initials and the date — that of my ninth birthday — had been carved. The scene was all before me as I listened: the chalet, with its stone-freighted roof, and the short turf around, covered with alternate patches of snow and crocuses, of which the flowers were the purer in their new,

delicate life. True, I had sat there only once, but it may well have seemed often, in these frequent reminiscences; and children are not prone to note the detail of poetry, if the "swing" and sentiment please them. At length, however, it began to dawn upon me that there were other personalities concerned in the poem, besides the familiar ones of the reciter and his insignificant listener. I asked some questions, and learned that the lines were written by Matthew Arnold, and addressed to *Obermann*. "And who was *Obermann*?" I was told that he was a man who, having grown to mistrust and despise his fellow-men, retired to the Alps, and gave himself up entirely to communion with nature. That he was a fictitious character I did not then understand.

From that moment the idea of *Obermann* and his life "did sweetly creep into my study of imagination." I pictured him to myself as climbing among the snows and glaciers, or seated to watch the sunrise on the edge of some precipice; always sad, thoughtful, and self-contained. A favorite vignette was of my hero standing at midnight, in a thunder-storm, near the border of a pine wood on the slope which ascends toward the Jaman; his soul unshaken by fear, feeling itself to be a part of the wind and the thunder. It was a sublime picture, but — imagination has its limits. In all these situations the costume of *Obermann*, as he presented himself to my mental vision, consisted invariably of a long frock-coat and trousers of black broadcloth; the pattern being taken from the habitual attire of a Baptist minister who visited at the house, and whose intellectual superiority was deeply impressed upon my young mind.

Obermann was a haunting presence to me for years. My eye caught every allusion to him in the books I read, and the character was modified slightly under the influence of different authors

till at fifteen the reading of René, whose name I had often seen beside that of Senancour's hero, completed the sketch, and Obermann had become to me a sort of Wordsworthian René. All this time I had never read the book, and I have not since. It is too late now. The period of Obermann is over and gone. But I feel that the closest intimacy would never divest him of that coat. It has clung to him unwrinkled and unfaded throughout the years.

— I mark this saying of Emerson, "Ideas are in the air." It does not take long for one to discover that ideas are totally migrant and transient, belonging no more to one individual than to another. Fancifully speaking, they drop out of the air, and build their aeries and raise their broods wherever the conditions of habitat are satisfied. That you have entertained, for a season, these birds of passage does not identify them with you alone; you have no guarantee that you will not hear them, erelong, over sea or under tropic, quaintly echoing the very notes they practiced under your eaves. Our ideas, therefore, are ours *en passant* only. There are always some people of our acquaintance who are so harried by the distraction and importunity of the situation that, to use their own expression, they cannot call their thoughts their own. In a subtler sense, this inability is the lot of every thinker, no matter how solitary and secure the Patmos to which he has withdrawn. It is more impossible to sequester an idea for your exclusive use than to prevent the river which turns your mill from running on to put its willing shoulder under the wheel of another's enterprise. You may indeed hold your breath, but not long; you are soon forced to yield it back to the common fountain of breath. This fluidity or divisibility of thought, while in the abstract sublime, has doubtless a side of absurd embarrassment and discomfiture. What assurance can one have,

as a savant, that the dawn of his discovery is not, at the self-same moment, shining in at another's window, with equal illumination and promise? How can the poet be sure that he is enjoying an individual afflatus; that the muse is not flattering another suitor with the same show of favor? How can the writer of fiction be sure that the work which he is preparing will not encounter its double on its way to the publisher, or be pushed to the wall as the feebler and less promising twin? It would seem that the personal types, imbroglios, episodes, and *dénouements* of fiction are in the air. Though one should lay the scene of his novel in Ternate and Tidore, or at the North Pole, geographical remoteness is no security against infringement. It is clear that we must make haste to utter our thought, or we shall be anticipated by some one else, after which all effort on our part will be unseasonable and superfluous. It is not safe to defer one's brightest and best inspirations. I speak from unhappy experience. How often has it happened that, while I put off harvesting and garnering, waiting for an idea to ripen more fully, there came a brownie in the night-time who reaped and carried off the harvest! For instance, if I ever hoarded up a choice theme for a poem, confident of my sole proprietorship in a fancy so delicate and elusive, what was my amazement (and chagrin) to see, in the pages of some periodical, my fantastic property spirited away by a more prompt and happy genius! Again, if I chanced upon what seemed to me the elements of a fine essay, and did not at once take the work in hand, but waited for the crude material to crystallize, how was I punished! Nemesis quietly handed me a marked newspaper, or a book with the leaf turned down, in one of which I beheld my essay, with all its telling illustrations, its brilliant tropes, irrefutable reasons, its pertinent quotations, — all, to the last grain of Attic salt

which seasoned the whole mass! My essay, but another had written it; another's impertinent name was subjoined. When the lax and crooked laws relating to international copyright shall have been so straightened and strengthened as to require no further agitation and legislation, perhaps some benefactor of his kind will devote himself to securing the ideal and impalpable property of authors; giving them copyright on their thoughts. Such an act would be of incalculable assistance in vindicating one unjustly charged with literary larceny, since the accused need only produce his papers, showing anterior right and title, in order to procure his honorable acquittal. Many cases of so-called plagiarism might well be dismissed as cases of coincidence, merely. "Ideas are in the air." Writers only transcribe what is written in the face of Nature, in man's face, and the face of his actions. What is this but a kind of stupendous plagiarism, a theft voted lawful by all? Why should it cause suspicion or panic if the various transcripts occasionally agree, line for line? If poetry is the art of right naming, as it has been thought to be, it follows that there is but one most expressive, full, and universal word which can perfectly characterize a given object, action, or idea. It need not surprise us so greatly if this one word should occur to several investigating in the same quarter.

—The recent discussion regarding the extent of the nationality of Irish-American citizens reminds me of the excitement which attended the rescue of the Hungarian, Martin Kozsta. I was the surgeon on board the United States sloop-of-war *St. Louis* at the time, and wish to bear my tribute to the pluck and audacity of Captain Ingraham. The *St. Louis* dropped anchor in the harbor of Smyrna on the 23d of June, 1853. The day before her arrival, the Hungarian refugee, Martin Kozsta, while quietly seated in a café,

was seized by Greek ruffians, the paid agents of the Austrian consul, and dragged, half drowned, on board the Austrian brig-of-war *Hussar*; and there, by the orders of the same consul, confined below decks in double irons, shortly to be transferred to Trieste, where a felon's death awaited him.

This Kozsta was a distinguished Hungarian patriot, writer, and statesman, who, as compatriot and co-laborer of Kossuth, was the main-stay of the revolution of 1848, until it culminated in the treachery of Georgey. He was the companion of Kossuth at Katayah, went to the United States under the same circumstances, and then declared his intention, under the usual oath, to become a citizen, — the first and prerequisite step, taken five years before he could come into full possession of a citizen's rights. He however returned to Turkey, and was in the city of Smyrna, quietly pursuing the vocation of a teacher, when, his whereabouts becoming known to the Austrian consul, he was kidnapped under the circumstances just related. This was the condition of affairs as reported to Captain Ingraham, on the arrival of the *St. Louis* in the harbor of Smyrna, on that pleasant morning of June 23, 1853.

The report was made by the American consul, with the statement that Kozsta claimed to be an American citizen, in virtue of his declared intention, and of an official paper held by him to that effect, and as a consequence thereof claimed consular protection; that he, the consul, having exhausted all argument as applicable to the case, as well as the traditional kind offices in favor of the oppressed of all nations, now proceeded to turn the matter over to the power of the government as represented by her guns, if Captain Ingraham thought proper to interfere.

Here was a situation which has more than once confronted the naval commander abroad, wherein a decision must

be made promptly, with little time for consideration, and meagre information on which to decide questions of the highest importance to himself and country; his commission may be at stake, sometimes the issue of peace or war is in the balance, and for a correct decision a consummate knowledge of international law is involved. When Captain Ingraham had satisfied himself of the facts upon which Kozsta claimed American protection, he demanded an interview with the captain of the Hussar and his prisoner. This being refused, he determined that the question of citizenship should be transferred to Constantinople, and to enforce this view brought his guns to bear on the brig, at the same time informing the Austrian commander that no effort must be made to transfer the prisoner to the Lloyd steamer, which was to transport him to Trieste. The next day he called on Mahomet Ali, the Turkish pacha, and insisted in the strongest terms on the indignity offered himself and his government by this unprecedented violation of neutral rights and harbor; suggesting that he should demand the immediate release of the man, and put him *in statu quo*. Finally, Captain Ingraham gave the pacha to understand that, if he did not thus interfere, he should consider it his duty to detain Kozsta by force, if necessary, until explicit instructions arrived from Constantinople. The pacha decided not to interfere; instigated, it was thought, by the uncertain attitude of Austria in the then impending Russo-Turkish war.

The American captain, revolving the affair in his mind that night, came to the always wise and sound conclusion for the military man: that, if err he must, err on the bold side he would, and thus, cutting the knot which he could not untie, risk the defense of the people for too much boldness rather than their condemnation for too much pusillanimity. Thus, before the arrival of instructions from the *chargé d'affaires*, he had gone

a step beyond the exercise of force for detention by making a peremptory demand, backed by the power of his guns, for immediate delivery of the man to the United States, as represented by the consular flag. To this end, he made a written demand on the commander of the Hussar that, by eleven o'clock of that day, the 25th of June, he should deliver the body of Martin Kozsta into the keeping and protection of the American consul, with the ultimatum that if the commander did not so deliver him, on or before the time specified, he should proceed to take him by force. The Austrian commander promptly declined, saying that the man Martin Kozsta was detained by the order of the consul, his superior officer, whom by the laws of his country he was compelled to obey, and that he "would repel force with force." Upon receipt of this plucky reply, Captain Ingraham at once gave orders to prepare the ship for action. Decks were sanded, guns shotted, and the ominous beat-to-quarters roll of the drum resounded through the ship, as every man hastened to his post. In the mean time there was visible from the deck of the St. Louis the equally prompt preparation of the Austrian, evidently not at all averse, in view of his superior strength, to the arbitrament of guns. The St. Louis was armed with twenty twenty-four pounders, opposed to a sixteen-gun schooner, which had as consort a six-gun schooner, commanded by as gallant an Englishman as ever trimmed a sail; while the Lloyd Company's steamer, armed with four guns, had been detained and pressed into service, for the purpose of both towing and fighting. The Englishman, seeing his advantage in the light air stirring, at once slipped his cable, and by superior seamanship and the capabilities of his schooner worked himself just astern of the sloop, while the steamer was evidently preparing to tow the brig from under the threatening broadside of the sloop; and to a like

advantageous position on her starboard bow. The youngest powder boy on board the *St. Louis* saw the advantage enjoyed by the Austrian; nevertheless, every man stood by his gun, nothing daunted, his unblanched cheek and lively bearing showing a firm resolve that the claim of American citizenship should be worth something wherever her naval flag floated. Thus things stood until ten o'clock, when a deputation of consuls came off, asking that further time be allowed, both to give opportunity for some compromise, and to give the people time, after due warning, to leave the shore, where they had thoughtlessly crowded to see the fight. Captain Ingraham consented to extend the time to four o'clock, informing the captain of the *Hussar* of the postponed time and the cause of it, and notifying all concerned, and with emphasis too, that his guns would open promptly at eight bells, — four o'clock, — if the man were not given up at the expiration of the time.

The crowd had left the shore, the neutral vessels had withdrawn out of the range of the belligerents, and an ominous silence pervaded the harbor. Two o'clock had arrived. As a fact, then unknown to the Americans, the pacha, — remembering the advice given by Captain Ingraham, to protect the dignity of himself and government as well as the neutrality of his harbor, — had in grim irony ordered the commandant of the fort to open his guns on the vessel firing the first shot. The smart Englishman was standing off and on at point blank and raking range of the *St. Louis's* stern, never bringing himself under the bearing of a single gun for a single moment; the brig was on the sloop's starboard bow, while the men stood defiantly gazing at each other, not two hundred yards apart, knowing full well that such close quarters must certainly be bloody, if not drowning, work to boot. Thus things were progressing to an inevitable result, when, at half

past two o'clock, the American consular boat was seen pulling as if upon a mission of life and death. The consul was the bearer of a convention just entered into between the Austrian consul and himself, to the effect that the man in dispute should be transferred to the protection of the French consul, not as a prisoner, but as a resident at the consulate; not to be removed from his keeping but by the combined consent and signatures of the American and Austrian consuls. These terms, although not the *statu quo* demanded, the American captain felt bound to accept, and in a few moments Martin Kozsta came over the side of the *Hussar*, and entered a man-of-war's boat, to be taken to the French consulate. The loud shout which came from the shore proclaimed sympathy for victorious America rather than for vanquished Austria. Boat after boat of congratulators came off. The citizens of Smyrna honored the ship with a Fourth of July dinner, and for the first time in Asia Minor patriotic speeches were made, and the toast, "The day we celebrate," was drunk. Ingraham's course was applauded at Constantinople, and the officers of the allied fleets drank full bumpers to American gallantry. Yet Captain Ingraham was not happy; he felt by no means sure of his ground, and the reflecting and well-informed officers of the ship participated in the feeling. He and they knew that the verdict had yet to be rendered by diplomacy; not by the legation at Constantinople, however, for the instructions of the American minister had been already anticipated, but by transfer of the question to Washington and Vienna. It was a fortunate thing for Captain Ingraham that the democratic fires of Europe had been only smoldering since the revolution of 1848; for when Austria protested to the Continental powers against this act of war on the part of the United States, it was this volcanic condition of Europe which induced them to ad-

wise her not to make her complaint in too strong language, and to back it by no threats. In the mean time, the popular demonstration over Europe was one of universal approval. In every port entered by the *St. Louis*, on her return from the East, deputations presented themselves, with applauding addresses, and gifts of something commemorating the event; particularly in Genoa floral offerings and a beautiful pair of derringers were presented to the captain. In the United States the excitement was equally great. In the large cities the foreign element was most enthusiastic, meeting in large assemblies, and passing resolutions of thanks. But this favorable verdict, pronounced by the people of two continents, did not settle the difficulty as between Austria and the United States; the battle was yet to be fought between Mr. Marcy and the prime minister of Austria. It doubtless had, however, an important bearing on its settlement; Mr. Marcy, emboldened by the demonstrations, sustained Captain Ingraham in an argument of great ability and ingenuity, but with an amount of sophistry that would have done no discredit to Talleyrand, Metternich, or Macchiavelli himself. Austria took her cue from the same demonstrations, and under the advice of the western powers, influenced by the Crimean war cloud then lowering on the horizon, accepted the situation and Mr. Marcy's reply as satisfactory. But was Captain Ingraham right in the course he pursued? The writer does not hesitate to say *No*, in view of a proper construction of the naturalization laws, but *Yes*, a thousand times yes, in view of the captain's own reputation and popular opinion. The military man who values his own reputation, unless the question is as plain as a pike-staff, can never afford to take the amiable and peaceable view, but in the blustering and warlike will be sustained, in the great majority of cases, by kings, presidents, and people. Lord

Nelson's advice is always safest: "Fight if in doubt."

— What a wonderful thing a smile is! How often it is the swift, unconscious revelation of a character to which spoken words have given little clew! There is a gentleman I know, an occasional caller at my house, whom I always welcome for the sake of his pleasant smile alone. He has a homely face, is absolutely deficient in small-talk, and from a consciousness of his deficiency he wears an awkward air; he is a busy man, and cannot sit long enough for me to get him fairly launched on some topic of enough real interest to make him talk upon it, and so our acquaintance never gets very far. But I really enjoy his fifteen-minute visit if in the course of it appears the smile I like so well: it tells of such a good, kind nature. Many a time, I have fallen in love with a smile, and on the strength of it given the owner credit for unproved virtues. The duteous smiles of good society — "company smiles" we call them — are plentiful enough; but dear me! they are not smiles at all, and it is only a mode of speech to say so. Only a few extraordinarily clever people — like Madame Merle — can contrive to palm off a counterfeit for the real thing. A smile will sometimes create a sense of fellowship between utter strangers. Not long ago I was seated in a railroad car near a party of medical gentlemen, whose conversation was quite audible. One of the number was a monster of vulgar conceit, whose presence was evidently a great annoyance to the rest. But intrude himself into the talk he would, in spite of various hints that he was not wanted. Unable to get rid of the creature, and worn out with his persistent interruptions and usurpations of the conversation, the others began to revenge themselves with sly jokes upon him, which he was too obtuse to take in. The hits and snubs grew broader and broader, and still the dull fool went on

laying down the law to his betters. The humor of the scene was irresistible, and my friend and I could not help smiling in sympathy. Facing us sat two gray-haired gentlemen, who presently glanced our way, and smiled so genially at our appreciation of the fun that we felt at once we were taken in as silent partners, whose presence added zest to the joke. And, by the way, the smiles on the faces of those two old men were worth noting; mildly illuminating the sagacious, benignant countenance of the one, and breaking out broadly on the other's jovial face, and flashing from the keen eyes beneath his bushy brows.

There is something awry in the constitution of unsmiling persons. The rare smiles of certain men seem drawn out by some compulsion, as music comes from a long-disused instrument. I know some one whose smiles are of this sort, and it did not surprise me to be told lately that he had confessed to taking the strangest and most altogether hopeless view of existence it is possible for man to take. Another man I know whose smile is so infrequent and so peculiar that, once seen, it is not likely to be forgotten; it appears like a pallid phantom on his cold, pale, set face, but one sees there is no flesh and blood in it, and its look only makes one shiver. He does not know the tale that face and smile of his tell to some eyes, in spite of him, or he would surely get a mask. I once had a dog, the most intelligent of little beasts, whose countenance was more human than that man's; and in his most hilarious moments the dog used to smile, with an unmistakable broad smile, that showed all his little white teeth. You may say it was a grin, if you choose, but I maintain it was a smile. All people of sense know that dogs are next door to human, and are only awaiting evolution.

The fine, frank, generous smile of certain faces is to me one of the most delightful things I see; it wins me at once, and makes me impatient of the slow, conventional approaches to the friendship I have already begun to wish for.

Perhaps to a woman the loveliest of smiles, next to that on her little child's face, is the one she sometimes watches resting on the lips of some strong man, revealing the treasure of tenderness and sweetness stored away beside his strength.

But if a charming smile is a pretty certain indication of some charming personal quality or qualities, its absence from certain faces does not denote the lack of such qualities; for there are persons who have not had the fortune to be born with the same mobile features as others, fitted to express the emotions of their souls. The emotions are there in strength and abundance, but they cannot come forth and show themselves in the radiance of the eye and the play of flexible lips. So the most genial of people may sometimes appear the least so to the eye, which after all can only take in appearance, and needs the corroborating witness of the ear. I know a person who, it is no exaggeration to say, fascinates on first acquaintance men and women alike; and when he meets you there is that in his look and tone, his smile and hand-grip, that carries you away, and makes you fancy you are sharing his ardor of delight. He is thoroughly sincere, and yet, after a little, you are apt to become a bit *disillusionné* about that glance and smile of his, and you admit to yourself that there is no more real warmth of feeling behind them than you have found to lie in the simple, quiet greeting of some less demonstrative friend.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Literature and Criticism. In the English Men of Letters Series, the volume Gray, by Edmund W. Gosse (Harpers), is one where the fitness of the critical biographer for his task is singularly demonstrated. The refinement, the honesty, and the thoroughness of Mr. Gosse are well expended upon his charming theme. In point of fact, Mr. Gosse has added to our actual knowledge of Gray, besides doing the expected work of presenting him anew to modern readers. The book is delightfully written and contains subtle and just criticism. How admirably the author sets forth Gray, when he says, "There never was a professional poet whose mode was so thoroughly that of the amateur"!

Politics and Political Economy. The melancholy death of W. Stanley Jevons renders his latest work one of special interest. It is either the first or one of the first of a series projected by Macmillan, entitled *The English Citizen*, a series of short books on his rights and responsibilities. Professor Jevons's contribution is *The State in Relation to Labor*, and is a nervous, concise examination of the questions which have a frequent and practical interest for Englishmen. The principles discussed and some of the illustrations used have a bearing upon American questions, but no book could be written of equal applicability to both countries. — Of a somewhat different order is *The Land Catechism*, with the sub-title *Is Rent Just? What Political Economy Teaches Regarding It*, by William Brown. (John Lovell and Son, Montreal.) Mr. Brown writes as a zealous prophet, and anticipates the day when "that triumvirate of curses, Rent, Taxation, and Usury, shall no longer blight the world and scourge our race." The author is in earnest with his ideas. Practically, if rent were to be purchase by installments, we fear there would be none to act as landlords; and while the doctrine of every man his own landlord is an agreeable one, we do not quite see how it is to be accomplished except through the operation of the Jewish law of jubilee.

Fiction. In the Leisure Hour Series (Holt) another American novel has been issued, *Kinley Hollow*, by G. H. Hollister, which deals with country life in Connecticut, and bases its interest largely upon the presentation of character as affected by local religions and social influences. — *Pantaletta*, a romance of Shehe land (American News Company), is intended for a satire upon the supremacy of woman, but he must be a bold student of satire who would venture to extract either wit or wisdom from it. — *The Annals of a Baby* is a new edition of an anonymous book (Petersons), now claimed by the author, Sarah Bridges Stebbins. It is a somewhat effusive tribute to the domestic virtues. — *The Slaves of Paris*, by Emile Gaboriau (Estes & Lauriat), is an exciting novel, by the author of *File 113* and other works. The world in which it revels is one scarcely to be seen out of one's windows, and it is fearfully and

wonderfully constructed, with epigrams for cornerstones. — *A Fair Philosopher*, by Henri Daugé (Geo. W. Harlan & Co., New York), is in many ways an interesting book, but the audacity of the fair philosopher needs to be measured by an uncommon degree of timidity and conservatism; in some quarters, the philosophy would seem itself somewhat lagging. — In *Lovell's Library* (John W. Lovell Company, New York), a weekly publication, devoted chiefly to fiction, have been published *The Abbé Constantin*, by Ludovic Halévy, translated by Katharine Sullivan, which had already been translated by another hand, and published by the Putnams; *Freckles*, by Rebecca Fergus Redcliff, a curious mixture of naturalness and romance, but with more vitality than most Southern novels; *So They Were Married*, by Walter Besant and James Rice. — In the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) the latest issues are the same novel of Besant and Rice, adorned by a frontispiece, displaying those gentlemen and what they had for dinner; *A Model Father*, by David Christie Murray; *My Watch Below*, or *Yarns Spun when off Duty*, by W. Clark Russell, a collection of short sea stories; *Unknown to History*, a Story of the Captivity of Mary of Scotland, by Charlotte M. Yonge; *Fortune's Marriage*, by Georgiana M. Craik. — More distinctively for boys and girls is a pleasing volume entitled *Summer Stories*, by the good-natured and entertaining Mrs. Molesworth. (Macmillan.)

History and Biography. The History of Louisiana from the Earliest Period, by François Xavier Martin, has been reprinted (James A. Gresham, New Orleans), with the addition of a biographical sketch of Judge Martin by W. W. Howe, and a continuation of the history, in the form of annals, down to 1861, by John F. Condon. Judge Martin's history closes with 1815, and has a value in its later chapters from the familiarity of the author with events. His summary of the earlier history is formal and dry, with slight reference to authorities and with a judicial severity of tone. — *The Battle of Chancellorsville*, by Samuel P. Bates (Edward T. Bates, Meadville, Pa.), is a contribution to history and rhetoric.

Guide-Books. King's Hand-Book of Boston Harbor, by M. F. Sweetser (Moses King, Cambridge, Mass.), is a full and interesting disclosure of the charms of the district to which it introduces one. Mr. Sweetser has pursued a different policy from that which held in his previous books. When dealing with larger fields he was brief and business-like; now that he has a smaller area, he indulges in more history and anecdote. The book ought to become a favorite with visitors to Boston. We wish he had given a good map of the harbor and coast lines. — *Hubbard's Guide to Moosehead Lake* (Williams) is the model of a guide-book, practical, sensible, telling one just what he needs to know, and presenting the results of sound experience.